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ON MISSIONS:

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MUELLER, M.A.

THE number of religions which have attained stability and permanence in the history of the world is very small. If we leave out of consideration those vague and varying forms of faith and worship which we find among uncivilised and unsettled races, among races ignorant of reading and writing, who have neither a literature, nor laws, nor even hymns and prayers handed down by oral teaching from father to son, from mother to daughter, we see that the number of the real historical religions of mankind amounts to no more than eight. The *Semitic* races have produced three: the *Jewish*, the *Christian*, the *Mohammedan*; the *Aryan*, or *Indo-European* races, an equal number—the *Brahman*, the *Buddhist*, and the *Parsi*. Add to these the two religious systems of China, that of *Confucius* and *Lao-tse*, and you have be-

fore you what may be called the eight distinct languages or utterances of the faith of mankind from the beginning of the world to the present day; you have before you in broad outlines the religious map of the whole world.

All these religions, however, have a history, a history more deeply interesting than the history of language, of literature, of art, or politics. Religions are not unchangeable; on the contrary, they are always growing and changing; and if they cease to grow and cease to change, they cease to live. Some of these religions stand by themselves, totally independent of all the rest; others are closely united or have influenced each other during various stages of their growth and decay. They must therefore be studied together, if we wish to understand their real character,

their growth, their decay, and their resuscitations. Thus, Mohammedanism would be unintelligible without Christianity; Christianity without Judaism: and there are similar bonds that hold together the great religions of India and Persia—the faith of the Brahman, the Buddhist, and the Parsi. After a careful study of the origin and growth of these religions, and after a critical examination of the sacred books on which all of them profess to be founded, it has become possible to subject them all to a scientific classification, in the same manner as languages, apparently unconnected and mutually unintelligible, have been scientifically arranged and classified; and by a comparison of those points which all or some of them share in common, as well as by a determination of those which are peculiar to each, a new science has been called into life, a science which concerns us all, and in which all who truly care for religion must sooner or later take their part—the *Science of Religion*.

Among the various classifications* which have been applied to the religions of the world, there is one that interests us more immediately to-night, I mean the division into *Non-Missionary* and *Missionary* religions. This is by no means, as might be supposed, a classification based on an unimportant or merely accidental characteristic; on the contrary, it rests on what is the very heart-blood in every system of human faith. Among the six religions of the Aryan and Semitic world, there are three that are opposed to all Missionary enterprise—*Judaism*, *Brahmanism* and *Zoroastrianism*; and three that have a Missionary character from their very beginning—*Buddhism*, *Mohammedanism*, and *Christianity*.

The Jews, particularly in ancient times, never thought of spreading their religion. Their religion was to them a treasure, a privilege, a blessing, something to distinguish them, as the chosen people of God, from all the rest of the world. A Jew must be of the seed of Abraham: and when in later times, owing chiefly to political circumstances, the Jews had to admit strangers to some of the privileges of their theocracy, they

looked upon them, not as souls that had been gained, saved, born again into a new brotherhood, but as strangers, as Proselytes; which means men who have come to them as aliens, not to be trusted, as their saying was, until the twenty-fourth generation.*

A very similar feeling prevented the Brahmins from ever attempting to proselytise those who did not by birth belong to the spiritual aristocracy of their country. Their wish was rather to keep the light to themselves, to repel intruders; they went so far as to punish those who happened to be near enough to hear even the sound of their prayers, or to witness their sacrifices.†

The Parsi, too, does not wish for converts to his religion; he is proud of his faith, as of his blood; and though he believes in the final victory of truth and light, though he says to every man, 'Be bright as the sun, pure as the moon,' he himself does very little to drive away spiritual darkness from the face of the earth, by letting the light that is within him shine before the world.

But now let us look at the other cluster of religions, at *Buddhism*, *Mohammedanism*, and *Christianity*. However they may differ from each other in some of their most essential doctrines, this they share in common—they all have faith in themselves, they all have life and vigor, they want to convince, they mean to conquer. From the very earliest dawn of their existence these three religions were missionary: their very founders, or their first apostles, recognised the new duty of spreading the truth, of refuting error, of bringing the whole world to acknowledge the paramount, if not the divine, authority of their doctrines. That is what gives to them all a common expression, and lifts them high above the level of the other religions of the world.

Let us begin with Buddhism. We know, indeed, very little of its origin and earliest growth, for the earliest beginnings

* 'Proselyto ne fidas usque ad vigesimam quartam generationem.' Jalkut Ruth, f. 163, d.; Danz, in Meuschen, 'Nov. Test. ex Talm. illustr.' p. 651.

† 'India, Progress and Condition,' Blue Book presented to Parliament, 1873, p. 99. 'It is asserted (but the assertion must be taken with reserve), that it is a mistake to suppose that the Hindu religion is not proselytising. Any number of outsiders, so long as they do not interfere with established castes, can form a new caste, and call themselves Hindus, and the Brahmins are always ready to receive all who submit to and pay them.'

* Different systems of classification applied to the religions of the world are discussed in my 'Introduction to the Science of Religion,' pp. 122-143.

of all religions withdraw themselves by necessity from the eye of the historian. But we have something like contemporary evidence of the Great Council, held at Pataliputra, 246 B.C., in which the sacred canon of the Buddhist scriptures was settled, and at the end of which missionaries were chosen and sent forth to preach the new doctrine, not only in India, but far beyond the frontiers of that vast country.* We possess inscriptions containing the edicts of the King who was to Buddhism what Constantine was to Christianity, who broke with the traditions of the old religion of the Brahmans, and recognised the doctrines of Buddha as the state religion of India. We possess the description of that Buddhist Council, which was to India what the Council of Nicæa, 570 years later, was to Europe; and we can still read there† the simple story, how the chief Elder who had presided over the Council, an old man, too weak to travel by land, and carried from his hermitage to the Council in a boat—how that man, when the Council was over, began to reflect on the future, and found that the time had come to establish the religion of Buddha in foreign countries. He therefore dispatched some of the most eminent priests to Cashmere, Cabul, and farther west, to the colonies founded by the Greeks in Bactria, to Alexandria on the Caucasus, and other cities. He sent others Northward to Nepaul, and to the inhabited portions of the Himalayan mountains. Another mission proceeded to the Dekhan, to the people of Mysore, to the Mahrattas, perhaps to Goa; nay, even Birma and Ceylon are mentioned as among the earliest missionary stations of Buddhist priests. We still possess accounts of their manner of preaching. When threatened by infuriated crowds, one of those Buddhist missionaries said calmly, 'Even if the Gods were united with men, they would not frighten me away.' And when he had brought the people to listen, he dismissed them with the simple prayer, 'Do not hereafter give way to pride and anger; care for the happiness of all living beings, and abstain from violence. Extend your goodwill to all mankind; let there be peace among the dwellers on earth.'

No doubt, the accounts of the successes

achieved by those early missionaries are exaggerated, and their fights with snakes and dragons and evil spirits remind us sometimes of the legendary accounts of the achievements of such men as St. Patrick in Ireland, or St. Boniface in Germany. But the fact that missionaries were sent out to convert the world seems beyond the reach of doubt;‡ and this fact represents to us at that time a new thought, new, not only in the history of India, but in the history of the whole world. The recognition of a duty to preach the truth to every man, woman, and child, was an idea opposed to the deepest instincts of Brahmanism; and when, at the end of the chapter on the first missions, we read the simple words of the old chronicler, 'Who would demur, if the salvation of the world is at stake?' we feel at once that we move in a new world, we see the dawn of a new day, the opening of vaster horizons—we feel, for the first time in the history of the world, the beating of the great heart of humanity.

The Korán breathes a different spirit; it does not invite, it rather compels the world to come in. Yet there are passages, particularly in the earlier portions, which show that Mohammed, too, had realised the idea of humanity, and of a religion of humanity; nay, that at first he wished to unite his own religion with that of the Jews and Christians, comprehending all under the common name of *Islām*. *Islām* meant originally humility or devotion; and all who humbled themselves before God, and were filled with real reverence, were called *Moslim*. 'The *Islām*,' says Mohammed, 'is the true worship of God. When men dispute with you say, "I am a Moslim." Ask those who have sacred books, and ask the heathen: "Are you a Moslim?" If they are, they are on the right path; but if they turn away, then you have no other task but to deliver the message, to preach to them the *Islām*.'

* In some of the places mentioned by the 'Chronicle' as among the earliest stations of Buddhist missions, relics have been discovered containing the names of the very missionaries mentioned by the 'Chronicle.' See Koepfen, 'Die Religion des Buddha,' p. 188.

† *Islām* is the verbal noun, and *Moslim* the participle of the same root which also yields *Salām*, peace, and *salīm* and *salym*, whole, honest. *Islām* means, therefore, to satisfy or pacify by forbearance; it also means simply subjection. Sprenger, 'Mohammad,' i. p. 69; iii. 486.

* Cf. Mahavanso, cap. 5.

† Cf. Mahavanso, cap. 12.

As to our own religion, its very soul is missionary, progressive, world-embracing; it would cease to exist if it ceased to be missionary—if it disregarded the parting words of its Founder: 'Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things I have commanded; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

It is this missionary character, peculiar to these three religions, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, which binds them together, and lifts them to a higher sphere. Their differences, no doubt, are great; on some points they are opposed to each other like day and night. But they could not be what they are, they could not have achieved what they have achieved, unless the spirit of truth and the spirit of love had been alive in the hearts of their founders, their first messengers, and missionaries.

The spirit of truth is the life-spring of all religion, and where it exists it must manifest itself, it must plead, it must persuade, it must convince and convert. Missionary work, however, in the usual sense of the word, is only one manifestation of that spirit; for the same spirit which fills the heart of the missionary with daring abroad, gives courage also to the preacher at home, bearing witness to the truth that is within him. The religions which can boast of missionaries who left the old home of their childhood, and parted with parents and friends—never to meet again in this life—who went into the wilderness, willing to spend a life of toil among strangers, ready, if need be, to lay down their life as witnesses to the truth, as martyrs for the glory of God—the same religions are rich also in those honest and intrepid inquirers who, at the bidding of the same spirit of truth, were ready to leave behind them the cherished creed of their childhood, to separate from the friends they loved best, to stand alone among men that shrug their shoulders, and ask 'What is truth?' and to bear in silence a martyrdom more galling often than death itself. There are men who say that, if they held the whole truth in their hand, they would not open one finger. Such men know little of the working of the spirit of truth, of the true missionary spirit. As long as there is doubt and darkness and anxiety in the

soul of an inquirer, reticence may be his natural attitude. But when once doubt has yielded to certainty, darkness to light, anxiety to joy, the rays of truth will burst forth; and to close our hand or to shut our lips, would be as impossible as for the petals of a flower to shut themselves against the summons of the sun of spring.

What is there in this short life that should seal our lips? What should we wait for, if we are not to speak *here* and *now*? There is missionary work at home as much as abroad; there are thousands waiting to listen, if *one* man will but speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; there are thousands starving, because they cannot find that food which is convenient for them.

And even if the spirit of truth might be chained down by fear or prudence, the spirit of love would never yield. Once recognise the common brotherhood of mankind, not as a name or a theory, but as a real bond, as a bond more binding, more lasting than the bonds of family, caste, and race, and the questions, Why should I open my hand? why should I open my heart? why should I speak to my brother? will never be asked again. Is it not far better to speak than to walk through life silent, unknown, unknowing? Has any one of us ever spoken to his friend, and opened to him his inmost soul, and been answered with harshness or repelled with scorn? Has any one of us, be he priest or layman, ever listened to the honest questionings of a truth-loving soul, without feeling his own soul filled with love? aye, without feeling humbled by the very honesty of a brother's confession?

If we would but confess, friend to friend, if we would be but honest, man to man, we should not want confessors or confessionals.

If our doubts and difficulties are self-made, if they can be removed by wiser and better men, why not give to our brother the opportunity of helping us? But if our difficulties are not self-made, if they are not due either to ignorance or presumption, is it not even then better for us to know that we are all carrying the same burden, the common burden of humanity, if haply we may find, that for the heavy laden there is but one who can give them rest?

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver: but there are

times also when silence is death, and speech is life—the very life of Pentecost.

How can man be afraid of man? How can we be afraid of those we love?

Are the young afraid of the old? But nothing delights the older man more than to see that he is trusted by the young, and that, they believe, he will tell them the truth.

Are the old afraid of the young? But nothing sustains the young more than to know that they do not stand alone in their troubles, and that in many trials of the soul the father is as helpless as the child.

Are women afraid of men? But men are not wiser in the things appertaining to God than women, and real love of God is theirs far more than ours.

Are men afraid of women? But though women may hide their troubles more carefully, their heart aches as much as ours, when they whisper to themselves, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

Are the laity afraid of the clergy? But where is the clergyman who would not respect honest doubt more than unquestioning faith?

Are the clergy afraid of the laity? But surely we know in this place that the clear voice of honesty and humility draws more hearts than the harsh accents of dogmatic assurance or ecclesiastic exclusiveness.

A missionary must know no fear: his heart must overflow with love—love of man, love of truth, love of God; and in this, the highest and truest sense of the word, every Christian is, or ought to be, a missionary.

And now, let us look again at the religions in which the missionary spirit has been at work, and compare them with those in which any attempt to convince others by argument, to save souls, to bear witness to the truth, is treated with pity or scorn. *The former are alive, the latter are dying or dead.*

The religion of Zoroaster—the religion of Cyrus, of Darius and Xerxes—which, but for the battles of Marathon and Salamis, might have become the religion of the civilised world, is now professed by only 100,000 souls—that is by about a ten-thousandth part of the inhabitants of the world. During the last two centuries their number has steadily decreased from four to one hundred thousand, and another century will probably exhaust what is still left of the worshippers of the Wise Spirit, Ahuramazda.

The Jews are about thirty times the number of the Parsis, and they therefore represent a more appreciable portion of mankind. Though it is not likely that they will ever increase in number, yet such is their physical vigor and their intellectual tenacity, such also their pride of race and their faith in Jehovah, that we can hardly imagine that their patriarchal religion and their ancient customs will soon vanish from the face of the earth.

But though the religions of the Parsis and Jews might justly seem to have paid the penalty of their anti-missionary spirit, how, it will be said, can the same be maintained with regard to the religion of the Brahmins? That religion is still professed by at least 110,000,000 of human souls, and, to judge from the last census, even that enormous number falls much short of the real truth. And yet I do not shrink from saying that their religion is dying or dead. And why? Because it cannot stand the light of day. The worship of Siva, of Vishnu, and the other popular deities, is of the same, nay, in many cases of a more degraded and savage character than the worship of Jupiter, Apollo, and Minerva; it belongs to a stratum of thought which is long buried beneath our feet: it may live on, like the lion and the tiger, but the mere air of free thought and civilised life will extinguish it. A religion may linger on for a long time, it may be accepted by the large masses of the people, because it is there, and there is nothing better. But when a religion has ceased to produce defenders of the faith, prophets, champions, martyrs, it has ceased to live; and in this sense Brahmanism has ceased to live for more than a thousand years.

It is true there are millions of children, women, and men in India who fall down before the stone image of Vishnu, with his four arms, riding on a creature half bird, half man, or sleeping on the serpent; who worship Siva, a monster with three eyes, riding naked on a bull, with a necklace of skulls for his ornament. There are human beings who still believe in a god of war, Kārtikāya, with six faces, riding on a peacock, and holding bow and arrow in his hands; and who invoke a god of success, Gaṇesa, with four hands and an elephant's head, sitting on a rat. Nay, it is true that, in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century, the figure of the goddess

Kali is carried through the streets of her own city, Calcutta,* her wild dishevelled hair reaching her feet, with a necklace of human heads, her tongue protruded from her mouth, her girdle stained with blood. All this is true; but ask any Hindu who can read and write and think, whether these are the gods he believes in, and he will smile at your credulity. How long this living death of national religion in India may last, no one can tell: for our purposes, however, for gaining an idea of the issue of the great religious struggle of the future, that religion too is dead and gone.

The three religions which are alive, and between which the decisive battle for the dominion of the world will have to be fought, are the three missionary religions, *Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity*. Though religious statistics are perhaps the most uncertain of all, yet it is well to have a general conception of the forces of our enemies; and it is well to know that, though the number of Christians is double the number of Mohammedans, the Buddhist religion still occupies the first place in the religious census of mankind.†

Buddhism rules supreme in Central, Northern, Eastern, and Southern Asia, and it gradually absorbs whatever there is left of aboriginal heathenism in that vast and populous area.

Mohammedanism claims as its own Arabia, Persia, great parts of India, Asia Minor, Turkey, and Egypt; and its greatest conquests by missionary efforts are made among the heathen population of Africa.

Christianity reigns in Europe and America, and it is conquering the native races of Polynesia and Melanesia, while its missionary outposts are scattered all over the world.

Between these three powers, then, the religious battle of the future, the Holy War of mankind, will have to be fought, and is being fought at the present moment, though apparently with little effect. To convert a Mohammedan is difficult; to convert a Buddhist, more difficult still; to

convert a Christian, let us hope, well nigh impossible.

What then, it may be asked, is the use of missionaries? Why should we spend millions on foreign missions, when there are children in our cities who are allowed to grow up in ignorance? Why should we deprive ourselves of some of the noblest, boldest, most ardent and devoted spirits and send them into the wilderness, while so many laborers are wanted in the vineyard at home?

It is right to ask these questions; and we ought not to blame those political economists who tell us that every convert costs us 200*l.*, and that at the present rate of progress it would take more than 200,000 years to evangelise the world. There is nothing at all startling in these figures. Every child born in Europe is as much a heathen as the child of a Melanesian cannibal; and it costs us more than 200*l.* to turn a child into a Christian man. The other calculation is totally erroneous; for an intellectual harvest must not be calculated by adding simply grain to grain, but by counting each grain as a living seed, that will bring forth fruit a hundred and a thousand fold.

If we want to know what work there is for the missionary to do, what results we may expect from it, we must distinguish between two kinds of work: the one is *parental*, the other *controversial*. Among uncivilised races the work of the missionary is the work of a parent; whether his pupils are young in years or old, he has to treat them with a parent's love, to teach them with a parent's authority; he has to win them, not to argue with them. I know this kind of missionary work is often despised; it is called mere religious kidnapping; and it is said that missionary success obtained by such means proves nothing for the truth of Christianity; that the child handed over to a Mohammedan would grow up a Mohammedan, as much as a child taken by a Christian missionary becomes a Christian. All this is true; missionary success obtained by such means proves nothing for the truth of our Creeds: but it proves, what is far more important, it proves Christian love. Read only the 'Life of Patteson,' the Bishop of Melanesia; follow him in his vessel, sailing from island to island, begging for children, carrying them off as a mother her new-born child, nursing them, washing and comb-

* Lassen, 'Indische Alterthumskunde,' vol. iv. p. 635.

† 'Chips from a German Workshop,' vol. i.; 'Essays on the Science of Religion,' pp. 161, 216.

ing them, clothing them, feeding them, teaching them in his Episcopal Palace, in which he himself is everything, nurse, and housemaid, and cook, schoolmaster, physician, and Bishop—read there, how that man who tore himself away from his aged father, from his friends, from his favorite studies and pursuits, had the most loving of hearts for these children, how indignantly he repelled for them the name of savages, how he trusted them, respected them, honored them, and when they were formed and established, took them back to their island homes, there to be leaven for future ages. Yes, read the life, the work, the death of that man, a death in very truth, a ransom for the sins of others—and then say whether you would like to suppress a profession that can call forth such self-denial, such heroism, such sanctity, such love. It has been my privilege to have known some of the finest and noblest spirits which England has produced during this century, but there is none to whose memory I look up with greater reverence, none by whose friendship I feel more deeply humbled than by that of that true saint, that true martyr, that truly parental missionary.

The work of the parental missionary is clear, and its success undeniable, not only in Polynesia and Melanesia, but in many parts of India—(think only of the bright light of Tinnevely)—in Africa, in China, in America, in Syria, in Turkey, aye, in the very heart of London.

The case is different with the controversial missionary, who has to attack the faith of men brought up in other religions, in religions which contain much truth, though mixed up with much error. Here the difficulties are immense, the results very discouraging. Nor need we wonder at this. We know, each of us, but too well how little argument avails in theological discussion; how often it produces the very opposite result of what we expected; confirming rather than shaking opinions no less erroneous, no less indefensible, than many articles of the Mohammedan or Buddhist faith.

And even when argument proves successful, when it forces a verdict from an unwilling judge, how often has the result been disappointing; because in tearing up the rotten stem on which the tree rested, its tenderest fibres have been injured, its roots unsettled, its life destroyed.

We have little ground to expect that these controversial weapons will carry the day in the struggle between the three great religions of the world.

But there is a third kind of missionary activity, which has produced the most important results, and through which alone, I believe, the final victory will be gained. Whenever two religions are brought into contact, when members of each live together in peace, abstaining from all direct attempts at conversion, whether by force or by argument, though conscious all the time of the fact that they and their religion are on their trial, that they are being watched, that they are responsible for all they say and do—the effect has always been the greatest blessing to both. It calls out all the best elements in each, and at the same time keeps under all that is felt to be of doubtful value, of uncertain truth. Whenever this has happened in the history of the world, it has generally led either to the reform of both systems, or to the foundation of a new religion.

When after the conquest of India the violent measures for the conversion of the Hindus to Mohammedanism had ceased, and Mohammedans and Brahmans lived together in the enjoyment of perfect equality, the result was a purified Mohammedanism and a purified Brahmanism.* The worshippers of Vishnu, Siva, and other deities became ashamed of these mythological gods; and were led to admit that there was, either over and above these individual deities, or instead of them, a higher divine power (the Para-Brahma), the true source of all being, the only and almighty ruler of the world. That religious movement assumed its most important development at the beginning of the twelfth century, when *Rāmānuga* founded the reformed sect of the worshippers of Vishnu; and again, in the fourteenth century, when his fifth successor, *Rāmānanda*, imparted a still more liberal character to that powerful sect. Not only did he abolish many of the restrictions of caste, many of the minute ceremonial observances in eating, drinking, and bathing, but he replaced the classical Sanskrit—which was unintelligible to the large masses of the people—by the living vernaculars, in which he preached a purer worship of God.

* Lassen, 'Indische Alterthumskunde,' vol. iv. p. 606. Wilson, 'Asiatic Researches,' xvi. p. 21.

The most remarkable man of that time was a weaver, the pupil of Rāmānanda, known by the name of Kabir. He indeed deserved the name which the members of the reformed sect claimed for themselves, *Avadhūta*, which means one who has shaken off the dust of superstition. He broke entirely with the popular mythology and the customs of the ceremonial law, and addressed himself alike to Hindu and Mohammedan. According to him, there is but one God, the creator of the world, without beginning and end, of inconceivable purity, and irresistible strength. The pure man is the image of God, and after death attains community with God. The commandments of Kabir are few: Not to injure anything that has life, for life is of God; to speak the truth; to keep aloof from the world; to obey the teacher. His poetry is most beautiful, hardly surpassed in any other language.

Still more important in the history of India was the reform of Nānak, the founder of the Sikh religion. He, too, worked entirely in the spirit of Kabir. Both labored to persuade the Hindus and Mohammedans that the truly essential parts of their creeds were the same, that they ought to discard the varieties of practical detail, and the corruptions of their teachers, for the worship of the *One Only Supreme*, whether he was termed *Allah* or *Vishnu*.

The effect of these religious reforms has been highly beneficial; it has cut into the very roots of idolatry, and has spread throughout India an intelligent and spiritual worship, which may at any time develop into a higher national creed.

The same effect which Mohammedanism produced on Hinduism is now being produced in a much higher degree on the religious mind of India by the mere presence of Christianity. That silent influence began to tell many years ago, even at a time when no missionaries were allowed within the territory of the old East India Company. Its first representative was Ram Mohun Roy, born just one hundred years ago, in 1772, who died at Bristol in 1833, the founder of the *Brahma-Samāj*. A man so highly cultivated and so highly religious as he was, could not but feel humiliated at the spectacle which the popular religion of his country presented to his English friends. He drew their attention to the fact that there was a

purer religion to be found in the old sacred writings of his people, the *Vedas*. He went so far as to claim for the *Vedas* a divine origin, and to attempt the foundation of a reformed faith on their authority. In this attempt he failed.

No doubt the *Vedas* and other works of the ancient poets and prophets of India contain treasures of truth, which ought never to be forgotten, least of all by the sons of India. The late good Bishop Cotton, in his address to the students of a missionary institution at Calcutta, advised them to use a certain hymn of the *Rig-Veda* in their daily prayers.* Nowhere do we find stronger arguments against idolatry, nowhere has the unity of the Deity been upheld more strenuously against the errors of polytheism than by some of the ancient sages of India. Even in the oldest of their sacred books, the *Rig-Veda*, composed three or four thousand years ago—where we find hymns addressed to the different deities of the sky, the air, the earth, the rivers—the protest of the human heart against many gods breaks forth from time to time with no uncertain sound. One poet, after he has asked to whom sacrifice is due, answers, 'to Him who is God above all gods.†' Another poet, after enumerating the names of many deities, affirms, without hesitation, that 'these are all but names of Him who is One.' And even when single deities are invoked, it is not difficult to see that, in the mind of the poet, each one of the names is meant to express the highest conception of deity of which the human mind was then capable. The god of the sky is called Father and Mother and Friend; he is the Creator, the Upholder of the Universe; he rewards virtue and punishes sin; he listens to the prayers of those who love him.

But granting all this, we may well understand why an attempt to claim for these books a divine origin, and thus to make them an artificial foundation for a new religion, failed. The successor of Ram Mohun Roy, the present head of the *Brahma-Samāj*, the wise and excellent Debendranāth Tagore, was for a time even more decided in holding to the *Vedas* as

* See 'Brahmic Questions of the Day,' 1869, p. 16.

† 'History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature,' by M. M. (2nd ed.), p. 569.

the sole foundation of the new faith. But this could not last. As soon as the true character of the Vedas,* which but few people in India can understand, became known, partly through the efforts of native, partly of European scholars, the Indian reformers relinquished the claim of divine inspiration in favor of their Vedas, and were satisfied with a selection of passages from the works of the ancient sages of India, to express and embody the creed which the members of the Brahma-Samāj hold in common.†

The work which these religious reformers have been doing in India is excellent, and those only who know what it is, in religious matters, to break with the past, to forsake the established custom of a nation, to oppose the rush of public opinion, to brave adverse criticism, to submit to social persecution, can form any idea of what those men have suffered, in bearing witness to the truth that was within them.

They could not reckon on any sympathy on the part of Christian Missionaries; nor did their work attract much attention in Europe till very lately, when a schism broke out in the Brahma-Samāj between the old conservative party and a new party, led by Keshub Chunder Sen. The former, though willing to surrender all that was clearly idolatrous in the ancient religion and customs of India, wished to retain all that might safely be retained: it did not wish to see the religion of India denationalised. The other party, inspired and led by Keshub Chunder Sen, went further in their zeal for religious purity. All that smacked of the old heaven was to be surrendered; not only caste, but even that sacred cord—the religious ribbon which makes and marks the Brahman, which is to remind him at every moment of his life and whatever work he may be engaged in, of his God, of his ancestors, and of his children—even that was to be abandoned; and instead of founding their creed exclusively on the utterances of the ancient sages of their own country, all that was best in the sacred books of the whole world was selected and formed into a new sacred Code.

The schism between these two parties is

* ‘The Adi Brahma-Samāj, Its Views and Principles,’ Calcutta, 1870, p. 10.

† ‘A Brief History of the Calcutta Brahma-Samāj, 1868,’ p. 51.

deeply to be deplored; but it is a sign of life. It augurs success rather than failure for the future. It is the same schism which St. Paul had to heal in the Church of Corinth, and he healed it with the words, so often misunderstood, ‘Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.’

In the eyes of our missionaries this religious reform in India has not found much favor; nor need we wonder at this. Their object is to transplant, if possible, Christianity in its full integrity from England to India, as we might wish to transplant a full-grown tree. They do not deny the moral worth, the noble aspirations, the self-sacrificing zeal of these native reformers; but they fear that all this will but increase their dangerous influence, and retard the progress of Christianity, by drawing some of the best minds of India, that might have been gained over to our religion, into a different current. They feel towards Keshub Chunder Sen as Athanasius might have felt towards Ulfilas, the Arian bishop of the Goths; and yet, what would have become of Christianity in Europe but for those Gothic races, but for those Arian heretics, who were considered more dangerous than downright pagans?

If we think of the future of India, and of the influence which that country has always exercised on the East, the movement of religious reform which is now going on appears to my mind the most momentous in this momentous century. If our missionaries feel constrained to repudiate it as their own work, history will be more just to them than they themselves.* And if not as the work of Christian missionaries, it will be recognised hereafter as the work of those missionary Christians who have lived in India, as examples of a true Christian life, who have approached the natives in a truly missionary spirit, in the spirit of truth and in the spirit of love; whose bright presence has thawed the ice, and brought out beneath it the old soil, ready to blossom into new life. These Indian puritans are not

* The ‘Indian Mirror’ (Sept. 10, 1869) constantly treats of missionary efforts of various kinds in a spirit which is not only friendly, but even desirous of reciprocal sympathy; and hopeful that whatever differences may exist between them (the missionaries) and the Brahmos, the two parties will heartily combine as brethren to exterminate idolatry, and promote true morality in India.

against us; for all the highest purposes of life they are with us, and we, I trust, with them. What would the early Christians have said to men, outside the pale of Christianity, who spoke of Christ and his doctrine as some of these Indian reformers? Would they have said to them, 'Unless you speak our language and think our thoughts, unless you respect our Creed and sign our Articles, we can have nothing in common with you.'

Oh! that Christians, and particularly missionaries, would lay to heart the words of a missionary Bishop!* 'I have for years thought,' writes Bishop Patteson, 'that we seek in our Missions a great deal too much to make *English* Christians. . . . Evidently the heathen man is not treated fairly, if we encumber our message with unnecessary requirements. The ancient Church had its "selection of fundamentals." . . . Any one can see what mistakes we have made in India. . . . Few men think themselves into the state of the Eastern mind. . . . We seek to denationalise these races, as far as I can see; whereas we ought surely to change as little as possible—only what is clearly incompatible with the simplest form of Christian teaching and practice. I do not mean that we are to compromise truth . . . but do we not overlay it a good deal with human traditions!'

If we had many such missionaries as Bishop Patteson and Bishop Cotton, if Christianity were not only preached, but lived in that spirit, it would then prove itself what it is—the religion of humanity at large, large enough itself to take in all shades and diversities of character and race.

And more than that—if this true missionary spirit, this spirit of truth and love, of forbearance, of trust, of toleration, of humility, were once to kindle the hearts of all those chivalrous ambassadors of Christ, the message of the Gospel which they have to deliver would then become as great a blessing to the giver as to the receiver. Even now, missionary work unites, both at home and abroad, those who are widely separated by the barriers of theological sects.†

It might do so far more still. When we stand before a common enemy, we soon forget our own small feuds. But why? Often, I fear, from motives of prudence only and selfishness. Can we not, then, if we stand in spirit before a common friend—can we not, before the face of God, forget our small feuds, for very shame? If missionaries admit to their fold converts who can hardly understand the equivocal abstractions of our Creeds and formulas, is it necessary to exclude those who understand them but too well to submit the wings of their free spirit to such galling chains? When we try to think of the majesty of God, what are all those formulas but the star-rings of children, which only a loving father can interpret and understand! The fundamentals of our religion are not in these poor Creeds; true Christianity lives, not in our belief, but in our love—in our love of God, and in our love of man, founded on our love of God.

That is the whole Law and the Prophets, that is the religion to be preached to the whole world, that is the Gospel which will conquer all other religions—even Buddhism and Mohammedanism—which will win the hearts of all men.

There can never be too much love, though there may be too much faith—particularly

compactness which is but little understood. Though belonging to various denominations of Christians, yet from the nature of their work, their isolated position, and their long experience, they have been led to think rather of the numerous questions on which they agree, than of those on which they differ, and they co-operate heartily together. Localities are divided among them by friendly arrangements, and, with a few exceptions, it is a fixed rule among them that they will not interfere with each other's converts and each other's spheres of duty. School books, translations of the Scriptures and religious works, prepared by various missions, are used in common; and help and improvements secured by one mission are freely placed at the command of all. The large body of missionaries resident in each of the presidency towns form missionary conferences, hold periodic meetings, and act together on public matters. They have frequently addressed the Indian Government on important social questions involving the welfare of the native community, and have suggested valuable improvements in existing laws. During the past twenty years, on five occasions, general conferences have been held for mutual consultation respecting their missionary work; and in January last, at the latest of these gatherings, at Allahabad, 121 missionaries met together belonging to twenty different societies, and including several men of long experience who have been twenty years in India ('India, Progress and Condition, 1873,' p. 124).

* 'Life of John Coleridge Patteson,' by C. M. Yonge, ii. p. 167.

† The large body of European and American missionaries settled in India bring their various moral influences to bear upon the country with the greater force, because they act together with a

when it leads to the requirement of exactly the same measure of faith in others. Let those who wish for the true success of missionary work learn to throw in of the abundance of their faith; let them learn to demand less from others than from themselves. That is the best offering, the most valuable contribution which they can make to day to the missionary cause.

Let missionaries preach the Gospel again as it was preached when it began the conquest of the Roman Empire and the Gothic nations; when it had to struggle with powers and principalities, with time-honored religions and triumphant philosophies, with pride of civilisation and savagery of life—and yet came out victorious. At that time conversion was not a question to be settled by the acceptance or rejection of certain formulas or articles; a simple prayer was often enough: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

There is one kind of faith that revels in words, there is another that can hardly find utterance: the former is like riches that come to us by inheritance; the latter is like the daily bread, which each of us has to win in the sweat of his brow. We cannot expect the former from new converts; we ought not to expect it or to exact it, for fear that it might lead to hypocrisy or superstition. The mere believing of miracles, the mere repeating of formulas requires no effort in converts, brought up to believe in the Purāṇas of the Brahmans or the Buddhist Gātakas. They find it much easier to accept a legend than to love God, to repeat a creed than to forgive their enemies. In this respect they are exactly like ourselves. Let missionaries remember that the Chris-

tian faith at home is no longer what it was, and that it is impossible to have one creed to preach abroad, another to preach at home. Much that was formerly considered as essential is now neglected; much that was formerly neglected is now considered as essential. I think of the laity more than of the clergy: but what would the clergy be without the laity? There are many of our best men, men of the greatest power and influence in literature, science, art, politics, aye even in the Church itself, who are no longer Christian in the old sense of the word. Some imagine they have ceased to be Christians altogether, because they feel that they cannot believe as much as others profess to believe. We cannot afford to lose these men, nor shall we lose them if we learn to be satisfied with what satisfied Christ and the Apostles, with what satisfies many a hard-working missionary. If Christianity is to retain its hold on Europe and America, if it is to conquer in the Holy War of the future, it must throw off its heavy armor, the helmet of brass and the coat of mail, and face the world like David, with his staff, his stones and his sling. We want less of creeds, but more of trust; less of ceremony, but more of work; less of solemnity, but more of genial honesty; less of doctrine, but more of love. There is a faith, as small as a grain of mustard-seed, but that grain alone can move mountains, and more than that, it can move hearts. Whatever the world may say of us, of us of little faith, let us remember that there was one who accepted the offering of the poor widow. She threw in but two mites, but that was all she had, even all her living.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

WHEN he was a very little boy, Edwin Landseer used to ask his mother to set him a copy to draw from, and then—so his sisters have told me—complain that she always drew one of two things, either a shoe or a currant pudding, of both of which he was quite tired. No wonder that this was insufficient food for the eager young spirit for whose genius in after life two kingdoms were not too wide a range. The boy, when he was a little older, and when his bent seemed more clearly determined, went to

his father and asked him for teaching. The father was a wise man and told his son that he could not himself teach him to be a painter, that Nature was the only school, Observation the true and only teacher. He told little Edwin to use his own powers; to think about all the things he saw; to copy everything: and then he turned the boy out with his brothers—they were all three much of an age—to draw the world as it then existed upon Hampstead Heath. There seem to have been then, as now, lit-

tle donkeys upon the common, old horses grazing the turf and gorse, and chickens and children at play, though I fear that now, alas! no little curly-headed boy is there storing up treasures for the use of a whole generation to come.

Day after day, the children used to spend upon the Heath in the fresh air, at their sports and their flights, but learning meanwhile their early lesson. Their elder sister used to go with them, a young mentor to keep these frolicsome spirits within bounds. One can imagine the little party, buoyant, active, in the full delightful spring of early youth. Perhaps youth is a special attribute belonging to artistic natures, to those whose whom the gods have favored, and the old fanciful mythology is not all a fable. . . . Some boys are never young. When I last saw Sir Edwin Landseer, something of this indescribable youthful brightness still seemed to be with him, although the cloud which dimmed his later years had already partially fallen. But the cruel cloud is more than half a century distant at the time of which I am writing, and, thanks be to Heaven, the whole flood of life, and work, and achievement lies between.

Little Edwin painted a picture in these very early days, which was afterwards sold. It was called the "Mischief-makers:" a mischievous boy had tied a log of wood to the tail of a mischievous donkey. The little donkey's head in the South Kensington Museum may have been drawn upon Hampstead Heath—a careful black-lead donkey, that cropped the turf and looked up one day, some sixty years ago, with a puzzled face. Perhaps it was wondering at the size of the artist standing opposite, with his little sympathetic hand at work. The drawing is marked "E. Landseer, five years old." This little donkey, of the line of Balaam's ass, had already found out the secret and knew how to speak in his own language to the youthful prophet. Our little prophet needs no warning on his journey; he is not about to barter his sacred gift, and from Hampstead Heath, and from many a wider moor, he will honestly give his blessing to the tribes as they come up. The tribe of the poor; the tribe of the hardworking rich; the tribe of Manchester; the tribe of Belgravia. Which is there among them that has not been the better for it? There are other sketches in the frame at the Ken-

sington Museum; a policeman pointed them out to me. "He knew Sir Edwin's pictures well, and his sketches, too; why, he was only six year old when he draw that dog," said the policeman, kindly. The dog is a pointer curling its tail; there is the household cat, too, with broad face and feline eyes. There is a more elaborate sketch done at the age of fifteen, and probably representing the same pointer grown into an ancient model now, and promoted from black-lead to water-color. The young painter himself must have been near starting in life by this time; born with his fairy gift, the time was come to reveal it.

Little Edwin was eight years old when he first engraved a plate of etchings; asses' heads, sheep, donkeys were all there, and then came a second plate for lions and tigers. He was always drawing animals. When he was thirteen he exhibited the portrait of a pointer and puppy, and also the portrait of Mr. Simpson's mule, "by Master E. Landseer," as mentioned in the catalogue. In this year his father took him to Haydon the painter, for there is a notice in Haydon's "Diary":—

"In 1815 Mr. Landseer, the engraver, had brought me his sons, and said: 'When do you intend to let your beard grow and take pupils?' I said, 'If my instructions are useful or valuable, now.' 'Will you let my boys come?' I said, 'Certainly.' Charles and Thomas, it was immediately arranged, should come every Monday morning, when I was to give them work for the week. Edwin took my dissections of the lion, and I advised him to dissect animals as the only mode of acquiring a knowledge of their construction.

"This very incident generated in me the desire to form a school, and as the Landseers made rapid progress, I resolved to communicate my system to others."

In 1817 Landseer exhibited a picture of "Brutus," the family friend. After "Brutus" comes a picture called "Fighting Dogs getting Wind," which was his first real success. It was, I believe, bought by that friendly umpire of art, Sir George Beaumont. In 1818 Wilkie writes approvingly to Haydon, saying: "Geddes has a good head, Etty a clever piece, and young Landseer's jackasses are also good." Most of these facts I have read in a helpful little biography in the South Kensington Museum, which contains a list of Sir Edwin's early works. The list is a marvel

of length and industry. There are many etchings mentioned, and among them "Recollections of Sir Walter and Lady Scott." When Sir Edwin gave up etching, it was Thomas Landseer who engraved his pictures. And here I can not help adding that, looking over the etchings of that early time, and of later date, my admiration has not been alone for Sir Edwin, but for his brother's work as well.

Haydon's advice about depicting lions seems to have stood the young student in good stead. There is mention made of roaring and prowling lions, of a lion disturbed at his meal, on a canvas six feet by eight. Haydon, as we know, was for extremes of canvas and other things. I heard a philosopher describe him only yesterday as "a strange medley of genius and vanity, of high intention and money operations—a man who did good work in his time, and who died for jealousy of Tom Thumb." Leslie, in his autobiography, has his appreciative word for Haydon: "I was captivated with Haydon's art," he writes, "which was then certainly at its best, and tried, but with no success, to imitate the richness of his color and impasto . . . At a much later period I was struck with his resemblance to Charles Lamb's 'Ralph Bigod, Esq.,' that noble type of the great race of men—the men who borrow." I even thought, before Lamb declared Fenwick to be the prototype of Bigod, that Haydon was the man, and I am not sure that Lamb did not think of him as well as of Fenwick. All the traits were Haydon's. Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick, jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey, *cana fides*. He anticipated no excuse, and found none. When I think of this man—his fiery glow of heart, his swell of feeling—how magnificent, how *ideal* he was, how great at the midnight hour, and when I compare him with the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders* and *little men*."

There is a sketch in Mr. Symonds's book about Greek poets which also recalls Haydon, and gives us a classical image of him in brazen sandals and purple draperies.

In 1822, Landseer received a premium from the British Institution for a picture

called "The Larder Invaded." In 1824, he paints the celebrated "Catspaw: the monkey's device for eating hot chestnuts." It was sold for 100*l.*, and would fetch near 3,000*l.* now. Then he is made A.R.A.; and in 1826 the scene changes from lions' dens and monkeys' pranks to the well-loved moors and lakes—to the misty, fresh, silent life of the mountain that he has brought into all our homes.

Some of his earliest paintings are illustrations out of Walter Scott's romances. He loved Scott from the beginning to the very end of his life, and kept some of his books and some of Shakespeare's plays by his bedside, to read when he could not sleep. One of his very first oil pictures, however, was not out of a book: it was the portrait of his sister, as a little baby girl, toddling about in a big bonnet.

There is a pretty little paragraph in Leslie's autobiography, about Landseer after he became a student at the Royal Academy. "Edwin Landseer," he says, "who entered the Academy very early, was a pretty little curly-headed boy, and he attracted Fuseli's attention by his talents and gentle manners. Fuseli would look round for him and say, 'Where is my little *dog-boy*.'"

The few words tell their story, and at the same time reveal the kind heart of the writer, who all his life seems to have admired and loved his younger companion, of whom there is frequent mention in his books. "Art may be learnt, but can't be taught," says Leslie, as the elder Landseer had said. "Under Fuseli's wise neglect Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Landseer, and Haydon distinguished themselves, and were the better for not being made all alike by teaching, if indeed that could have been done."

Fuseli's system seems to have been to come in with a book in his hand and to sit reading nearly the whole time he remained with the students; and here I cannot help saying that, notwithstanding his gentle vindication, Leslie himself followed a very different method. It is true that when he taught young painters he used to say very little, but "he would take the brushes and the pallet himself and show them a great deal," says his son George.

It is now about fifty years since the little *dog-boy* (who was only some nineteen years old) set up in life for himself, hired a

tiny little cottage with a studio in St. John's Wood. The district even now is silent and unenclosed in many places. In those days it must have been almost a country place. A garden-paling divided the painter and his young household from friendly neighbors; and Mrs. Mackenzie, his sister and housekeeper in those youthful days, has told us of pleasant early times and neighborly meetings before the great eddying wave of life and popularity had reached the quiet place; while the young man works and toils at his art, and faces the early difficulties and anxieties that oppress him, and that even his fairy gift cannot altogether avert.

In one of the notices upon his pictures it is said that as a boy and a youth he haunted shows of wild beasts with his sketch-book, and the matches of rat-killing by terriers. Cannot one picture the scene, the cruel sport; the crowd looking on, stupid or vulgarly excited, and there, among coarse and heavy glances and dull scowling looks, shines the bright young face, not seeing the things that the dull eyes are watching, but discerning the something beyond—the world within the world—that life within common life that genius makes clear to us?

What are the old legends worth if this is not what they mean? Our Sir Orpheus plays, and men and animals are brought into his charmed circle. Qualities delicate, indescribable, sympathies between nature and human nature are revealed.

There is a description in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Transformation* of Donatello and the animals. The young count calls in the forest, filling the air with a modulated breath; the poet describes the broad dialect—broad as the sympathies of nature—in which the human brother speaks to the inarticulate brotherhood that prowls the woods or soars upon the wing; intelligible to such extent as to win their confidence; and then comes the description of their answer:

"Donatello paused two or three times and seemed to listen; then, recommencing, he poured his spirit and life more earnestly into the strain; and, finally—or else the sculptor's hope and imagination deceived him—soft treads were audible upon the fallen leaves. There was a rustling among the shrubbery, a whirr of wings, moreover, that hovered in the air. It may have been all an illusion; but Kenyon fancied that he could distinguish the stealthy, cat-

like movement of some small forest citizen; that he could even see a doubtful shadow if not really its substance. But all at once, whatever might be the reason, there ensued a hurried rush and scamper of little feet."

Some such art as Donatello's must have belonged to our Sir Edwin.

There is a world to which some favored spirits belong by natural right: others, more distant from its simple inspiration, want the interpreter who is to tell them the meaning of those sudden brown lights and wistful glances; those pricking ears and tails a-quiver; those black confiding noses, humorous and simple, snuffing and sniffing the heathery breezes. It is he who has summoned those little feet for us, coming, as in Donatello's charm, suddenly scampering down the mountain pass; we seem to hear the gentle flurry; or again, we are on the mountain itself: the figures lie motionless wrapped in their plaids, the stag is unconscious and quietly grazing, in branching dignity; it is the little doe, watchful, with sweet, up-pricked head, who is turning to give the alarm; or again it may be a tranquil mist through which the light forms are passing; or a stag wounded and trailing across the sunset waters to die.

Who does not know the picture called "Suspense"; the noble hound watching at its master's closed door? The painter has painted a whole heart, tender reproach, silence, steady trust, anxious patience. The theme is utterly pathetic, and tells its story straight to the bystander; the door is closed fast and will never open; the frayed feather from the master's plume has fallen to the ground. He must have been carried by, for there is a drop of blood upon the feather and another on the floor beyond, and the helpless tender friend has been shut out. I can hardly imagine any picture more tranquil, more pathetic. Who that has ever been shut out, but will understand the pang?

And then, again, what home-like glimpses do we owe to Landseer—he has painted warmth, content, and fidelity. Look at that fireside party; the tender contentment of the colley, whose faithful nose is guarding the old shepherd's slippers; or the highland breakfast scene, with its gentle, almost maternal, humors; the baby, the proud mother, the little fat puppies that are a pleasure to behold. In

the well-known painting of the "Shepherd's Last Mourner," the pathos consists as much in that which is not as in that which is there. The dog with silent care rests his head upon the lonely coffin. He does not understand very much about it all: life he can understand, not death. His feeling is more touching in its incompleteness than if he could grasp anything beyond the present strange wistful moment. Is there aspiration in such a picture? There is natural religion most certainly, as there must be in all true nature. No saint depicted in agony, no painted miracle, could give a more vivid realisation of simple natural feeling, of the mysterious love and fidelity which is in life, and which the very dog can understand, as he silently watches by his old master's coffin.

As I write a friend is saying that some people complain, and not without justice, that Landseer, in some instances, makes his animals almost too human. The picture of Uncle Tom and his wife in chains has been instanced. In the "Triumph of Comus" the blending of animal and human nature is almost painful to look at, and it is a relief to turn from its nightmare-like vividness to those peaceful cliffs hanging on the wall beyond, where the fresh daylight comes over the crisping waters, where the children are at play, and the sheep grazing at the cannon mouth.

One can recognise in some of the earlier paintings of Sir Edwin the impression of the mental companionship of those who influenced the school of art at the beginning of this century. Regarding this, the school of Wilkie, of Mulready, I can only turn once more to Leslie's temperate criticisms. "Every great painter," he says, "carries us into a world of his own, where, if we give ourselves up to its guidance, we shall find much enjoyment, but if we cavil at every step, we may be sure there is a greater fault in ourselves than any we can discover in him."

We do not lower our individuality because we submit for a time and learn to see life from different points of view. I have often heard my father say that every beginner who has anything in him imitates somebody else at first, and a true and original worker does not lose but gains by merging himself for a time into the spirit of others.

The school which preceded Edwin

Landseer was a placid and practical school, looking for harmonies rather than for contrasts, somewhat wanting in emotion and vividness of feeling. The meteor-like Turner blazed across the path of these quiet students without inspiring them with his own dazzling and breathless grasp of time and light. Leslie, writing of art, looks back wistfully to the times of Stothart, Fuseli, of Wilkie, Lawrence, Etty, and Constable; but with all their harmony of color and merits of natural expression, they do not strike the human chords that Sir Edwin has struck in his highest moments of inspiration. This much one cannot deny that his pictures are unequal, sometimes over-crowded, sometimes wanting in tone and color; there are subjects too which seem scarce worthy of his consummate pencil. His very popularity is a hard test, and the constant reproduction of his pictures on every wall must needs blunt their fresh interest. But this is hypercriticism. How many blank front parlors, how many long dull passages and tiresome half hours of life has he changed and brightened. Remembering some of these half hours, one could almost wish that none but pleasant associations might belong to those familiar apparitions of playful paws and trustful noses. A pretty little page returning from the chase was the playfellow of our own early life; the sun fell on his innocent head as he hung on the wall of our high-perched Paris home. Here, by a foggier fireside, the children grow up companionably with the dear big dog that is saving the little child from the sea. It was the beneficent painter himself who sent this big dog to live with us with a friendly cypher in a corner of the frame.

A friend has told us the story of another dog bestowed by the same kind hand: "About ten years ago Sir Edwin wished me to keep a dog, thinking that when I came home I should not be so lonely; he also said that he would look for one for me himself. I told him that my business occupations would not allow me to give a dog proper attention, and although Sir Edwin mentioned the subject more than once I still refused. About a month afterwards he came to dine with me one day, and when he arrived he brought a beautifully finished picture of a dog, saying, 'Here H., I have brought you a parlor boarder, I hope you won't turn him out of doors.'"

A writer in the *Daily News*, in a charmingly written notice, describes Sir Edwin's manner of working:

"His method of composition was remarkably like Scott's, except in the point of the early rising of the latter. Landseer went late to bed and rose very late—coming down to breakfast at noon; but he had been composing perhaps for hours. Scott declared that the most fertile moments for resources, in invention especially, were those between sleeping and waking, or rather before opening the eyes from sleep, while the brain was wide awake. This, much prolonged, was Landseer's time for composing his pictures. His conception once complete, nothing could exceed the rapidity of his execution. In his best days, before his sense of failing eyesight and the rivalry of rising pre-Raphaelite art aggravated his painful fastidiousness, his rapidity was quite as marvellous as Scott's. The speed was owing to decision, and his decision was owing to the thorough elaboration of his subject in his mind before he committed it to the management of his masterly hand." The stories are numberless of the rapidity with which he executed his work. There are two little King Charles' in the South Kensington Museum, wonders of completeness and masterly painting, whose skins are silk, whose eyes gleam with light. They were said to have been painted in two days. I have read somewhere also the melancholy fact in addition that both the poor little creatures died by violent deaths.

The *Daily News* quotes a rabbit picture exhibited in the British Gallery under which Sir Edwin wrote "painted in three quarters of an hour."

The first time I was ever in Sir Edwin's studio was about twelve years ago, when we drove there one summer's day with my father to see a picture of the "Highland Flood" just then completed. We came away talking of the picture, touched by the charm and the kindness of the master of the house, laden with the violets from the garden, which he had given us. Another time the master was no longer there, but his house still opened hospitably with a kind greeting for old days' sake from those who had belonged to him and who had known my father. We were let in at the side gate. There stood the great white house that we remembered; we crossed the garden, where the dead leaves were

still heaped, and some mist was hanging among the bare branches of the trees, and so by an entrance lined with pictures into the great studio once more, where all the memories and pictures were crowding, hanging to the walls, piled against the easels. We seemed to be walking into the shrine of a long life, and one almost felt ashamed, and as if one were surprising its secrets. All about the walls and on the ceiling were time stains spreading in a dim veil; he used to say that he hated white-wash, and that he would never allow any workman but himself about the place. It seemed to me at first as if the cloud of his later days still hung about the room, where he had suffered so many cruel hours; but, looking again, there were his many bright and sweet fancies meeting us on every side, and the gloom suddenly dispelled. Everywhere are beautiful and charming things, that strike one as one looks. Perhaps it is a tender little calf's head tied by its nose, perhaps a flock of sheep against a soft grey sky. There are old companions over the chimney, Sir Roderick and David Roberts looking out of a gloom of paint; there is a lion roaring among the rocks that seems to fill the room with its din.

As we look around we see more pictures and sketches of every description. There is a little princess, in green velvet, feeding a great Newfoundland dog; there is the picture of the young man dying in some calm distant place, with a little quivering living dog upon his knee looking up into his face; near to this stands a lovely little sketch about which Miss Landseer told us a little story. One day the painter was at work when they came hurriedly to tell him that the Queen was riding up to his garden-gate, and wished him to come out to her. He was to see her mounted upon her horse for a picture he was to paint. It seemed to me like some fanciful little story out of a fairy tale, or some old-world legend. The young painter at his art; the young queen cantering up, followed by her court, and passing on, and the sketch remaining to tell the story. He has painted in the old archway at Windsor Castle; the light and queenly figure is drifting from beneath it, other people are following, the sun is shining. Many of these sketches are hasty, but there is not one that does not bear traces of the master's hand.

We all know Sir Joshua's often-quoted answer to Lord Holland, when he asked him how long he had been painting his picture.

"All my life," is written in many a picture, as it is written indeed in many a face. Take the likeness of Gibson, with his keen downcast head, simple, manly, and refined. Is not his whole life written there? With the *thrill* of this noble portrait rises a vision within a vision of another studio miles and years away. The click of the workman's hammer comes echoing through Roman sunshine—the marble dust is lying in a heap at our feet—there stands the sculptor in his working dress, pointing to the band of color in the Venus' waving hair.

There is another portrait in the room, to which the painter has given all his best and noblest work. He has opened his magic box—Pandora's was nothing to it—and there stands a lady with her child in her arms, endowed with a gentle might of grace, of womanly instinct and beauty. The baby's little foot is caught in the lace-work of the shawl; the mother's face is turned aside. It is a charming group, refined, full of sentiment. But for all women Edwin Landseer had this courteous feeling of manly deference. There is a Highland mother sitting with a little Highland baby in her arms among limpid grays and browns; there is a lovely marchioness with a dear little chubby innocent-eyed baby upon her knee. It is all the same feeling, the same grace and tenderness of expression.

Ruskin describes somewhere the attitude of mind in which a true artist should set to work. Sham art concocts its effect bit by bit; it puts in a light here, a shade there; piles on beauties, rubs in sentiment. The true painter will receive the impression straight from the subject, and then, keeping to that precious impression, works upon it with all his skill and power of attention. Anybody can understand the difference. Even great artists like Landseer sometimes paint pictures out of tune with their own natures, where the painter's skill is evident, and his industry, but his heart is not.

But here is his heart in many a delightful sketch and completed work:—in the "loveable dogs' heads," that my companion liked so much, with eyes flashing and melting from the canvas; in the pointer's creeping along the ground; in the sports-

manlike eagerness and stir of the "otter-hunt;" in the tender uplifted paw of the little dog talking to Godiva's horse; in many a sketch and completed picture.

When Landseer first became intimate with Mr. Jacob Bell, he was not a rich man, nor had he ever been able to save any money, but under this excellent and experienced good advice and management the painter's affairs became more flourishing. When Mr. Bell died, his partner devoted himself, as he had done, to Sir Edwin's interests. The little old cottage had been added to and enlarged meanwhile, the great studio was built, the park was enclosed, the pictures and prints multiplied and spread, the painter's popularity grew.

One wonderful—never to be forgotten—night my father took us to see some great ladies in their dresses going to the Queen's fancy ball. We drove to ——— House (it is all very vague and dazzlingly indistinct in my mind). We were shown into a great empty room, and almost immediately some doors were flung open, there came a blaze of light, a burst of laughing voices, and from a many-twinkling dinner-table rose a company that seemed, to our unaccustomed eyes, as if all the pictures in Hampton Court had come to life. The chairs scraped back, the ladies and gentlemen advanced together over the shining floors. I can remember their high heels clicking on the floor: they were in the dress of the court of King Charles II.; the ladies beautiful, dignified, and excited. There was one, lovely and animated, in yellow; I remember her pearls shining. Another seemed to us even more beautiful, as she crossed the room all dressed in black—but she, I think, was not going to the ball; and then somebody began to say, "Sir Edwin has promised to rouge them," and then everybody to call out for him, and there was also an outcry about his moustaches that 'really must be shaved off,' for they were not in keeping with his dress. Then, as in a dream, we went off to some other great house, Bath House perhaps, where one lady, more magnificently dressed than all the others, was sitting in a wax-lighted dressing-room, in a sumptuous sort of conscious splendor, and just behind her chair stood a smiling gentleman, also in court dress, whom my father knew, and he held

up something in one hand and laughed, and said he must go back to the house from whence we came, and the lady thanked him and called him Sir Edwin. We could not understand who this Sir Edwin was, who seemed to be wherever we went. Nor why he should put on the rouge. Then the majestic lady showed us her beautiful jewelled shoe, and one person, who it was I cannot remember, suddenly fell on her knees exclaiming, "Oh, let me kiss it." Then a fairy thundering chariot carried off this splendid lady, and the nose-gays of the hanging footmen seemed to scent the air as the equipage drove off under the covered way. Perhaps all this is only a dream, but I think it is true: for there was again a third house where we found more pictures alive, two beautiful young pictures and their mother, for whom a parcel was brought in post-haste, containing a jewel all dropping with pearls. Events seem so vivid when people are nameless, are only faces not lives, when all life is an impression. That evening was always the nearest approach to a live fairy tale that we ever lived, and that ball more brilliant than any we ever beheld.

No wonder Edwin Landseer liked the society of these good-natured and splendid people, and no wonder they liked his. To be a delightful companion is in itself no small gift. Edwin Landseer's company was a wonder of charming gaiety. I have heard my father speak of it with the pride he used to take in the gifts of others.

I see a note about nothing at all lying on the table, which a friend has sent among some others of sadder import; but it seems to give a picture of a day's work, written as it is with "the palette in the other hand," at the time of Sir Edwin's health of labor and popularity.

"I shall like to be scolded by you," he writes. "This eve I dine with Lord Hardinge, and have to go to Lord Londesborough's after the banquet, and then to come back here to R. A. Leslie, who has a family hop—which I am afraid will entirely fill up my time, otherwise I should have been delighted to say yes. Pray give me another opportunity.

"Written, with my palette in the other hand, in honest hurry."

Perhaps Edwin Landseer was the first among modern painters who restored the old traditions of a certain sumptuous habit of living and association with great per-

sons. The charm of manner of which kind Leslie spoke put him at ease in a world where charm of manner is not without its influence, and where his brilliant gifts and high-minded scrupulous spirit made him deservedly loved, trusted, and popular. To artistic natures especially, there is something almost irresistible in the attraction of beauty and calm leisure, refinement. They seem to say more perhaps than such things are really worth in themselves—a lovely marchioness leaving her world of brilliant conversation and well-rubbed plate and beautifully dressed companions of high rank to devote herself to a little baby, or to tend some gentle home affection, is certainly a more attractive impersonation of domesticity than the worried and untidy materfamilias in the suburban villa who has been wearily and ignobly struggling with a maid-of-all-work, and whose way of loving and power of affection is so hurried and distracted by economies of every sort.

Lords and ladies have to thank the intellectual classes for many of the things that make their homes delightful and complete: for the noble pictures on their walls, the books that speak to them, the arts that move them; and, perhaps, the intelligent classes might in their turn learn to adorn their own homes with something of the living art which belongs to many of these well bred people, who sometimes win the best loved of the workers away from their companions and make them welcome. No wonder that men not otherwise absorbed by home ties are delighted and charmed by a sense of artistic fitness and tranquillity, which surely might be more widely spread, by a certain gentleness and deference that often strike one as wanting among many good, wise, and true hearted people, who might with advantage improve their own manner and their wives' happiness by some admixture of chivalry in the round of their honest hard-working existence.

A friend has sent me the following pages, which describe Sir Edwin at this time, and I cannot do better than give them here as they have come to me.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men," was not applicable to Landseer. Though not one of its greatest men, he was a man of acknowledged genius, and was courted, admired, made

much of, by all who knew him. 'Landseer will be with us,' was held out as an inducement to join many a social board, where his wit, gaiety, and peculiar powers of mimicry rendered him a delightful guest. But I am speaking of him as he appeared before the fine spirit was darkened by one of the heaviest of calamities!

"Landseer's perceptions of character were remarkably acute. Not only did he know what was passing in the hearts of dogs, but he could read pretty closely into those of men and women also. The love of truth was an instinct with him; his common phrase about those he estimated highly was that 'they had the true ring.' This was most applicable to himself; there was no alloy in *his* metal; he was true to himself and to others. This was proved in many passages of his life, when nearly submerged by those disappointments and troubles which are more especially felt by sensitive organisations such as that which it was his fortune—or misfortune—to possess. It was a pity that Landseer, who might have done so much for the good of animal-kind, never wrote on the subject of their treatment. He had a strong feeling against the way some dogs are tied up, only allowed their freedom now and then. He used to say a man would fare better tied up than a dog, because the former can take his coat off, but a dog lives in his for ever. He declared a tied-up dog, without daily exercise, goes mad, or dies, in three years. His wonderful power over dogs is well known. An illustrious lady asked him how it was that he gained this knowledge. 'By peeping into their hearts, ma'am,' was his answer. I remember once being wonderfully struck with the mesmeric attraction he possessed with them. A large party of his friends were with him at his house in St. John's Wood; his servant opened the door; three or four dogs rushed in, one a very fierce-looking mastiff. We ladies recoiled, but there was no fear; the creature bounded up to Landseer, treated him like an old friend, with most expansive demonstrations of delight. Some one remarking 'how fond the dog seemed of him,' he said, 'I never saw it before in my life.'

"Would that horse-trainers could have learnt from him how horses could be broken in or trained more easily by kindness than by cruelty. Once when visiting him

he came in from his meadow looking somewhat dishevelled and tired. 'What have you been doing?' we asked him. 'Only teaching some horses tricks for Astley's, and here is *my* whip,' he said, showing us a piece of sugar in his hand. He said that breaking-in horses meant more often breaking their hearts, and robbing them of all their spirit.

"Innumerable are the instances, if I had the space, I could give you of his kind and wise laws respecting the treatment of the animal world, and it is a pity they are not preserved for the large portion of the world who love, and wish to ameliorate the condition of, their 'poor relations.'

"There were few studios formerly more charming to visit than Landseer's. Besides the genial artist and his beautiful pictures, the habitues of his workshop (as he called it) belonged to the élite of London society, especially the men of wit and distinguished talents—none more often there than D'Orsay, with his good-humored face, his ready wit, and delicate flattery. 'Landseer,' he would call out at his entrance, 'keep the dogs off me' (the painted ones), 'I want to come in, and some of them will bite me—and that fellow in the corner is growling furiously.' Another day he seriously asked me for a pin, and when I presented it to him and wished to know why he wanted it, he replied, 'to take the thorn out of that dog's foot; do you not see what pain he is in?' I never look at the picture now without this other picture rising before me. Then there was Mulready, still looking upon Landseer as the young student, and fearing that all this incense would spoil him for future work; and Fonblanque, who maintained from first to last that he was on the top rung of the ladder, and when at the exhibition of some of Landseer's later works, he heard it said, 'They were not equal to his former ones,' he exclaimed in his own happy manner, 'It is hard upon Landseer to flog him with his own laurels.'

"But, dear A——, I am exceeding the limits of a letter; you asked me to write some of my impressions about Landseer, and I am sure you and all his friends will forgive me for being verbose when recalling, not only the great gifts, but delightful qualities of our lost friend."

Here is one of his early letters to this lady:—

"February 2, 1856.

"Dear —, —I must not allow more time to vanish without thanking you for that old friendly note of yours, re-read some days ago. I fully expected to thank you personally on Wednesday last, only it was the wrong eve. I am sure that you will be pleased to hear that my brother Charles is so much better. The seaside has put him on his legs again. When are you to be at home? Remember me to Mr. Craufurd and his darling daughter.

"Believe me gratefully
and sincerely yours."

"My worn-out old pencil will work with friendly gladness in an old friend's service," he writes to my father, who had asked him to draw a sketch for the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Some years after:—

"I quite forgot that I dined with a group of doctors (a committee) *at two o'clock. R.A. business after dinner. This necessity prevents me kissing hands before your departure. Don't become too Italian; don't speak broken English to your friends on your return to our village, where you will find no end of us charmed to have you back again; and amongst them, let me say, you will find old E. L. sincerely glad to see his unvarying K. P. once more by that old fireside."

So he writes in '63 to the friend to whom I owe the notes already given here. There is the "true ring" as he himself says, in these faithful greetings continued through a lifetime. And now that the life is over, the friend still seems there, and his hand stretches faithfully from the little blue page.

He writes again September 2, 1864:—

"Do you think you could bring Mrs. Brookfield to my lion studio to-morrow between five and six o'clock? I have forgotten her address, or would not trouble you. Have you still got that cruel dagger in your sleeve? If you can also lasso my friend Brookfield I shall be grateful, and beg you to believe me your used up old friend,
E. L."

A little later I find a note written in better spirits. His work is done, and those great over-weighing sphinxes are no longer upon his mind. "The colossal clay," he says, "is now in Baron Marochetti's hands, casting in metal. When

No. 2 is in a respectable condition remind me of Colonel Hamley's kind and highly flattering desire to see my efforts. We can, on the 3rd, discuss pictures, lions, and friends.

"Your's always, E. L."

What efforts his work had cost him, and what a price he paid for that which he achieved, may be gathered from a letter to another correspondent, which was written about this time:—

"Dear H.," he says, "I am much surprised by your note. The plates, large vignettes, are all *the same* size. The sketches from which they were engraved for the deer stalking work being done in a sketch-book of a particular shape and size. Those of the O form all the same, as also the others. I have got quite trouble enough; ten or twelve pictures about which I am tortured, and a large national monument to complete. . . . If I am bothered about everything and anything, no matter what, I know my head will not stand it much longer."

"I cannot even leave off to read Gosling's letter," he says, writing to this same T. H. "If you will call at three you will find me." Then again, in another note, "Have the kindness to read the enclosed. Perhaps you could kindly call on the party." Then comes, "the matter which you are kind enough to express willingness to look into;" it is one long record of good advice rendered and gratitude freely given. Elsewhere Landseer writes to this same correspondent, "I have just parted from your friend P. He strongly urged me going to 45, where I have been so kindly received of late. I told him you were an object for plunder in this world, and that I was ashamed of living on you as others do." This letter is written in a state of nervous irritation which is very painful; he wishes to make changes in his house; to build, to alter the arrangements; he does not know what to decide, or where to go; the struggle of an overwrought mind is beginning to tell. It is the penalty some men must pay for their gifts; but some generous souls may not think the price of a few weary years too great for a life of useful and ennobling work.

The letters grow sadder and more sad as time goes on. Miss Landseer has kindly sent me some, written to her be-

tween 1866 and 1869. The first is written from abroad:—

"I have made up my mind to return, to face the ocean! The weather is unfriendly—sharp wind and spiteful rain. There is no denying the fact, since my arrival and during my sojourn here I have been less well. The doctors keep on saying it is on the nerves; hereafter they may be found to be in error. Kind Lady E. Peel keeps on writing for me to go to Villa Lammermoor, and says she will undertake my recovery. I desire to get home. With this feeling, I am to leave this tomorrow, pass some hours in Paris (with W. B., in a helpless state of ignorance of the French language); take the rail to Calais at night, if it does not blow cats and dogs; take the vessel to Dover; hope to be home on the 6th before two o'clock. If C. L. had started to come here he might have enjoyed *unlimitted* amusement and novelty. B. M. and I wrote to that effect; he leaving on Sunday night. . . . would have found me and B. M. waiting his arrival to bring him here to dinner."

The next is a letter from Balmoral, dated June 1867:—

"The Queen kindly commands me to get well here. She has to-day been twice to my room to show additions recently added to her already rich collection of photographs. Why, I know not, but since I have been in the Highlands I have for the first time felt wretchedly weak, without appetite. The easterly winds, and now again the unceasing cold rain, may possibly account for my condition, as I can't get out. Drawing tires me; however, I have done a little better to-day. The doctor residing in the castle has taken me in hand, and gives me leave to dine to-day with the Queen and the 'rest of the royal family.' . . . Flogging would be mild compared to my sufferings. No sleep, fearful cramp at night, accompanied by a feeling of faintness and distressful feebleness. . . . All this means that I shall not be home on the 7th."

He seems to have returned to Scotland a second time this year, and writes from Lochlinhart, Dingwall:—

"I made out my journey without pausing, starting on the eve of Thursday the 3rd, arriving here the evening of Friday (700 miles) the 4th. I confess to feeling

jaded and tired. The whole of hills here present to the eye one endless mass of snow. It is really cold and winterly. Unless the weather recovers a more *generous* tone I shall not stay long, but at once return south to Chillingham. I was tempted yesterday to go out with Mr. Coleman to the low ground part of the forest, and killed my first shot, at deer. I am paying for my boldness to-day, Sunday. All my joints ache; the lumbago has reasserted its unkindness; a warm bath is in requisition, and I am a poor devil. Unless we have the comfort of genial sunshine, I shall not venture on getting out. . . . I am naturally desirous to hear from you, and to receive a report of the progress of goings on at my home. We have here Mr. C. M. and a third gentleman, just arrived. Mr. Coleman has returned to London on account of his mother's ill health. I have written to H., but in case he has not received my note, let him know my condition; say I shall be very glad to hear from him when he goes to Paris, and how long he remains in foreign parts. I hope you have found Mr. B. and the maids respectfully attentive.

"My dear Jessy, affectionately yours,
"E. LANDSEER."

The years seem to pass slowly as one reads these letters written in snow and rain and depression. Here is another, dated Stoke Park, July, 1868, which contains a few touching sentences:—

"Dear Jessy,—Strange enough, but I have only just found at the bottom of the bag your little package of letters. Many thanks for your pale green note, so far satisfactory. I believe it is best to yield to Mr. C.'s advice, and remain here another day or two. It is on the cards that I try my boldness by a run up to my home and back here the same day. It is quite a trial for me to be away from the meditation in the old studio—my works starving for my hand."

The last letter is written in 1869 from Chillingham Castle, where he seems to have been at home and in sympathy, although he writes so sadly:—

"Very mortifying are the disappointments I have to face; one day seeming to give hope of a decided turn in favor of natural feeling, the next knocked down again. If my present scheme comes off, I

shall not be at home again for ten days. If on my return I find myself a victim to the old impulsive misery, I shall go on to Eastwall Park, as the Duchess of Abercorn writes she will take every care of me. Since I last wrote I have been on a visit to the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, Ford Castle, a splendid old edifice, which C. L. would enjoy. Love to all."

I go on selecting at hazard from the letters before me:—

"Again accept my gratitude for your constant kindness," he writes to his faithful T. H. H. "The spell is broken in a mild form, but the work is too much for me. The long long walk in the dark, after the shot is fired, over rocks, bog, black moss, and through torrents, is more than enough for *twenty-five*!"

"Poor C. has been very ill rewarded for his Highland enterprise. Fifteen hundred miles of peril on the rail; endless bad weather whilst he was here, without killing one deer; finally obliged to hurry off. . . . I have begged him not to think of undertaking another long journey on my account, even in the event of his being able to leave home. . . . It is like you to think of my request touching medicines for the poor here. . . . We have a dead calm after the wicked weather; not a dimple in the lake. I am not bold yet. Possibly reaction may take place in the quiet of the studio. I shall not start on great difficulties, but on child's play."

Here is another letter, written in the following spring:—

"March 11th, 1869.

"I know you like water better than oil; but, in spite of your love of paper-staining, I venture to beg your acceptance of these oil studies, which you will receive as old friends from the Zoo.

"In some respects they will recall the interest you took in my labors for the Nelson lions, and I hope will always remind you of my admiration for your kindly nature, to say nothing of my endless obligations to your unceasing desire to aid a poor old man, nearly used up.

"Dear T. H. H., ever sincerely yours,
"E. LANDSEER."

Here is a letter which is very characteristic:—

"Saturday Eve, 5 June.

"Dear H.—I am not quite content with myself touching the proposed suggestion of our taking advantage of an offer made by— for the two pictures. He has not put his desire to have the pictures in writing, has he? We must talk it over to-morrow if you come up at four o'clock, or sooner. . . . The enclosed letters are most friendly, as you will see. Read them and bring them up to-morrow. I am anything but well; botherations unfit me for healthy work. You must pat me on the back to-morrow; at the same time, if anything has turned up more attractive don't bind yourself to me.

"I should not dislike a drive or a walk to-morrow before dinner."

He writes once again:—

"I have a great horror of the *smell* of a trick, or a money motive."

"My dear Hills,—My health (or rather condition) is a mystery quite beyond human intelligence. I sleep well seven hours, and awake tired and jaded, and do not rally till after luncheon. J. L. came down yesterday and did her very best to cheer me. She left at nine. . . . I return to my own home, in spite of a kind invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to meet Princess Louise at breakfast.

"I wonder if you are free to-morrow. I shall try and catch you for a little dinner with me, tho' I am sure to find you better engaged. Dear H. ever thine,
"E. L."

Then comes the sad concluding scene—the long illness and the anxious watch. Was ever any one more tenderly nursed and cared for? Those who had loved him in his bright wealth of life now watched the long days one by one, telling away its treasure. He was very weak in body latterly, but sometimes he used to go into the garden and walk round the paths, leaning on his sister's arm. One beautiful spring morning he looked up and said, "I shall never see the green leaves again;" but he did see them, Mrs. Mackenzie said. He lived through another spring. He used to lie in his studio, where he would have liked to die. To the very end he did not give up his work; but he used to go on, painting a little at a time, faithful to his task.

When he was almost at his worst—so

some one told me—they gave him his easel and his canvas, and left him alone in the studio, in the hope that he might take up his work and forget his suffering. When they came back they found that he had painted the picture of a little lamb lying beside a lion. This and "The Font" were the last pictures ever painted by that faithful hand. "The Font" is an allegory of all creeds and all created things coming together into the light of truth. The Queen is the owner of "The Font." She wrote to her old friend and expressed her admiration for it, and asked to become the possessor. Her help and sympathy brightened the sadness of those last days for him. It is well known that he appealed to her once, when haunted by some painful apprehensions, and that her wise and judicious kindness came to the help of his nurses. She sent him back a message: bade him not be afraid, and to trust to those who were doing their best for him, and in whom she herself had every confidence.

Sir Edwin once told Mr. Browning that he had thought upon the subject, and come to the conclusion that the stag was the bravest of all animals. Other animals are born warriors, they fight in a dogged and determined sort of way; the stag is naturally timid, trembling, vibrating with

every sound, flying from danger, from the approach of other creatures, halting to fight. When pursued its first impulse is to escape; but when turned to bay and flight is impossible it fronts its enemies nobly, closes its eyes not to see the horrible bloodshed, and with its branching horns steadily tosses dog after dog up one upon the other, until overpowered at last by numbers it sinks to its death.

It seems to me, as I think of it, not unlike a picture of his own sad end. Nervous, sensitive, high-minded, working on to the end, he was brought to bay and at last overpowered by that terrible mental rout and misery.

He wished to die in his studio—his dear studio for which he used to long when he was away, and where he lay so long expecting the end, but it was in his own room that he slept away. His brother was with him. His old friend came into the room. He knew him, and pressed his hand . . .

As time goes on the men are born, one by one, who seem to bring to us the answers to the secrets of life, each in his place and revealing in his turn according to his gift. Such men belong to nature's true priesthood, and among their names, not forgotten, will be that of Edwin Landseer.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

DREAMS, VISIONS, AND ECSTASIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE," ETC.

THE recent pilgrimages to the scene of the miracle of the "Sacred Heart," the discussions concerning St. Mary Alacoque and her seventy visions, are strange instances of the way in which past habits of thought crop up in our later civilisation—admirable specimens of what Mr. Tylor calls "survivals" of earlier faiths. It shows how skin deep is our present culture, when troops of very respectable gentlemen and ladies, belonging to what are by courtesy called the educated classes, set out in all comfort of spirit to commemorate an event for which there is, and can be, absolutely no evidence whatever but the *ipse dixit* of a sickly nun, two hundred years ago, concerning a purely internal emotion of her own mind. By the very hypothesis, the fact (?) is one for which evidence is not possible: the very essence of a vision

is the revelation of the diving to the inner consciousness of the believer, of which no one but the receiver can know anything.

That men and women should be gravely discussing, in this nineteenth century, the objective reality of what the poor patient, probably cataleptic, did or did not dream, that her ecstasies, her visions, should be otherwise interesting than as a physiological, psychological problem, is sufficiently curious; but when the particular revelation in question is considered—one where the grossly material imagination of the seventeenth century has transfigured the beautiful ideas of the renovation of the heart, the change of affections, the growth of a new sense towards God ("Create in me a new heart, renew a right spirit within me"), into a very disgusting physical

miracle of the Saviour appearing in person, opening his side, and transferring the flesh and blood organ itself to the body of the poor visionary—the extraordinary absence of taste and of the sense of decorum, or of rational devotion, in thus reviving as a subject of adoration a story only fit for the very twilight of belief, is still more remarkable.

The history of the belief in Dreams, Visions, and Ecstasies is, however, extremely interesting, bearing as it does upon the religious faith of the world on one side, and on the difficult questions of that subtle connexion of mind and body, of which at present we know far too little, on the other. "The religious belief of all the lower races is based upon visions and dreams," says Mr. Tylor, and "morbid disturbances" have been "always considered as proofs of divine visitations and of superhuman spirituality." Among the Zulus, the Ojibwa Indians, and a long list of other savages, he shows how a complete system of means to produce the required symptoms has arisen. Fasting, solitude, want of sleep, self-castigation, and the like, are used to bring about fainting-fits, with visions, ecstasies, and peculiarly lucid dreams.

The account might serve as a description of the discipline of a convent of cloistered nuns, where the same effects are sought after the same fashion.

"The whole practice of bringing on swoons and fits by religious exercises as a means of acquiring spiritual knowledge has come down from the earliest savage times." In a common manual for a Roman Catholic *retraite*, the patient is recommended to deprive him or her self as much as possible of the light of day,—the half-lit cell, silence, solitude, the use of the "discipline" even to the drawing of blood, a hair-cloth shirt, a girdle with small iron chains, are part of the given course; a perpetual contemplation of the most painful parts of their so-called religion; the physical side of the Crucifixion, and of our Saviour's agony; of the circumstances of their own death-beds, "the death rattle," the smell of one's own corpse, the disgusting details of one's own burial and the state of the body,—the torments of the damned, through every one of their senses and in every detail, their sufferings through smell, taste, touch, sight, hearing,—while they are to "avoid all thoughts that can give

joy, such as the Resurrection." One can only wonder that cataleptic visions and madness are not oftener produced by such proceedings.

The account given by an Ojibwa prophetess how, after long fasting and seclusion, she felt herself borne up into the heavens, and saw the spirits who dwell there, might serve for the vision of a Roman Catholic saint. The sorcerers among the Greenlanders and Zulus, "emaciated by fasting and disordered by fits," see forms of men and animals around them, demons, and ghosts, much like the hermits of old. The belief that the spirit really leaves the body in these dream excursions, that the events dreamt of have been literally gone through by the soul when thus out on its travels, is common to all ancient beliefs. It may be detected leaving the body as a fluff of down or a straw (supposed in the savage imagination to be more spiritual than grosser matter), sometimes as a snake or a bird; it can be destroyed in this state, but in this case the body dies. King Gundrum lies down to sleep with his head in the lap of his henchman, who sees the royal soul go forth as a snake. He follows it, and finding it unable to cross a stream, lays his sword over to assist it. After a number of adventures it returns to the body, and the king awakes, saying he has dreamt that he crossed a river on an iron bridge, &c., &c.

A bad dream or nightmare* is in all countries the result of a demon sitting on the chest, or entering the stomach and tearing out the entrails. Physical causes, such as a fit of indigestion, are never conceived in the early stages of the world's belief; everything that happens is from the immediate action of some divinity, little or big.

As we advance in the world's history beyond savage life, the two great kingdoms of Egypt and Assyria were ruled by priests who interpreted the will of heaven through visions and dreams. It was a recognised religious science. Joseph at the court of Pharaoh, Daniel at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, are apparently called upon to explain them, not as supposed to possess any new gift, but only as superior proficients belonging to an honorable class or profession. Daniel is called "Mas-

* "Mæro"—spirit.

ter of the Astrologers, Magicians, Chaldeans, and Soothsayers."

Miss Rothschild observes, in speaking of the Jews, that, "In the East dreams were (as they are still) regarded as the mysterious will announcing the future, expressive either of warning or hope, and their meaning was anxiously sought after." The great object of Buddhist mysticism seems to have been to reduce the body to a dormant state, even if awake, in order thereby to disengage the mind and enable it to rise to a higher level in the comprehension of the spirit world.

Among the Greeks, dreams both real and unreal come from the Gods. In Homer, the "demos" (the population) of Dreams sits by the gate of *Ælios*, ready to be summoned. Zeus sends a misleading dream to Agamemnon in the second book of the *Iliad*; and even the wise Nestor, who is consulted as to its truth, is deceived. As it has been cunningly sent under his own likeness, he does not like to seem to slight his own teaching by doubting the vision. There is an elaborate distinction insisted on between true and untrue visions, but no doubt of their divine origin. "There are two gates for bodiless dreams, one of ivory and one of horn," says Penelope, in the *Odyssey*. "Those which come through the carved ivory deceive by vain hopes, bringing unfulfilled words, but those which pass out of the gate of horn are accomplished truly to any mortal who may see them."

Æschylus makes *Prometheus* declare, when recounting the many blessings with which he has endowed mankind, "I was the first who discriminated among dreams those destined to be true visions." The "prophet dream" of the house of Agamemnon announces his death, and "interpreters of dreams, sworn to truth, who speak on the part of the Gods," is an infallible proof of the truth of an assertion.

"In slumber," it is said, "wisdom has come to the wayward;" while the oracle of *Oropus* was understood to express itself to men especially through this medium. In defending, not his life, for which he cared nothing, but his opinions, for which he cared a great deal, *Socrates* mentions them foremost among the means by which the Gods communicated with him. "He whom, well inspired, the Oracle pronounced Wisest of men," was convinced that wisdom reached him

through their agency. "Oracular answers, dreams, and other mandates," are mentioned by *Grote* as determining his conduct.

Not only with the meditative fantastic Eastern, however, and the sensitive, imaginative, artistic Greek, the belief held its own with that eminently practical "sensible man," the Roman. *Cicero* complains in the "Divination" and the "Nature of the Gods," that "though sleep would seem to be the refuge of all care and trouble, yet from it arises the chief part of our anxieties and terrors." He relates the warning dreams sent to *Priam*,—how *Hannibal* was brought in a dream into the council of the Gods, where he saw "a great beast surrounded by serpents, and the Gods informed him that this portended the devastation of Italy, and ordered him to carry war thither." *Cæsar*, again, was punished for his neglect of his wife's warning in a dream. "There are double gates of *Somnus*," says *Virgil*, following *Homer* closely, "of which one is said to be of horn, where there is an easy passage for true shades,—through the other, shining perfect with white ivory, the *Manes* send false dreams on earth—phantasms, larvæ, false shadows." "At the gate of *Avernus*," he says, on entering the Infernal Regions, "a vast shadowy elm spreads around, which seat they say is occupied by vain dreams, and they stuck under all the leaves."

"The preternatural origin of dreams," says *Gibbon*, in discussing the vision of *Constantine*, "was universally admitted by the nations of antiquity."

In the next stage of the world's existence the belief of the early Christians in them seems to have been unchanged. *Tertullian* talks of the power of divining in dreams. *Porphyry* inquires "why the gift should show itself in sleep when the intelligence is weakest?"

In the middle ages every possible form of superstition, compounded from those belonging to the conquerors and conquered—Roman, Teutonic, Celtic, Scandinavian—seems to have been mingled together, and belief in dreams and visions was common to them all.

The great object of saintly life at that time was to produce a state between waking and sleeping, a holy trance, dead as to the flesh, alive in the spirit. If the lives of the great mediæval lights be studied,

even those of men and women of the greatest intelligence and benevolence, St. Bernard, St. Theresa, St. Francois d'Assisi, St. Gertrude, it is sad to see how much of their time and strength were wasted in the successful pursuit of such visions, how they were beset by sights and sounds of devils and wickedness on one hand, with bad smells* (a well recognised form of some mental delusions), and with visible descents of holy spirits, the Saviour and the Virgin, angels, and Patron Saints. Even Luther was as much convinced of the reality of the apparitions of the devil in his fortress-solitude on the Wartburg, as any of the Roman Catholic authorities whom he was attacking; while the magnificent intellect of Michel Angelo was not proof against the idea of supernatural dream warnings. He is described as hurrying away suddenly from Florence after "a prophetic vision of Duke Lorenzo lately dead, who appeared in grey and dusty apparel, portending troubles which truly came to pass."

As late as the seventeenth century the belief continued undiminished in England, and seems to have been as strong among the Puritans as with their opponents. Bunyan does not seem to have recognised the difference between visions and realities more than the greatest Catholic mystic of old. Baxter declares dreams are inspired by spirits; the only choice indeed appeared to be whether they came direct from God or the devil.

Sir Thomas Browne, in the *Religio Medici*, says: "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason. Our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleep."

One of Macaulay's most pungent passages describes the solemn absurdity with which Archbishop Laud records his dreams and interprets them: "In 1627 the sleep of this great ornament of the Church seems to have been much disturbed;" he records how he dreamed that his teeth were dropping out of his head with the scurvy, and that he cannot keep them in with his fingers; that "the Duke of Buckingham came to bed to him;" that he gave the

king drink in a silver cup, that the king called for a glass, with other such important events; finally that he had turned Papist, "the only dream apparently which came through the gate of horn."

When we reach Milton, however, we have already entered a more modern atmosphere. Although Satan is found "squat like a toad close by the side of Eve," "by his devilish art reaching the organs of her fancy," and with them forging "illusions as he lists, phantasms and dreams," yet Adam explains very sagely to his wife in true nineteenth parlance—

"How reason frames from all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
All we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge and opinion—then retires.
Into her private cell, when nature sleeps.
Oft in her absence, mimic fancy wakes
Misjoining shapes, wild work producing oft."

Addison, in a paper in the *Spectator* against the usual belief in dreams, observes, however, "that they are an instance of the agility and perfection of the powers of the mind when disengaged from the body," and quotes them as a proof of immortality, *i. e.*, of an independent existence of mind from body.

The remains of superstition in Johnson were so great that one might have expected the belief to have lingered with him. All that Boswell records on the subject, however, is a characteristic story of the great man's annoyance at having been once in a dream "baffled by an adversary in a contest of wit," and his comfort in thinking that "the effect of sleep had weakened his judgment, or he would have remembered that the wit of his imaginary antagonist was furnished by himself!"

To follow out the doctrine of the belief, and its fall, in dreams would be to trace the difference of the grounds on which in these days we rest the whole subject of the intercourse of God with men, and the means by which He causes His will to be known to the world.

We have pretty generally now recognised the action of diseased or disordered bodily organs on the mind, and no longer mistake purely physical results for supernatural workings. If a man now sees an outward appearance or apparition, he does not consider himself as haunted either by angels or demons, but he takes a dose of physic, and the explanation of dream-phe-

* St. Pachomius, we are told, was much troubled by "the smell of Hell in his nostrils."

nomena by such intervention from above or below, in any modern and contemporary case, would be laughed at by persons of ordinary education. Yet remove the story a couple of hundred years back, into the distance which lends enchantment, and Paray-le-Monial becomes credible to hundreds of English men and women.

The ancient theory was all based on the notion that the mind was more independent of the body, and attained a clearer vision, when the flesh was asleep; the modern view of the phenomena connected with sleep, is that the animal part of us is then stronger, and that the morbid effects of disease and of an unnatural condition of existence produce a greater amount of disturbance than when awake. A reciprocal action also takes place, distress of mind produces the painful dream which harasses the body, and harass of body brings on the bad dreams which distress the mind.

A reaction from the pursuits of the day is often visible in them. It is well known that the dreams of the ascetic orders of monks and nuns are often painfully sensual. In the accounts of those saints who have most mortified the body (*e. g.* Saint Anthony) Satan is described as peculiarly active in suggesting evil thoughts; which is the biographer's explanation of the physical fact, that the bodily part of our nature takes its revenge under the strain of such unnatural treatment, and swings in the opposite direction, in thought at least, when the mind is unrestrained by volition. It is an instance of what was once called by Lord Macaulay the intellectual Nemesis—a violent tension of one set of our faculties producing the opposite extreme at another period.

A less painful proof of this inclination of the mind to reverse, or take rest from, the thoughts of the day, is found in the fact that in seasons of great grief we are often in dreams utterly unconscious of a loss which fills our whole waking hours, and see the dead, and hear them speak, with no consciousness that they have passed from us. In some recently published Memoirs by Count Beugnot, he describes how, when in the Conciergerie, at the time of the Revolution, and expecting daily to be guillotined, his dreams were always of scenes "of complete liberty." When he got out he dreamt of prisons.

The affections, however, are not generally vivid in sleep, and, together with the

moral sense, seem to retreat into the background of the mind. Men will seem to commit in sleep *unmoral* acts, cold-blooded pieces of selfish unkindness, which they would be utterly incapable of when awake. The instincts, the passions, appear to be preternaturally active,—fear, dislike, eager desire after some trifle, revenge, grief, are sometimes carried out (ideally) to fearful results, without motive and without restraint, without any action of the will; probably we are in the state of savages, and we may be able to discover what civilization and religion have done for us, by thus returning as it were to the state of the natural man, "when wild in the woods the noble savage ran" (and a very poor beast he seems to have been). The balance of our minds, the checks of self-control we put on ourselves having vanished, we follow out our fancies to the bitter end.

It is strange to see one set of powers in a state of such extreme activity, while the rest are in a complete abeyance. The judgment, the faculties of comparison, the common sense of the mind, are dead; we see and do the most extravagant and outrageous things without surprise or objection, while the imagination is even preternaturally awake. We often read page after page of poetry or prose in our dreams, turning over the leaves (in idea) with eager interest to know what is coming next—a remarkable instance of double consciousness, one half of the mind composing for the other half to read with the utmost rapidity. Addison says of this power, "There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention. Yet in dreams it works with that ease and rapidity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading books, letters, and papers; in which case the invention prompts so readily that the mind is imposed on, and mistakes its suggestion for the composition of another."

What is the worth of these creations is difficult to find out. Voltaire declared that he wrote a canto of the *Henriade* in a dream. *Kubla Khan*, and *Christabel* to a certain degree, are more well known instances. Few people (in general luckily) remember or write down their dreams. Probably minds which have the power of composition, even if they have never used

it, will be able to carry it out when asleep—they will even follow out a train of reasoning, but without the exercise of any judgment as to the probability of the incidents or the connexion of the arguments. It might be worth while for persons whose dreams run persistently in this or any other line, to try whether there is any such unused faculty within them. There is much wisdom in the despised answer of the man with the German flute, a man does *not* know what he can do until he tries! "And he does not try, until he has a reason for trying," says some one. "Cromwell did not know that he could command an army, or Scott that he could write a novel till the age of forty."

Memory is in a curious state of anarchy, both as to the present which we forget so wonderfully, and as to the events we remember out of the long ago. Petty details of a far-off past, which nothing could enable us to recall when awake, come up with a vividness which seems to show that nothing we see or hear is really gone (horrible idea!), but, like last year's leaves, is worked into the ground of our lives, and can be detected if we apply the proper tests.

A favorite proof of the truth of ghost stories, one to which Sir Walter Scott constantly alludes, is the discovery of some important paper or will, or property restored to the rightful owner through the dragging to light of some forgotten deed by the awful communication from a spirit world in sleep. A dream of the kind happened not long since, but passed as it were through one of Sir Charles Wheatstone's burlesquing glasses, or the diminishing end of a telescope. One morning a girl came down, saying, in strictly orthodox ghost-story fashion, "I have had a curiously distinct dream of Lady C. (her godmother who had been dead many years). I thought I went to tea with her, and she looked very grave. I asked why was she angry? She answered, 'C., you pretend to be fond of me, yet you have never touched the sampler I got ready so carefully for you.' I said I could not remember anything about it. 'It is in your work-box,' she answered, 'and all my pains wasted.' Then I awoke." As Lady C. had taken the trouble to come back all the way from the spirit land to remind her of her lapses, she began to look for the box, but the family were going abroad and

the furniture was already packed. When they returned, C., who was by no means notable, came one day across her old box, and the dream had been so distinct that she began to hunt for Lady C.'s handiwork. She could not find it, and was just shutting the box, when she touched a spring which opened one of those hidden places in which children delight, when out dropped a tiny sampler, every row begun with a fresh letter in a different color, the silk hanging from each to tempt the little girl to go on, but all unused, not a stitch added. The waking C. could not remember the thing even when she saw it.

Here was every element of the finding of the document by reaching a stratum of recollection quite beyond the reach of waking thought, only utterly objectless and absurd.

In some cases it appears not necessary for the mind to understand a thing in order to remember it. In the autobiography of Zchokke is an account of an ignorant German maidservant in a hospital, who was supposed to be bewitched, as she repeated an unintelligible jargon, which was afterwards found to consist of long Greek and Hebrew passages. She had been cook to a learned old pasteur, who was in the habit of walking up and down the passage near her kitchen, reading aloud from the Greek Fathers and the Hebrew Bible. Here the memory retained what were to it perfectly meaningless sounds, though the power could only be exercised in trance. In another case a girl in a cataleptic trance, with no knowledge of music, repeated with her voice most difficult variations of an air which she had heard practised on a violin.

Even perceptions so fugitive as not to be recognised by the mind may be retained and reappear in sleep. A lady coming on a visit to an invalid friend, in a house where she had never been before, and full only of her object, lay down to sleep in her bed-room without remarking anything in it. Presently she dreamt that she saw a large black elephant marching down the street and scattering the people right and left. When the shutters were opened she saw a very small black lava elephant on the mantelpiece. She could have almost declared on oath that she had never seen it before, but there was her dream evidence that she had perceived it by the eyes, that the brain had retained the impression enough to re-

produce it, though the mind had not recognised or recorded it.

The manner in which these real perceptions are worked into our dreamland excursions, embroidered by our busy imaginations, is very interesting to trace.

A rarer form of such dreams is when the same incident appears to two persons at once. An elderly brother and sister, who were not much in the habit of seeing each other, met on a visit. The brother came down to breakfast, saying, "I had a queer dream last night. I was on a narrow path, on a cliff like those at Freshwater, with A.; there was not room to pass, and I pushed her over." Presently down came the lady. As soon as she saw her brother, she exclaimed, "Oh! B., I dreamt last night that you pushed me off a cliff!" Here, probably, the sight of each other had revived some old childish recollections.

St. Augustine mentions a more serious instance of the same kind. A friend of his had long tried to gain explanations of some passages in Plato, from a certain philosopher. One night, however, the professor appeared to him and communicated his lore, but when the next day the man went to him and inquired why he had thus at last given him what he had so long refused, the philosopher replied that indeed he had dreamt that he had gone to the house and delivered himself of his learning.

There is a strange feeling which most people have experienced, probably connected with dreams. We feel that we know exactly what is going to take place; what the people we are with will say and do next—it is generally something intensely common-place. Among the millions of actions done, and dreams dreamed, coincidences between the two may well take place. Coleridge's pre-existent theory,

"Which makes the present, while the flash doth last,
Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
And some have said . . .
We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore,"

would require the pre-existence of the chairs and tables also, since it is generally connected with some exceedingly ordinary action—shutting a window, opening a door, or the like,—which rouses the feeling "more sensitive than thought;" and modern furniture is peculiarly unfitted for Pythagorean pre-existence.

There are certain houses, "cloud-capped

towers, and gorgeous palaces," never seen on earth, which some minds persistently revisit, and distinctly recognise, feeling sure that they have been there before. Yet, on waking, they remember enough of them to be sure that they were built by no earthly hands; but, like Prospero's, the work of the magic of our own busy imaginations. Hartley declares, however, that these dream constructions are always compounded of fragments of real scenes, although put together in new combinations.

The bodily fatigue which we undergo in our dreams,—the result of a mind and body disordered in some fashion,—where the nerve action has the same effect as real motion, still gives rise to modern legends, of fairy night raids, like those of the past. For instance, the experience of the Irish gardener, who was "suffering from falling sickness, in consequence of the fatigue attendant on the journeys he was compelled to take night after night with the 'good people,' mounted upon one of his own cabbage stumps." The Scotch edition of the same superstition is far more uncomfortable. A keeper not long ago was found suffering agonies of rheumatic pain, "from being ridden night after night by the witches. They threw a bridle over his head which changed him into a horse, and he remembered particularly the pain of his tail growing. He was ridden to a lake, slightly frozen over, upon which the witches danced while he shivered on the brink."* The fact of pain and discomfort in the night being used in both as the foundation to a whole scaffolding of story.

This true perception of a fact often underlies our dreams in a singular way. As when we experience great distress from feeling obliged to come into a society of persons in our night dresses, or even without any dress at all; the true consciousness of being without our ordinary clothes, being dragged into a series of purely ideal occurrences.

Bishop Butler observes, in the "Analogy," that the manner in which we receive impressions in sleep is evidence of an additional sense. "We find that we

* It is symptomatic of the difference between the two nations, that even in such painful circumstances, the Irishman has at least the fun of riding his own horse, while the hard-working Scot sadly and sorely does the work himself.

are possessed by a latent, and what would be otherwise an unimagined, unknown power of perceiving sensible objects, in as strong and lively a manner without our external organs of sense, as with them."

The profound reality of the events which we spin out of our own consciousness is startling even in health; in sickness the debateable ground where the fact and the imagination meet can scarcely be distinguished; while ecstasy, mysticism, and insanity are only exaggerations of the same state, where the subjective picture becomes an objective reality to the mind.

Some of the ordinary characteristics of so-called visions fit naturally into the usual phenomena of dreams. The feeling of being borne through the air, flying or floating, which is regarded as an ecstatic symptom, is an extremely common experience in dreaming. Hartley accounts for it by saying that images successively excited in the brain, changes in fixed objects, are associated with motion in our minds when awake, and, therefore, suggest it when we are asleep. But as the nerves of the muscles do not transmit any vibrations like walking, we fancy that we fly or float, pass, that is, from one place to another without the use of our usual means of progression.

Dugald Stewart observes, that those operations, both of mind and body, which depend on our volition, are suspended in sleep; those independent of our will may continue, but their effects are altered by the suspension of our voluntary powers. "Our trains of thought when awake follow certain associations, but we can regulate their succession," (*i. e.*, choose out of the several paths which branch out of the main road), in sleep, the laws of association reign supreme, our will having ceased to act.

How rapid and farfetched these associations may be, is seen in a dream mentioned by Maury, where the starting-point and the conclusion were almost one in time. He was ill, and lying asleep, with his mother watching beside him. A part of the arrow which sustains the curtains in a French bed, fell on his neck, suggesting the idea of the guillotine. In the moment between the shock and his waking, which to his mother appeared instantaneous, he had dreamed a long series of incidents, how in the Reign of Terror he had been accused, imprisoned, judged before Robespierre,

Fouquier-Tinville, &c., and finally executed in the midst of a great crowd in the Place de la Revolution. As he felt the guillotine fall on his neck, he awoke in great anguish.

Time, indeed, is generally lost sight of in dreams, moments appear like years, years like a moment. It is not uncommon to fall asleep when reading aloud, to dream a consecutive series of events, and awaken in time to go on again, so that the hearer will only wonder at the slow progression of the sentences. Here, the assonance of words often leads the mind a prodigious gallop of arbitrary associations, an incoherent series of adventures, says Maury, merely depending upon their sound.

In some instances, however, sleep appears to have a clearing, concentrating effect. Sir Charles Bell says that he "has often been surprised by the quickness and facility of invention that we have in sleeping." It sometimes happens indeed that the following out of the natural order of association in dreams brings with it an unexpected solution of a difficulty. There are many cases of discoveries being just missed, of men of genius embarking on a train of thought, by which they would in time have reached the explanation of the phenomena they were seeking, but who are turned aside on the road by some old scientific superstition, or habit of mind remaining from their old training. In a dream the natural order having been carried on undisturbed, the mind has attained what it sought after. A scientific chemist is said in this way to have solved a problem which long had puzzled him; the physiologist Burdach made a scientific discovery in a dream. Musicians have discovered connexions in thorough bass after which they were searching. Tartini, a great violinist, had long been haunted by the desire to express a certain musical idea in vain. At length the devil appeared to him, returning pertinaciously three several times, and never resting till the artist rose and wrote down the diabolic harmony which may still be heard in concert-rooms as the "Trillo del Diavolo."

The whole group of nervous disorders showing themselves chiefly in sleep, delirium, catalepsy, the visions produced by opium and hacheisch, and other narcotic drugs, the strange phenomena of somnambulism, are all nearly connected. "The brain, the organ of thought, and the senses which transmit sensations to it," are

both in an abnormal state,—the conflict of organs unequally asleep, or in a state of stupor, with the excessive tension of other nerves, produce every variety and phase of disturbed action. Somnambulists can hear the faintest sounds, can see with dilated pupils in a feeble light, like owls and cats, can put their dreams into action, combine results, speak, though in a sort of automatic way, while the rest of the body is so soundly asleep that it is insensible to pricks, pinches, even to a painful operation, as much so as under chloroform.

Ecstasy is only one form of catalepsy, we are told by Medical Science; the involuntary exercise of the mind in one case, and of the muscles in the other. The senses cease to give impressions strong enough to connect the patient with the outer world, and his internal sensations and phantoms become to him vivid objective realities, the difference between the "me" and "not me" becoming obliterated. The mind, however, in these cases is not altogether cut off from communication with persons outside. Dreams and visions may be suggested by words spoken to persons in a state of trance and apparent insensibility. Maury observes that there is a well-known way of predisposing minds to certain thoughts,—as is done by shopmen to engage a sale, or a conjuror to lead spectators to expect particular results,—which can be used to command a dream or vis-

ion in many states of nervous sleep. Certain words, as we know, produce certain, often arbitrary, associations, and can be employed to suggest them, as in the case of "do, re, mi, fa," suggesting the idea of musical notes. There is a tendency in hysterical action to return, particularly if the mood is encouraged and cultivated, and any amount of visions of saints and devils, heaven and hell, can be and is produced in such patients by such means—by no means always on religious subjects or in orthodox creeds. The Faquirs in India, the Dervishes in Persia, in their cataleptic trances, become insensible to pain,—red hot iron does not burn them, blows do not bruise them; they see supernatural sights, and hear prophetic words. The Pythia, the visionaries and prophetesses of the old Pagan world, have preceded and indeed far outdone St. Mary Alacoque. Her visions, however honestly believed in by the patient, fall into their proper place as characterising a now well-known form of disease, when the action of the brain becomes spasmodic and beyond the control of the will; but the pilgrimages of the "Sacred Heart" will remain remarkable from the utter incongruity of the reappearance of the legend as a supernatural revelation, in the face of our present knowledge, imperfect though it may still be, of the origin and the natural history of "Dreams, Visions, and Ecstasies."—*St. Paul's*.

THE SWALLOWS.

BY AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

Ah! swallows, is it so?

Did loving lingering summer, whose slow pace
 Tarried among late blossoms, loth to go,
 Gather the darkening cloud-wraps round her face
 And weep herself away in last week's rain?
 Can no new sunlight waken her again?
 "Yes," one pale rose ablow
 Has answered from the trellised lane;
 The flickering swallows answered "No."

From out the dim grey sky
 The arrowy swarm breaks forth and specks the air,
 While, one by one, birds wheel and float and fly,
 And now are gone, then suddenly are there;
 Till lo the heavens are empty of them all.
 Oh fly, fly south, from leaves that fade and fall,
 From shivering flowers that die;
 Free swallows, fly from winter's thrall,
 Ye who can give the gloom goodbye.

But what for us who stay
 To hear the winds and watch the boughs grow black,
 And in the soddened mornings, day by day,
 Count what lost sweets bestrew the nightly track
 Of frost-foot winter trampling towards his throne?
 Swallows, who have the sunlight for your own,
 Fly on your sunward way;
 For you has January buds new-blown,
 For us the snows and gloom and grey.

On, on, beyond our reach,
 Swallows, with but your longing for a guide:
 Let the hills rise, let the waves tear the beach,
 Ye will not balk your course nor turn aside,
 But find the palms and twitter in the sun.
 And well for them whose eager wings have won
 The longed-for goal of light;
 But what of them in twilights dun
 Who long but have no wings for flight?

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTION OF FARMER OAK: AN INCIDENT.

WHEN Farmer Oak smiled, the corners of his mouth spread till they were within an unimportant distance of his ears, his eyes were reduced to mere chinks, and diverging wrinkles appeared round them, extending upon his countenance like the rays in a rudimentary sketch of the rising sun.

His Christian name was Gabriel, and on working days he was a young man of sound judgment, easy motions, proper dress, and general good character. On Sundays he was a man of misty views, rather given to a postponing treatment of things, whose best clothes and seven-and-sixpenny umbrella were always hampering him: upon the whole, one who felt himself to occupy morally that vast middle space of Laodicean neutrality which lay between the Sacrament people of the parish and the drunken division of its inhabitants—that is, he went to church, but yawned privately by the time the congregation reached the Nicene creed, and thought of what there would be for dinner when he meant to be listening to the sermon. Or, to state his character as it stood in the scale of public opinion, when his friends

and critics were in tantrums, he was considered rather a bad man; when they were pleased, he was rather a good man; when they were neither, he was a man whose moral color was a kind of pepper-and-salt mixture.

Since he lived six times as many working days as Sundays, Oak's appearance in his old clothes was most peculiarly his own—the mental picture formed by his neighbors always presenting him as dressed in that way when their imaginations answered to the thought "Gabriel Oak." He wore a low-crowned felt hat, spread out at the base by tight jamming upon the head for security in high winds, and a coat like Dr. Johnson's, his lower extremities being encased in ordinary leather leggings and boots emphatically large, affording to each foot a roomy apartment so constructed that any wearer might stand in a river all day long and know nothing about it—their maker being a conscientious man who always endeavored to compensate for any weakness in his cut by unstinted dimension and solidity.

Mr. Oak carried about him by way of watch, what may be called a small silver clock; in other words, it was a watch as to shape and intention, and a small clock as to size. This instrument being several years older than Oak's grandfather, had

the peculiarity of going either too fast or not at all. The smaller of its hands, too, occasionally slipped round on the pivot, and thus, though the minutes were told with the greatest precision, nobody could be quite certain of the hour they belonged to. The stopping peculiarity of his watch Oak remedied by thumps and shakes, when it always went on again immediately, and he escaped any evil consequences from the other two defects by constant comparisons with and observations of the sun and stars, and by pressing his face close to the glass of his neighbors' windows when passing by their houses, till he could discern the hour marked by the green-faced timekeepers within. It may be mentioned that Oak's sob being painfully difficult of access by reason of its somewhat high situation in the waist-band of his trousers (which also lay at a remote height under his waistcoat), the watch was as a necessity pulled out by throwing the body extremely to one side, compressing the mouth and face to a mere mass of wrinkles on account of the exertion required, and drawing up the watch by its chain, like a bucket from a well.

But some thoughtful persons, who had seen him walking across one of his fields on a certain December morning—sunny and exceedingly mild—might have regarded Gabriel Oak in other aspects than these. In his face one might notice that many of the hues and curves of youth had tarried on to manhood: there even remained in his remoter crannies some relics of the boy. His height and breadth would have been sufficient to make his presence imposing, had they been exhibited with due consideration. But there is a way some men have, rural and urban alike—for which the mind is more responsible than flesh and sinew—a way of curtailing their dimensions by their manner of showing them; and from a quiet modesty that would have become a vestal, which seemed continually to impress upon him that he had no great claim on the world's room, Oak walked unassumingly, and with a faintly perceptible bend, quite distinct from a bowing of the shoulders. This may be said to be a defect in an individual if he depends for his valuation as a total more upon his appearance than upon his capacity to wear well, which Oak did not. He had just reached the time of life at which "young" is ceasing to be the prefix

of "man" in speaking of one. He was at the brightest period of masculine life, for his intellect and his emotions were clearly separated: he had passed the time during which the influence of youth indiscriminately mingles them in the character of impulse, and he had not yet arrived at the stage wherein they become united again, in the character of prejudice, by the influence of a wife and family. In short, he was twenty-eight, and a bachelor.

The field he was in sloped steeply to a ridge called Norcombe Hill. Through a spur of this hill ran the highway from Norcombe to Casterbridge, sunk in a deep cutting. Casually glancing over the hedge, Oak saw coming down the incline before him an ornamental spring waggon, painted yellow and gaily marked, drawn by two horses, a waggoner walking alongside bearing a whip perpendicularly. The waggon was laden with household goods and window-plants, and on the apex of the whole sat a woman, young and attractive. Gabriel had not beheld the sight for more than half a minute, when the vehicle was brought to a standstill just beneath his eyes.

"The tail-board of the waggon is gone, Miss," said the waggoner.

"Then I heard it fall," said the girl, in a soft, though not particularly low voice. "I heard a noise I could not account for when we were coming up the hill."

"I'll run back."

"Do," she answered.

The sensible horses stood perfectly still, and the waggoner's step sank fainter and fainter in the distance.

The girl on the summit of the load sat motionless, surrounded by tables and chairs with their legs upwards, backed by an oak settle, and ornamented in front by pots of geraniums, myrtles, and cactuses, together with a caged canary—all probably from the windows of the house just vacated. There was also a cat in a willow basket, from the partly-opened lid of which she gazed with half-closed eyes, and affectionately surveyed the small birds around.

The handsome girl waited for some time idly in her place, and the only sound heard in the stillness was the hopping of the canary up and down the perches of its prison. Then she looked attentively downwards. It was not at the bird, nor at the cat; it was at an oblong package

tied in paper, and lying between them. She turned her head to learn if the waggoner were coming. He was not yet in sight; and then her eyes crept back to the package, her thoughts seeming to run upon what was inside it. At length she drew the article into her lap, and untied the paper covering; a small swing looking-glass was disclosed, in which she proceeded to survey herself attentively. Then she parted her lips and smiled.

It was a fine morning, and the sun lighted up to a scarlet glow the crimson jacket she wore, and painted a soft lustre upon her bright face and black hair. The myrtles, geraniums, and cactuses packed around her were fresh and green, and at such a leafless season they invested the whole concern of horses, waggon, furniture, and girl with a peculiar charm of rarity. What possessed her to indulge in such a performance in the sight of the sparrows, blackbirds, and unperceived farmer, who were alone its spectators—whether the smile began as a factitious one, to test her capacity in that art, nobody knows; it ended certainly in a real smile. She blushed at herself, and seeing her reflection blush, blushed the more.

The change from the customary spot and necessary occasion of such an act—from the dressing hour in a bedroom to a time of travelling out of doors—lent to the idle deed a novelty it certainly did not intrinsically possess. The picture was a delicate one. Woman's prescriptive infirmity had stalked into the sunlight, which had invested it with the freshness of an originality. A cynical inference was irresistible by Gabriel Oak as he regarded the scene, generous though he fain would have been. There was no necessity whatever for her looking in the glass. She did not adjust her hat, or pat her hair, or press a dimple into shape, or do one thing to signify that any such intention had been her motive in taking up the glass. She simply observed herself as a fair product of Nature in a feminine direction, her expressions seeming to glide into far-off though likely dramas in which men would play a part—vistas of probable triumphs—the smiles being of a phase suggesting that hearts were imagined as lost and won. Still, this was but conjecture, and the whole series of actions were so idly put forth as to make it rash to assert that intention had any part in them at all.

The waggoner's steps were heard returning. She put the glass in the paper, and the whole again into its place.

When the waggon had passed on, Gabriel withdrew from his point of espial, and descending into the road, followed the vehicle to the turnpike-gate at the bottom of the hill, where the object of his contemplation now halted for the payment of toll. About twenty steps still remained between him and the gate, when he heard a dispute. It was a difference concerning twopence between the persons with the waggon and the man at the toll-bar.

"Mis'ess's niece is upon the top of the things, and she says that's enough that I've offered ye, you grate miser, and she won't pay any more." These were the waggoner's words.

"Very well; then mis'ess's niece can't pass," said the turnpike-keeper, closing the gate.

Oak looked from one to the other of the disputants, and fell into a reverie. There was something in the tone of twopence remarkably insignificant. Threepence had a definite value as money—it was an appreciable infringement on a day's wages, and, as such, a higgling matter; but twopence—"Here," he said, stepping forward and handing twopence to the gatekeeper; "let the young woman pass." He looked up at her then; she heard his words, and looked down.

Gabriel's features adhered throughout their form so exactly to the middle line between the beauty of St. John and the ugliness of Judas Iscariot, as represented in a window of the church he attended, that not a single lineament could be selected and called worthy either of distinction or notoriety. The red-jacketed and dark-haired maiden seemed to think so too, for she carelessly glanced over him, and told her man to drive on. She might have looked her thanks to Gabriel on a minute scale, but she did not speak them; more probably she felt none, for in gaining her a passage he had lost her her point, and we know how women take a favor of that kind.

The gatekeeper surveyed the retreating vehicle. "That's a handsome maid," he said to Oak.

"But she has her faults," said Gabriel.

"True, farmer."

"And the greatest of them is—well, what it is always."

"Beating people down; ay, 'tis so."

"Oh no."

"What, then?"

Gabriel, perhaps a little piqued by the comely traveller's indifference, glanced back to where he had witnessed her performance over the hedge, and said "Vanity."

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT: THE FLOCK: AN INTERIOR: ANOTHER INTERIOR.

It was nearly midnight on the eve of St. Thomas's, the shortest day in the year. A desolating wind wandered from the north over the hill whereon Oak had watched the yellow waggon and its occupant in the sunshine of a few days earlier.

Norcombe Hill—forming part of Norcombe Ewelease—was one of the spots which suggest to a passer-by that he is in the presence of a shape approaching the indestructible as nearly as any to be found on earth. It was a featureless convexity of chalk and soil—an ordinary specimen of those smoothly outlined protuberances of the globe which may remain undisturbed on some great day of confusion, when far grander heights and dizzy granite precipices topple down.

The hill was covered on its northern side by an ancient and decaying plantation of beeches, whose upper verge formed a line over the crest, fringing its arched curve against the sky, like a mane. To-night these trees sheltered the southern slope from the keenest blasts, which smote the wood and floundered through it with a sound as of grumbling, or gushed over its crowning boughs in a weakened moan. The dry leaves in the ditch simmered and boiled in the same breezes, a tongue of air occasionally ferreting out a few, and sending them spinning across the grass. A group or two of the latest in date amongst this dead multitude had remained on the twigs which bore them till this very mid-winter time, and in falling rattled against the trunks with smart taps.

Between this half-wooded, half-naked hill, and the vague still horizon its summit indistinctly commanded, was a mysterious sheet of fathomless shade—the sounds only from which suggested that what it concealed bore some humble resemblance to features here. The thin grasses, more or less coating the hill, were touched by

the wind in breezes of differing powers and almost differing natures—one rubbing the blades heavily, another raking them piercingly, another brushing them like a soft broom. The instinctive act of human-kind here was to stand and listen, and learn how the trees on the right and the trees on the left wailed or chaunted to each other in the regular antiphonies of a cathedral choir; how hedges and other shapes to leeward then caught the note, lowering it to the tenderest sob; and how the hurrying gust then plunged into the south, to be heard no more.

The sky was clear—remarkably clear—and the twinkling of all the stars seemed to be but throbs of one body, timed by a common pulse. The North star was directly in the wind's eye, and since evening the Bear had swung round it outwardly to the east, till it was now at a right angle with the meridian. A difference of color in the stars—oftener read of than seen in England—was really perceptible here. The kingly brilliancy of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone with a fiery red.

To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by a fancy that the better outlook upon space afforded by a hill emphasizes terrestrial revolution, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, first enlarging the consciousness with a sense of difference from the mass of civilized mankind, who are horizontal and disregardful of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre among these astral clusters, aloft from the customary haunts of thought and vision, some men may feel raised to a capability for eternity at once.

Suddenly an unexpected series of sounds began to be heard in this place up against the sky. They had a clearness which was to be found nowhere in the wind, and a

sequence which was to be found nowhere in nature. They were the notes of Farmer Oak's flute.

The tune was not floating unhindered into the open air, but it seemed muffled in some way, and was altogether too curtailed in power to spread high or wide. It came from the direction of a small dark object under the plantation hedge—a shepherd's hut now presenting an outline to which an uninitiated person might have been puzzled to attach either meaning or use.

The image as a whole was that of a small Noah's Ark on a small Ararat, allowing the traditional outlines and general form of the Ark which are followed by toymakers, and by these means are established in men's imaginations among their firmest, because earliest impressions, to pass as an approximate pattern. The hut stood on small wheels, which raised its floor about a foot from the ground. Such shepherds' huts are dragged into the fields when the lambing season comes on, to shelter the shepherd in his enforced nightly attendance.

It was only latterly that people had begun to call Gabriel "Farmer" Oak. During the twelvemonth preceding this time he had been enabled by sustained efforts of industry and chronic good spirits to lease the small sheep-farm of which Norcombe Hill was a portion, and stock it with two hundred sheep. Previously he had been a bailiff for a short time, and earlier still a shepherd only, having from his childhood assisted his father in tending the flocks of large proprietors, till old Gabriel sank to rest.

This venture, unaided and alone, into the paths of farming as master and not as man, with an advance of sheep not yet paid for, was a critical juncture with Gabriel Oak, and he recognized his position clearly. The first movement in his new progress was the lambing of his ewes, and sheep having been his speciality from his youth, he wisely refrained from deputing the task of tending them at this season to a hireling or a novice.

The wind continued to beat about the corners of the hut, but the flute-playing ceased. A rectangular space of light appeared in the side of the hut, and in the opening the outline of Farmer Oak's figure. He carried a lantern in his hand, and closing the door behind him, came forward and busied himself about this nook of the

field for about twenty minutes, the lantern light appearing and disappearing here and there, and brightening him or darkening him as he stood before or behind it.

Oak's motions, though they had a quiet energy, were slow, and their deliberateness accorded well with his occupation. Fitness being the basis of all beauty, nobody could have denied that his steady swings and turns in and about the flock had elements of grace. Yet, although if occasion demanded he could do or think a thing with as mercurial a dash as can the men of towns who are more to the manner born, his special power, morally, physically, and mentally, was static, owing little or nothing to momentum, as a rule.

A close examination of the ground hereabout, even by the wan starlight only, revealed how a portion of what would have been casually called a wild slope had been appropriated by Farmer Oak for his great purpose this winter. Detached hurdles thatched with straw were stuck into the ground at various scattered points, amid and under which the whitish forms of his meek ewes moved and rustled. The ring of the sheep-bell, which had been silent during his absence, recommenced, in tones which had more mellowness than clearness owing to an increasing growth of surrounding wool, and continued till Oak withdrew again from the flock. He returned to the hut, bringing in his arms a new-born lamb, consisting of four legs large enough for a full-grown sheep, united by an unimportant membrane about half the substance of the legs collectively, which constituted the animal's entire body just at present.

The little speck of life he placed on a wisp of hay before the small stove, where a can of milk was simmering. Oak extinguished the lantern by blowing into it with pouted lips, and then pinching out the snuff, the cot being lighted by a candle suspended by a twisted wire. A rather hard couch, formed of a few corn sacks thrown carelessly down, covered half the floor of this little habitation, and here the young man stretched himself along, loosened his woollen cravat, and closed his eyes. In about the time a person unaccustomed to bodily labor would have decided upon which side to lie, Farmer Oak was asleep.

The inside of this hut, as it now presented itself, was cosy and alluring, and

the scarlet handful of fire in addition to the candle, reflecting its own genial color upon whatever it could reach, flung associations of enjoyment even over utensils and tools. In the corner stood the sheep-crook, and along a shelf at one side were ranged bottles and canisters of the simple preparations pertaining to ovine surgery and physic; spirits of wine, turpentine, tar, magnesia, ginger, and castor-oil being the chief. On a triangular shelf across the corner stood bread, bacon, cheese, and a cup for ale or cider, which was supplied from a flagon beneath. Beside the provisions lay the flute, whose notes had lately been called forth by the lonely watcher to beguile a tedious hour. The house was ventilated by two round holes, like the lights of a cabin, with wood slides.

The lamb, revived by the warmth, began to bleat, and the sound entered Gabriel's ears and brain with an instant meaning, as expected sounds will. Passing from the profoundest sleep to the most alert wakefulness with the same ease that had accompanied the reverse operation, he looked at his watch, found that the hour-hand had shifted again, put on his hat, took the lamb in his arms, and carried it into the darkness. After placing the little creature with its mother, he stood and carefully examined the sky, to ascertain the time of night from the altitudes of the stars.

The Dog-star and Aldebaran pointing to the restless Pleiades were half way up the Southern sky, and beneath them hung Orion, which gorgeous constellation never burnt more vividly than now, as it swung itself forth above the rim of the landscape. Castor and Pollux with their quiet shine almost rested on the ground: the barren and gloomy Square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west; far away through the plantation, Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs.

"One o'clock," said Gabriel.

Being a man not without a frequent consciousness that there was some beauty in this life he led, he stood still after looking at the sky as a useful instrument, and regarded it in an appreciative spirit, as a work of art superlatively beautiful. For a moment he seemed impressed with the speaking loneliness of the scene, or rather with the complete abstraction from all its compass of the sights and sounds of man.

Human shapes, interferences, troubles, and joys were all as if they were not, and there seemed to be on the shaded hemisphere of the globe no sentient being save himself; he could fancy them all gone round to the sunny side.

Occupied thus, with eyes stretched afar, Oak gradually perceived that what he had previously taken to be a star low down behind the outskirts of the plantation was in reality no such thing. It was an artificial light, almost close at hand.

To find themselves utterly alone at night where company is desirable and expected makes some people fearful; but a case more trying by far to the nerves is to discover some mysterious companionship when intuition, sensation, memory, analogy, testimony, probability, induction—every kind of evidence in the logician's list—have united to persuade consciousness that it is quite alone.

Farmer Oak went towards the plantation and pushed through its lower boughs to the windy side. A dim mass under the slope reminded him that a shed occupied a place here, the site being a cutting into the slope of the hill, so that at its back part the roof was almost level with the ground. In front it was formed of boards nailed to posts and covered with tar as a preservative. Through crevices in the roof and side spread streaks and dots of light, a combination of which made up the radiance that had attracted him. Oak stepped up behind, where, leaning down upon the roof and putting his eye close to a hole, he could see into the interior clearly.

The place contained two women and two cows. By the side of the latter a steaming bran-mash stood in a bucket. One of the women was past middle age. Her companion was apparently young and graceful; he could form no decided opinion upon her looks, her position being almost beneath his eye, so that he saw her in a bird's-eye aerial view, as Satan first saw Paradise. She wore no bonnet or hat, but had enveloped herself in a large cloak, which was carelessly flung over her head as a covering.

"There, now we'll go home," said the elder of the two, resting her knuckles upon her hips, and looking at their goings-on as a whole. "I do hope Daisy will fetch round again now. I have never been more frightened in my life, but I

don't mind breaking my rest if she recovers."

The young woman, whose eyelids were apparently inclined to fall together on the smallest provocation of silence, yawned without parting her lips to any inconvenient extent, whereupon Gabriel caught the infection and slightly yawned in sympathy. "I wish we were rich enough to pay a man to do these things," she said.

"As we are not, we must do them ourselves," said the other; "for you must help me if you stay."

"Well, my hat is gone, however," continued the younger. "It went over the hedge, I think. The idea of such a slight wind catching it."

The cow standing erect was of the Devon breed, and was encased in a tight warm hide of rich Indian red, as absolutely uniform from eyes to tail as if the animal had been dipped in a dye of that color, her long back being mathematically level. The other was spotted, grey and white. Beside her, Oak now noticed a little calf about a day old, looking idiotically at the wo women, which showed that it had not long been accustomed to the phenomenon of eyesight, and often turning to the lantern, which it apparently mistook for the moon, inherited instinct having as yet had little time for correction by experience. Between the sheep and the cows, Lucina had been busy on Norcombe Hill lately.

"I think we had better send for some oatmeal," said the elder woman; "there's no more bran."

"Yes, aunt; and I'll ride over for it as soon as it is light."

"But there's no side-saddle."

"I can ride on the other: trust me."

Oak, upon hearing these remarks became more curious to observe her features, but this prospect being denied him by the hooding effect of the cloak, and by her forehead coming in the way of what the cloak did not cover, he felt himself drawing upon his fancy for their details. In making even horizontal and clear inspections, we color and mould according to the wants within us whatever our eyes bring in. Had Gabriel been able from the first to get a distinct view of her countenance, his estimate of it as very handsome or slightly so would have been as his soul required a divinity at the moment or was ready supplied with one. Having for some time known the want of

a satisfactory form to fill an increasing void within him, his position moreover affording the widest scope for his fancy, he painted her a beauty.

By one of those whimsical coincidents in which Nature, like a busy mother, seems to spare a moment from her unremitting labors to turn and make her children smile, the girl now dropped the cloak, and forth tumbled ropes of black hair over a red jacket. Oak knew her instantly as the heroine of the yellow waggon, myrtles, and looking-glass: prosily, as the woman who owed him twopence.

They placed the calf beside its mother again, took up the lantern, and went out, the light sinking down the hill till it was no more than a nebula. Gabriel Oak returned to his flock.

CHAPTER III.

A GIRL ON HORSEBACK: CONVERSATION.

THE sluggish day began to break. Even its position terrestrially is one of the elements of a new interest, and for no particular reason save that the incident of the night had occurred there, Oak went again into the plantation. Lingered and musing here, he heard the steps of a horse at the foot of the hill, and soon there appeared in view an auburn pony with a girl on its back, ascending by the path leading past the cattle-shed. She was the young woman of the night before. Gabriel instantly thought of the hat she had mentioned as having lost in the wind; possibly she had come to look for it. He hastily scanned the ditch, and after walking about ten yards along it, found the hat among the leaves. Gabriel took it in his hand and returned to his hut. Here he ensconced himself, and looked through the loop-hole in the direction of the rider's approach.

She came up and looked around—then on the other side of the hedge. Gabriel was about to advance and restore the missing article, when an unexpected performance induced him to suspend the action for the present. The path after passing the cowshed bisected the plantation. It was not a bridle-path—merely a pedestrian's track, and the boughs spread horizontally at a height not greater than seven feet above the ground, which made it impossible to ride erect beneath them.

The girl, who wore no riding-habit, looked around for a moment as if to assure herself that all humanity was out of view, then dexterously dropped backwards flat upon the pony's back, her head over its tail, her feet against its shoulder, and her eyes to the sky. The rapidity of her glide into this position was that of a kingfisher—its noiselessness that of a hawk. Gabriel's eyes had scarcely been able to follow her. The tall lank pony seemed used to such phenomena, and ambled along unconcerned. Thus she passed under the level boughs.

The performer seemed quite at home anywhere between a horse's head and its tail, and the necessity for this abnormal attitude having ceased with the passage of the plantation, she began to adopt another, even more obviously convenient than the first. She had no side-saddle, and it was very apparent that a firm seat upon the smooth leather beneath her was unattainable sideways. Springing to her accustomed perpendicular like a bowed sapling, and satisfying herself that nobody was in sight, she seated herself in the manner demanded by the saddle, though hardly expected of the woman, and trotted off in the direction of Tewnell Mill.

Oak was amused, perhaps a little astonished, and hanging up the hat in his hut, went again among his ewes. An hour passed, the girl returned, properly seated now, with a bag of bran in front of her. On nearing the cattle-shed she was met by a boy bringing a milking-pail, who held the reins of the pony while she slid off. The boy led away the horse, leaving the pail with the young woman.

Soon a soft spirt, alternating with a loud spirt, came in regular succession from within the shed. They were the sounds of a person milking a cow. Gabriel took the lost hat in his hand, and waited beside the path she would follow in leaving the hill.

She came, the pail in one hand, hanging against her knee. The left arm was extended as a balance, enough of it being shown bare to make Oak wish that the event had happened in summer, when the whole would have been revealed. There was a bright air and manner about her now, by which she seemed to imply that the desirability of her existence could not be questioned; and this rather saucy assumption failed in being offensive, because

a beholder felt it to be, upon the whole, true. Like exceptional emphasis in the tone of a genius, that which would have made mediocrity ridiculous was an addition to recognized power. It was with some surprise that she saw Gabriel's face rising like the moon, behind the hedge.

The adjustment of the farmer's hazy conceptions of her charms to the portrait of herself she now presented him with, was less a diminution than a difference. The starting-point selected by the judgment was her height. She seemed tall, but the pail was a small one, and the hedge diminutive; hence, making allowance for error by comparison with these, she could have been not above the height to be chosen by women as best. All features of consequence were severe and regular. It may have been observed by persons who go about the shires with eyes for beauty, that in Englishwomen a classically formed face is seldom found to be united with a figure of the same pattern, the highly-finished features being generally too large for the remainder of the frame; that a graceful and proportionate figure of eight heads usually goes off into random facial curves. Without throwing a Nymphean tissue over a milkmaid, it must be said that here criticism checked itself in examining details to return to where it began, and looked at her proportions with a long consciousness of pleasure. From the contours of her figure in its upper part, she must have had a beautiful neck and shoulders; but it may be stated that since her infancy nobody had ever seen them. Had she been put into a low dress she would have run and thrust her head into a bush. Yet she was not a shy girl by any means; it was merely her instinct to draw the line dividing the seen from the unseen higher than they do it in towns.

That the girl's thoughts hovered about her face and form as soon as she caught Oak's eyes conning the same page was natural, and almost certain. The self-consciousness shown would have been vanity if a little more pronounced, dignity if a little less. Rays of male vision seem to have a tickling effect upon virgin faces in rural districts; she hastily brushed hers with her hand, as if Gabriel had been irritating its pink surface with a long straw, and the free air of her previous movements was reduced at the same time to a

chastened phase of itself. Yet it was the man who blushed, the maid not at all.

"I found a hat," said Oak.

"It is mine," said she, and, from a sense of proportion, kept down to a small smile an inclination to laugh distinctly; "it flew away last night."

"One o'clock this morning?"

"Well—it was." She was surprised.

"How did you know?" she said.

"I was here."

"You are Farmer Oak, are you not?"

"That or thereabouts. I'm lately come to this place."

"A large farm?" she inquired, casting her eyes around, and swinging back her hair, which was black in the shaded hollows of its mass; but it being now an hour past sunrise, the rays touched its prominent curves with a color of their own.

"No; not large. About a hundred." (In speaking of farms the word "acres" is omitted by the natives, by analogy with such old expressions as "a stag of ten.")

"I wanted my hat this morning," she went on. "I had to ride to Tewnell Mill."

"Yes, you had."

"How do you know?"

"I saw you."

"Where?" she inquired, a misgiving bringing every muscle of her lineaments and frame to a standstill.

"Here—going through the plantation, and all down the hill," said Farmer Oak, with an aspect excessively knowing with regard to some matter in his mind, as he gazed at a remote point in the direction named, and then turned back to meet his colloquist's eyes.

A perception caused him to withdraw his own from hers as suddenly as if he had been caught in a theft. Recollection of the strange antics she had indulged in when passing through the trees, was succeeded in the girl by a nettled palpitation, and that by a hot face. It was a time to see a woman reddened who was not given to reddening as a rule; not a point in the milk-maid but was of the deepest rose-color. From the Maiden's Blush, through all varieties of the Provence down to the Crimson Tuscany, the countenance of Oak's acquaintance quickly graduated; whereupon he, in consideration, had turned away his head.

The sympathetic man still looked the other way, and wondered when she would recover whiteness sufficient to justify him in facing her again. He heard what seemed to be the flitting of a dead leaf upon the breeze, and looked. She had gone away.

With an air between that of Tragedy and Comedy, Gabriel returned to his work.

Five mornings and evenings passed. The young woman came regularly to milk the healthy cow or to attend to the sick one, but never allowed her vision to stray in the direction of Oak's person. His want of tact had deeply offended her—not by seeing what he could not help, but by letting her know that he had seen it. For, as without law there is no sin, without eyes there is no indecorum; and she appeared to feel that Gabriel's espial had made her an indecorous woman without her own connivance. It was food for great regret with him; it was also a contretemps which touched into life a latent heat he had experienced in that direction.

The acquaintanceship might, however, have ended in a slow forgetting, but for an incident which occurred at the end of the same week. One afternoon it began to freeze, and the frost increased with evening, which drew on like a stealthy tightening of bonds. It was a time when in cottages the breath of the sleepers freezes to the sheets, when round the drawing-room fire of a thick-walled mansion the sitters' backs are cold even whilst their faces are all aglow. Many a small bird went to bed supperless that night among the bare boughs.

As the milking-hour drew near, Oak kept his usual watch upon the cow-shed. At last he felt cold, and shaking an extra quantity of bedding around the yearning ewes, he entered the hut and heaped more fuel upon the stove. The wind came in at the bottom of the door, to prevent which Oak wheeled the cot round a little more to the south. Then the wind spouted in at a ventilating hole—of which there was one on each side of the hut.

Gabriel had always known that when the fire was lighted and the door closed, one of these must be kept open—that chosen being always on the side away from the wind. Closing the slide to windward, he turned to open the other; on second

thoughts, the farmer considered he would first sit down, leaving both closed for a minute or two, till the temperature of the hut was a little raised. He sat down.

His head began to ache in an unwonted manner, and, fancying himself weary by reason of the broken rests of the preceding nights, Oak decided to get up, open the slide, and then allow himself to fall asleep. He fell asleep without having performed the necessary preliminary.

How long he remained unconscious Gabriel never knew. During the first stages of his return to perception peculiar deeds seemed to be in course of enactment. His dog was howling, his head was aching fearfully—somebody was pulling him about, hands were loosening his neckerchief.

On opening his eyes, he found that evening had sunk to dusk, in a strange manner of unexpectedness. The young girl with the remarkably pleasant lips and white teeth was beside him. More than this—astonishingly more—his head was upon her lap, his face and neck were disagreeably wet, and her fingers were unbuttoning his collar.

"Whatever is the matter?" said Oak, vacantly.

She seemed to experience a sensation of mirth, but of too insignificant a kind to start the capacity of enjoyment.

"Nothing now," she answered, "since you are not dead. It was a wonder you were not suffocated in this hut of yours."

"Ah, the hut!" murmured Gabriel. "I gave ten pounds for that hut. But I'll sell it, and sit under thatched hurdles as they did in old times, and curl up to sleep in a lock of straw! It played me nearly the same trick the other day!" Gabriel, by way of emphasis, brought down his fist upon the frozen ground.

"It was not exactly the fault of the hut," she observed, speaking in a tone which showed her to be that novelty among women—one who finished a thought before beginning the sentence which was to convey it. "You should, I think, have considered, and not have been so foolish as to leave the slides closed."

"Yes, I suppose I should," said Oak, absently. He was endeavoring to catch and appreciate the sensation of being thus with her—his head upon her dress—before the event passed on into the heap of bygone things. He wished she knew

his impressions; but he would as soon have thought of carrying an odor in a net as of attempting to convey the intangibilities of his feeling in the coarse meshes of language. So he remained silent.

She made him sit up, and then Oak began wiping his face and shaking himself like a Samson. "How can I thank ye?" he said at last, gratefully, some of the natural rusty red having returned to his face.

"Oh, never mind that," said the girl, smiling, and allowing her smile to hold good for Gabriel's next remark, whatever that might prove to be.

"How did you find me?"

"I heard your dog howling and scratching at the door of the hut when I came to the milking (it was so lucky, Daisy's milking is almost over for the season, and I shall not come here after this week or the next). The dog saw me, and jumped over to me, and laid hold of my dress. I came across and looked round the hut the very first thing to see if the slides were closed. My uncle has a hut like this one, and I have heard him tell his shepherd not to go to sleep without leaving a slide open. I opened the door, and there you were like dead. I threw the milk over you, as there was no water, forgetting it was warm, and no use.

"I wonder if I should have died?" Gabriel said, in a low voice, which was rather meant to travel back to himself than on to her.

"Oh, no," the girl replied. She seemed to prefer a less tragic probability; to have saved a man from death involved talk that should harmonise with the dignity of such a deed—and she shunned it.

"I believe you saved my life, Miss—I don't know your name. I know your aunt's, but not yours."

"I would just as soon not tell—rather not. There is no reason either why I should, as you probably will never have much to do with me."

"Still I should like to know."

"You can inquire at my aunt's—she will tell you."

"My name is Gabriel Oak."

"And mine isn't. You seem fond of yours in speaking it so decisively, Gabriel Oak."

"You see, it is the only one I shall ever have, and I must make the most of it."

"I always think mine sounds odd and disagreeable."

"I should think you might soon get a new one."

"Mercy—how many opinions you keep about you concerning other people, Gabriel Oak."

"Well, Miss—excuse the words—I thought you would like them. But I can't match you, I know, in mapping out my mind upon my tongue as I may say. I never was very clever in my inside. But I thank you. Come, give me your hand!"

She hesitated, somewhat disconcerted at Oak's old-fashioned earnest conclusion to a dialogue lightly carried on. "Very well," she said, and gave him her hand, compressing her lips to a demure impassivity. He held it but an instant, and in his fear of being too demonstrative, swerved to the opposite extreme, touching her fingers with the lightness of a small-hearted person.

"I am sorry," he said, the instant after, regretfully.

"What for?"

"Letting your hand go so quickly."

"You may have me again if you like; there it is." She gave him her hand again.

Oak held it longer this time—indeed, curiously long. "How soft it is—being winter-time, too—not chapped or rough, or anything!" he said.

"There—that's long enough," said she, though without pulling it away. "But I suppose you are thinking you would like to kiss it? You may if you want to."

"I wasn't thinking of any such thing," said Gabriel, simply; "but I will—"

"That you won't!" She snatched back her hand.

Gabriel felt himself guilty of another want of tact.

"Now find out my name," she said teasingly; and withdrew.

CHAPTER IV.

GABRIEL'S RESOLVE — THE VISIT — THE MISTAKE.

THE only superiority in women that is tolerable to the rival sex is, as a rule, that of the unconscious kind, but a superiority which recognizes itself may sometimes please by suggesting at the same time possibilities of impropriation to the subordinated man.

This well-favored and comely girl soon made appreciable inroads upon the emotional constitution of young Farmer Oak.

Love, being an extremely exacting user (a sense of exorbitant profit, spiritually, by an exchange of hearts, being at the bottom of pure passions, as that of exorbitant profit, bodily or materially, is at the bottom of those of lower atmosphere), every morning his feelings were as sensitive as the money-market in calculations upon his chances. His dog waited for his meals in a way so like that in which Oak waited for the girl's presence that the farmer was quite struck with the resemblance, felt it lowering, and would not look at the dog. However, he continued to watch through the hedge at her regular coming, and thus his sentiments towards her were deepened without any corresponding effect being produced upon herself. Oak had nothing finished and ready to say as yet, and not being able to frame love-phrases which end where they begin; passionate tales—

—Full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing—

he said no word at all.

By making inquiries he found that the girl's name was Bathsheba Everdene, and that the cow would go dry in about seven days. He dreaded the eighth day.

At last the eighth day came. The cow had ceased to give milk for that year, and Bathsheba Everdene came up the hill no more. Gabriel had reached a pitch of existence he never could have anticipated a short time before. He liked saying "Bathsheba" as a private enjoyment instead of whistling; turned over his taste to black hair, though he had sworn by brown ever since he was a boy, isolated himself till the space he filled in the public eye was contemptibly small. Love is a possible strength in an actual weakness. Marriage transforms a distraction into a support, the power of which should be, and happily often is, in direct proportion to the degree of imbecility it supplants. Oak began now to see light in this direction, and said to himself, "I'll make her my wife, or upon my soul I shall be good for nothing!"

All this while he was perplexing himself about an errand on which he might consistently visit the cottage of Bathsheba's aunt.

He found his opportunity in the death of an ewe, mother of a living lamb. On a day which had a summer face and a winter constitution—a fine January morning,

when there was just enough blue sky visible to make cheerfully disposed people wish for more, and an occasional sunshiny gleam of silvery whiteness, Oak put the lamb into a respectable Sunday basket, and stalked across the fields to the house of Mrs. Hurst, the aunt—George, the dog, walking behind, with a countenance of great concern at the serious turn pastoral affairs seemed to be taking.

Gabriel had watched the blue wood-smoke curling from the chimney with strange meditation. At evening he had fancifully traced it down the chimney to the spot of its origin—seen the hearth and Bathsheba beside it—beside it in her outdoor dress, for the clothes she had worn on the hill were by association equally with her person included in the compass of his affection; they seemed at this early time of his love a necessary ingredient of the sweet mixture called Bathsheba Everdene.

He had made a toilet of a nicely adjusted kind—of a nature between the carefully neat and the carelessly ornate—of a degree between fine-market-day and wet-Sunday selection. He thoroughly cleaned his silver watch-chain with whiting, put new lacing-straps to his boots, looked to the brass eyelet-holes, went to the inmost heart of the plantation for a new walking-stick, and trimmed it vigorously on his way back; took a new handkerchief from the bottom of his clothes-box, put on the light waistcoat patterned all over with sprigs of an elegant flower uniting the beauties of both rose and lily without the defects of either, and used all the hair-oil he possessed upon his usually dry, sandy and inextricably curly hair, till he had deepened it to a splendidly novel color, between that of guano and Roman cement, making it stick to his head like mace round a nutmeg, or wet seaweed round a boulder after the ebb.

Nothing disturbed the stillness of the cottage save the chatter of a knot of sparrows on the eaves; one might fancy scandal and *tracasseries* to be no less the staple subject of these little coteries on roofs than of those under them. It seemed that the omen was an unpropitious one, for, as the rather untoward commencement of Oak's overtures, just as he arrived by the garden gate he saw a cat inside, going into various arched shapes and fiendish convulsions at the sight of his dog George.

The dog took no notice, for he had arrived at an age at which all superfluous barking was cynically avoided as a waste of breath—in fact he never barked even at the sheep except to order, when it was done with an absolutely neutral countenance, as a liturgical form of Commination-service, which, though offensive, had to be gone through once more and then just to frighten the flock for their own good.

A voice came from behind some laurel-bushes into which the cat had run:

"Poor dear! did a nasty brute of a dog want to kill it!—did he, poor dear!"

"I beg yer pardon," said Oak to the voice, "but George was walking on behind me with a temper as mild as milk."

Almost before he had ceased speaking, Oak was seized with a misgiving as to whose ear was the recipient of his answer. Nobody appeared, and he heard the person retreat among the bushes.

Gabriel meditated, and so deeply that he brought small furrows into his forehead by sheer force of reverie. When the issue of an interview is as likely to be a vast change for the worse as for the better, any initial difference from expectation causes nipping sensations of failure. Oak went up to the door a little abashed: his mental rehearsal and the reality had had no common grounds of opening.

Bathsheba's aunt was indoors. "Will you tell Miss Everdene that somebody would be glad to speak to her?" said Mr. Oak. (Calling yourself merely Somebody, and not giving a name, is not by any means to be taken as an example of the ill-breeding of the rural world: it springs from a refined sense of modesty, of which townspeople, with their cards and announcements, have no notion whatever.)

Bathsheba was out. The voice had evidently been hers.

"Will you come in, Mr. Oak?"

"Oh, thank ye," said Gabriel, following her to the fireplace. "I've brought a lamb for Miss Everdene. I thought she might like one to rear: girls do."

"She might," said Mrs. Hurst, musingly; "though she's only a visitor here. If you will wait a minute, Bathsheba will be in."

"Yes, I will wait," said Gabriel, sitting down. "The lamb isn't really the business I came about, Mrs. Hurst. In short I was going to ask her if she'd like to be married."

"And were you indeed?"

"Yes. Because if she would, I should be very glad to marry her. D'ye know if she's got any other young man hanging about her at all?"

"Let me think," said Mrs. Hurst, poking the fire superfluously. . . . "Yes—bless you, ever so many young men. You see, Farmer Oak, she's so good-looking, and an excellent scholar besides—she was going to be a governess once, you know, only she was too wild. Not that her young men ever come here—but, Lord, in the nature of women, she must have a dozen!"

"That's unfortunate," said Farmer Oak, contemplating a crack in the stone floor with sorrow. "I'm only an every-day sort of man, and my only chance was in being the first comer. . . . Well, there's no use in my waiting, for that was all I came about: so I'll take myself off home-along, Mrs. Hurst."

When Gabriel had gone about two hundred yards along the down, he heard a "hoi-hoi!" uttered behind him, in a piping note of more treble quality than that in which the exclamation usually embodies itself when shouted across a field. He looked round, and saw a girl racing after him, waving a white handkerchief.

Oak stood still—and the runner drew nearer. It was Bathsheba Everdene. Gabriel's color deepened: hers was already deep, not, as it appeared, from emotion, but from running.

"Farmer Oak—I—" she said, pausing for want of breath, pulling up in front of him with a slanted face, and putting her hand to her side.

"I have just called to see you," said Gabriel, pending her further speech.

"Yes—I know that," she said, panting like a robin, her face red and moist from her exertions, like a peony petal before the sun dries off the dew. "I didn't know you had come (pant) to ask to have me, or I should have come in from the garden instantly. I ran after you to say (pant) that my aunt made a mistake in sending you away from courting me (pant)—"

Gabriel expanded. "I'm sorry to have made you run so fast, my dear," he said, with a grateful sense of favors to come. "Wait a bit till you've found your breath."

"—It was quite a mistake—my aunt's telling you I had a young man already," Bathsheba went on. "I haven't a sweet-

heart at all (pant), and I never had one, and I thought that, as times go with women, it was *such* a pity to send you away thinking that I had several."

"Really and truly I am glad to hear that!" said Farmer Oak, smiling one of his long special smiles, and blushing with gladness. He held out his hand to take hers, which, when she had eased her side by pressing it there, was prettily extended upon her bosom to still her loud-beating heart. Directly he seized it she put it behind her, so that it slipped through his fingers like an eel.

"I have a nice snug little farm," said Gabriel, with half a degree less assurance than when he had seized her hand.

"Yes: you have."

"A man has advanced me money to begin with, but still, it will soon be paid off, and though I am only an every-day sort of man, I have got on a little since I was a boy." Gabriel uttered "a little" in a tone to show her that it was the complacent form of "a great deal." He continued: "When we are married, I am quite sure I can work twice as hard as I do now."

He went forward and stretched out his arm again. Bathsheba had overtaken him at a point beside which stood a low, stunted holly-bush, now laden with red berries. Seeing his advance take the form of an attitude threatening a possible enclosure, if not compression, of her person, she edged off round the bush.

"Why, Farmer Oak," she said, over the top, looking at him with rounded eyes, "I never said I was going to marry you."

"Well—that *is* a tale!" said Oak, with dismay. "To run after anybody like this, and then say you don't want me!"

"What I meant to tell you was only this," she said eagerly, and yet half-conscious of the absurdity of the position she had made for herself: "that nobody has got me yet as a sweetheart, instead of my having a dozen, as my aunt said; I *hate* to be thought men's property in that way, though possibly I shall be to be had some day. Why, if I'd wanted you I shouldn't have run after you like this; 'twould have been the *forwardest* thing! But there was no harm in hurrying to correct a piece of false news that had been told you."

"Oh, no—no harm at all." But there is such a thing as being too generous in expressing a judgment impulsively, and

Oak added with a more appreciative sense of all the circumstances—"Well, I am not quite certain it was no harm."

"Indeed, I hadn't time to think before starting whether I wanted to marry or not, for you'd have been gone over the hill."

"Come," said Gabriel, freshening again; "think a minute or two. I'll wait awhile, Miss Everdene. Will you marry me? Do, Bethsheba. I love you far more than common!"

"I'll try to think," she observed, rather more timorously; "if I can think out of doors; but my mind spreads away so."

"But you can give a guess."

"Then give me time." Bathsheba looked thoughtfully into the distance, away from the direction in which Gabriel stood.

"I can make you happy," said he to the back of her head, across the bush. "You shall have a piano in a year or two—farmers' wives are getting to have pianos now—and I'll practise up the flute right well to play with you in the evenings."

"Yes; I should like that."

"And have one of those little ten-pound gigs for market—and nice flowers, and birds—cocks and hens I mean, because they are useful," continued Gabriel, feeling balanced between prose and verse.

"I should like it very much."

"And a frame for cucumbers—like a gentleman and a lady."

"Yes."

"And when the wedding was over, we'd have it put in the newspaper list of marriages."

"Dearly I should like that."

"And the babies in the births—every man jack of 'em! And at home by the fire, whenever you look up, there I shall be—and whenever I look up there will be you."

"Wait, wait, and don't be improper!"

Her countenance fell, and she was silent awhile. He contemplated the red berries between them over and over again, to such an extent, that holly seemed in his after-life to be a cypher signifying a proposal of marriage. Bathsheba decisively turned to him.

"No; 'tis no use," she said. "I don't want to marry you."

"Try."

"I have tried hard all the time I've been thinking; for a marriage would be very nice in one sense. People would

talk about me, and think I had won my battle, and I should feel triumphant, and all that. But a husband——"

"Well!"

"Why, he'd always be there, as you say; whenever I looked up, there he'd be."

"Of course he would—I, that is."

"Well, what I mean is that I shouldn't mind being a bride at a wedding, if I could be one without having a husband. But since a woman can't show off in that way by herself, I shan't marry—at least yet."

"That's a terrible wooden story."

At this elegant criticism of her statement, Bathsheba made an addition to her dignity by a slight sweep away from him.

"Upon my heart and soul, I don't know what a maid can say stupider than that," said Oak. "But, dearest," he continued in a palliative voice, "don't be like it!" Oak sighed a deep honest sigh—none the less so in that, being like the sigh of a pine plantation, it was rather noticeable as a disturbance of the atmosphere. "Why won't you have me?" he said appealingly, creeping round the holly to reach her side.

"I cannot," she said retreating.

"But why?" he persisted, standing still at last in despair of ever reaching her, and facing over the bush.

"Because I don't love you."

"Yes, but——"

She contracted a yawn to an inoffensive smallness, so that it was hardly ill-mannered at all. "I don't love you," she said.

"But I love you—and, as for myself, I am content to be liked."

"Oh, Mr. Oak—that's very fine! You'd get to despise me."

"Never," said Mr. Oak, so earnestly that he seemed to be coming by the force of his words, straight through the bush and into her arms. "I shall do one thing in this life—one thing certain—that is, love you and long for you, and *keep wanting you till I die*." His voice had a genuine pathos now, and his large brown hands trembled a quarter of an inch each way.

"It seems dreadfully wrong not to have you when you feel so much," she said with a little distress, and looking hopelessly around for some means of escape from her moral dilemma. "How I wish I hadn't run after you!" However she seemed to have a short cut for getting back to cheer-

fulness, and set her face to signify archness. "It wouldn't do, Mr. Oak. I want somebody to tame me; I am too independent; and you would never be able to, I know."

Oak cast his eyes down the field in a way implying that it was useless to attempt argument.

"Mr. Oak," she said, with luminous distinctness and common sense; "you are better off than I. I have hardly a penny in the world—I am staying with my aunt for my bare sustenance. I am better educated than you—and I don't love you a bit: that's my side of the case. Now yours: you are a farmer just beginning, and you ought in common prudence, if you marry at all (which you should certainly not think of doing at present) to marry a woman with money, who would stock a larger farm for you than you have now."

Gabriel looked at her with a little surprise and much admiration.

"That's the very thing I had been thinking myself!" he naïvely said.

Farmer Oak had one-and-a-half Christian characteristics too many to succeed with Bathsheba: his humility, and a superfluous moiety of honesty. Bathsheba was decidedly disconcerted.

"Well, then, why did you come and disturb me?" she said, almost angrily, if not quite, an enlarging red spot rising in each cheek.

"I can't do what I think would be—would be—"

"Right?"

"No: wise."

"You have made an admission *now*, Mr. Oak," she exclaimed, with even more hauteur, and rocking her head disdainfully. "After that, do you think I could marry you? Not if I know it."

He broke in, passionately: "But don't mistake me like that. Because I am open enough to own what every man in my position would have thought of, you make your colors come up your face, and get crabbed with me. That about your not being good enough for me is nonsense. You speak like a lady—all the parish notice it, and your uncle at Weatherbury is, I have heard, a large farmer—much larger than ever I shall be. May I call in the evening—or will you walk along with me on Sundays? I don't want you to

make up your mind at once, if you'd rather not."

"No—no—I cannot. Don't press me any more—don't. I don't love you—so 'twould be ridiculous!" she said, with a laugh.

No man likes to see his emotions the sport of a merry-go-round of skittishness.

"Very well," said Oak, firmly, with the bearing of one who was going to give his days and nights to Ecclesiastes for ever.

"Then I'll ask you no more."

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE OF BATHSHEBA: A PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

THE news which one day reached Gabriel, that Bathsheba Everdene had left the neighborhood, had an influence upon him which might have surprised any who never suspected that the more emphatic the renunciation the less absolute its character.

It may have been observed that there is no regular path for getting out of love as there is for getting in. Some people look upon marriage as a short cut that way, but it has been known to fail. Separation, which was the means that chance offered to Gabriel Oak by Bathsheba's disappearance, though effectual with people of certain humors, is apt to idealize the removed object with others—notably those whose affection, placid and regular as it may be, flows deep and long. Oak belonged to the even tempered order of humanity, and felt the secret fusion of himself in Bathsheba to be burning with a finer flame now that she was gone—that was all.

His incipient friendship with her aunt had been nipped by the failure of his suit, and all that Oak learnt of Bathsheba's movements was done indirectly. It appeared that she had gone to a place called Weatherbury, more than twenty miles off, but in what capacity—whether as a visitor, or permanently, he could not discover.

Gabriel had two dogs. George, the elder, exhibited an ebony-tipped nose, surrounded by a narrow margin of pink flesh, and a coat marked in random splotches approximating in color to white and slaty grey, but the grey, after years of sun and rain, had been scorched and washed out of the more prominent locks, leaving them

of a reddish-brown, as if the blue component of the grey had faded, like the indigo from the same kind of color in Turner's pictures. In substance, it had originally been hair, but long contact with sheep seemed to be turning it by degrees into wool of a poor quality and staple.

This dog had originally belonged to a shepherd of inferior morals and dreadful temper, and the result was that George knew the exact degree of condemnation signified by cursing and swearing of all descriptions better than the wickedest old man in the neighborhood. Long experience had so precisely taught the animal the difference between such exclamations as "Come in!" and "D— ye, come in!" that he knew to a hair's breadth the rate of trotting back from the ewes' tails that each call involved, if a staggerer with the sheep-crook was to be escaped. Though old, he was clever and trustworthy still.

The young dog, George's son, might possibly have been the image of his mother, for there was not much resemblance between him and George. He was learning the sheep-keeping business, so as to follow on at the flock when the other should die, but had got no further than the rudiments as yet—still finding an insuperable difficulty in distinguishing between doing a thing well enough and doing it too well. So earnest and yet so wrong-headed was this young dog (he had no name in particular, and answered with perfect readiness to any pleasant interjection), that if sent behind the flock to help them on, he did it so thoroughly that he would have chased them across the whole county with the greatest pleasure if not called off, or reminded when to stop by the example of old George.

Thus much for the dogs. On the further side of Norcombe Hill was a chalk-pit, from which chalk had been drawn for generations, and spread over adjacent farms. Two hedges converged upon it in the form of a V, but without quite meeting. The narrow opening left, which was immediately over the brow of the pit, was protected by a rough railing.

One night, when Farmer Oak had returned to his house, believing there would be no further necessity for his attendance on the down, he called as usual to the dogs, previously to shutting them up in the outhouse till next morning. Only one responded—old George; the other could

not be found, either in the house, lane, or garden. Gabriel then remembered that he had left the two dogs on the hill eating a dead lamb (a kind of meat he usually kept from them, except when other food ran short), and concluding that the young one had not finished his meal, he went indoors to the luxury of a bed, which latterly he had only enjoyed on Sundays.

It was a still, moist night. Just before dawn he was assisted in waking by the abnormal reverberation of familiar music. To the shepherd, the note of the sheep-bell, like the ticking of the clock to other people, is a chronic sound that only makes itself noticed by ceasing or altering in some unusual manner from the well-known idle tinkle which signifies to the accustomed ear, however distant, that all is well in the fold. In the solemn calm of the awakening morn that note was heard by Gabriel, beating with unusual violence and rapidity. This exceptional ringing may be caused in two ways—by the rapid feeding of the sheep, bearing the bell, as when the flock breaks into new pasture, which gives it an intermittent rapidity, or by the sheep starting off in a run, when the sound has a regular palpitation. The experienced ear of Oak knew the sound he now heard to be caused by the running of the flock with great velocity.

He jumped out of bed, dressed, and tore down the lane through a foggy dawn, and ascended the hill. The forward ewes were kept apart from those among which the fall of lambs would be later, there being two hundred of the latter class in Gabriel's flock. These two hundred seemed to have absolutely vanished from the hill. There were the fifty with their lambs, enclosed at the other end as he had left them, but the rest, forming the bulk of the flock, were nowhere. Gabriel called at the top of his voice the shepherd's call.

"Ovey, ovey, ovey!"

Not a single bleat. He went to the hedge—a gap had been broken through it, and in the gap were the footprints of the sheep. Rather surprised to find them break fence at this season, yet putting it down instantly to their great fondness for ivy in winter-time, of which a great deal grew in the plantation, he followed through the hedge. They were not in the plantation. He called again: the valleys and furthest hills resounded as when the sailors invoked the lost Hylas on the Mysian

shore; but no sheep. He passed through the trees and along the ridge of the hill. On the extreme summit, where the ends of the two converging hedges of which we have spoken were stopped short by meeting the brow of the chalk-pit, he saw the younger dog standing against the sky—dark and motionless as Napoleon at St. Helena.

A horrible conviction darted through Oak. With a sensation of bodily faintness he advanced: at one point the rails were broken through, and there he saw the footprints of his ewes. The dog came up, licked his hand, and made signals implying that he expected some great reward for signal services rendered. Oak looked over the precipice. The ewes lay dead at its foot—a heap of two hundred mangled carcasses, representing in their condition just now at least two hundred more.

Oak was an intensely humane man: indeed, his humanity often tore in pieces any politic intentions of his bordering on strategy, and carried him on as by gravitation. A shadow in his life had always been that his flock ended in mutton—that a day came and found every shepherd an arrant traitor to his defenceless sheep. His first feeling now was one of pity for the untimely fate of these gentle ewes and their unborn lambs.

It was a second to remember another phase of the matter. The sheep were not insured. All the savings of a frugal life had been dispersed at a blow; his hopes of being an independent farmer were laid low—possibly for ever. Gabriel's energies, patience, and industry had been so severely taxed during the years of his life between eighteen and eight-and-twenty, to reach his present stage of progress, that no more seemed to be left in him. He leant down upon a rail, and covered his face with his hands.

Stupors, however, do not last for ever, and Farmer Oak recovered from his. It was as remarkable as it was characteristic that the one sentence he uttered was in thankfulness:—

"Thank God I am not married: what

would *she* have done in the poverty now coming upon me!"

Oak raised his head, and wondering what he could do, listlessly surveyed the scene. By the outer margin of the pit was an oval pond, and over it hung the attenuated skeleton of a chrome-yellow moon, which had only a few days to last—the morning star dogged her on the right hand. The pool glittered like a dead man's eye, and as the world awoke a breeze blew, shaking and elongating the reflection of the moon without breaking it, and turning the image of the star to a phosphoric streak upon the water. All this Oak saw and remembered.

As far as could be learnt it appeared that the poor young dog, still under the impression that since he was kept for running after sheep, the more he ran after them the better, had at the end of his meal off the dead lamb, which may have given him additional energy and spirits, collected all the ewes into a corner, driven the timid creatures through the hedge, across the upper field, and by main force of worrying had given them momentum enough to break down a portion of the rotten railing, and so hurled them over the edge.

George's son had done his work so thoroughly that he was considered too good a workman to live, and was, in fact, taken and tragically shot at twelve o'clock that same day—another instance of the untoward fate which so often attends dogs and other philosophers who follow out a train of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and attempt perfectly consistent conduct in a world made up so largely of compromise.

Gabriel's farm had been stocked by a dealer—on the strength of Oak's promising look and character—who was receiving a per-centage from the farmer till such time as the advance should be cleared off. Oak found that the value of stock, plant, and implements which were really his own would be about sufficient to pay his debts, leaving himself a free man with the clothes he stood up in, and nothing more.

(To be continued.)

HENRY THOREAU, THE POET-NATURALIST.*

MR. H. A. PAGE, in his little Memoir of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has made an incidental reference to Thoreau, which *might* be misleading. He is, of course, merely illustrating there the relations of his subject to the other men with whom he came in contact, and cannot be dealt with so severely as if he had left openings for his readers to receive wrong impressions as to his proper theme. Still, it is a vital error to lead in any way to the idea that Thoreau was a hermit, or that he permanently banished himself to Walden Wood to study trees, and beasts, and fishes, and to map out the land like a surveyor. He built a hut, it is true, with his own hands, and lived there for a time—fully two years it was—but the escapade, as some would call it, of Walden, was never meant by Thoreau to be other than an interlude. And yet with us in England he is too much conceived of in this light, as a sort of semi-wild man of the woods, and, in our idea, is saved from being a wild man altogether only by a dash of finer *instinct*, which made him influential with the lower creatures, but divorced him totally from human society. Now, this is a wrong account of Thoreau altogether, and with a very acute and interesting volume in our hand, which is half biography and half criticism, from the pen of Dr. W. H. Channing, and of which we have been favored with an early copy, we are fain to believe that we may be able to make various points respecting Thoreau somewhat plainer to English minds.

First of all, consider how singular it was that just as American character was getting a new impulse towards worldly acuteness, and the surrender of strictly personal and spiritual traits, with the remarkable extension of peopled territory that gave the acuteness a new sphere to exercise itself in, there should come a fresh and powerful wave of transcendentalism that sought to assert individuality, and build it on a true basis. Thoreau was the representative of this on one side, just as Emerson and Hawthorne were representatives of it on other sides; and, instead of being divorced from the highest form of American devel-

opment, he was, perhaps, its most faithful and consistent exponent. For the teeming wealth of a new and illimitable country must ever, in the outset, oppose itself to the assertion of the individual genius, and essay (if we may speak so) to break it down to its own level, as the trees, growing freely yet closely together in the forest, preserve and foster each other, but rise very much of one size and all alike in form. Society in such conditions lives by the very reaction it breeds, for it is quite impossible to calculate the benefit to American life of the inconsistent deference practically paid by its professed republican members to royalty and aristocracy in every form.

Hawthorne's works are, in essence, a protest against every kind of republican levelling down. He sought, in the Puritan sentiment which was supplied to American history with its relations to old English life, for traditions that recalled the inherited mysteries and dooms of life—breeding distinctions—and from that root what a tree grew up in the atmosphere of his quaint genius! Emerson, again, found compensating forces in the solitude and the occupations possible only in a country which is new, and not yet pressed for breathing space; and Thoreau, perhaps, more than either in the testimony which a real retirement from society could render to the highest idea of individuality, as the foundation-stone of a truly cultured society. Goethe said that when he needed to recruit himself for serious thought, he must retire into solitude; and so it was with Thoreau. But it was the opposite idea to that of Rousseau, for instance, which led Thoreau to Walden. He went there not to escape men, but to prepare himself for them; not to brood, but to act—only to act in lines that would enable him to stand for ever after—free, vigorous, independent. There is a strange, close-packed realism in his writing, thoroughly symptomatic of the man and his character, as though he specially followed Nature in her economy of seed-packing; and it should be observed that you never get hint of the recluse, who speedily falls to dreaming and vain pitying of himself. There is no self-pity in Thoreau, rather a robust self-sufficiency that could claim the privilege of rendering

* *Henry Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist.* By W. H. CHANNING, D.D. Osgood and Co.
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manly help, though never seeking or accepting any, and that loves to administer readily what Emerson calls 'shocks of effort.' But there was in him nothing of the rebel proper; he delighted above all things to be at home, and to reverence, only you must allow him something of his own way. When he refused to pay taxes after Government followed him to the forest, it was out of no abstract opposition or dislike to society,—he was the last man to act from sentiments; he asserted that there was still a sphere where Government had no right to follow if a man could only find and fix it, and where it did despite to itself by the assertion of its power. Now, only in a country like America could such an idea be put fairly to the test, however much it may be opposed to the democratic idea in itself. A rapid glance at the leading facts of Thoreau's life will, perhaps, all the better enable us to bring this out.

Henry David Thoreau, who was born in 1817, was the youngest son of a French immigrant, who was by trade a lead-pencil maker, and had achieved such a measure of success in his adopted country as to enable him to aim at giving his sons a thoroughly good education. Henry was sent to Harvard University while still young and graduated in 1837; but he achieved little or no distinction either at school or college. He had his own ways of looking at and doing things, and, as is not seldom the case with genius, he was somewhat slow at working his way to the end of a set problem, though once having done so, it was more than mastered. He would not fall into regular studies, and did not attract the masters, nor make friends of fellow-students, but lived a solitary life. On leaving college, he and an elder brother kept an academy at Concord for a year or two; and then he was noticeable for his love of rambling abroad in his spare hours collecting specimens of natural history. He was unlike the sentimentalist, especially in his capacity of attachment to locality, for at no place but Concord did he ever make a permanent home, however much he loved to wander. The most important event of this period was a journey to the White Mountains with his brother John, which seemed to awaken in him new capacities of knowledge and pleasure.

Of the school-teaching he at length got wearied, and then applied himself to his father's craft, obtaining certificates for

having made a better pencil than any then in use; and there is a characteristic story told, that he and his father, to show the excellence of their work, resolved to make as good a pencil out of paste as those sawed from black-lead in London. The result was accomplished, and the certificate obtained; Thoreau himself claiming a good share of the success, as he found the means to cut the plates. But more characteristic than all, perhaps, is the fact that, when he was congratulated on fortune's door being thus thrown wide open to him, he declared that he would not make another pencil, as he did not wish to do again what he had done once. At this his friends were, of course, greatly disappointed; but he stood firm and adventured on other industries—making boats, building fences, and surveying, by which he made his own living—doing also a considerable amount of travel and observation during the next few years. His first book, written during this time, grew out of a voyage on the Concord and Merrimac rivers, which he made in 1839, with his brother John, who sympathized with him in many of his tastes, but who died early, and whose death Thoreau deeply lamented. Of his 'Walk to Wachusett in 1843,' he made interesting record in his article under that title in the 'Boston Miscellany.' But all his studies only drew him to seek opportunities to carry them out yet more consistently and steadily. So he took a great resolve, and in March of 1845 began the building of his hut at Walden Wood, which, as often happens, because it has somewhat of an *outré* look, has occupied a wholly disproportionate place in the general notion of Thoreau. 'By the middle of April it was framed and ready for raising,' and by the 4th of July—not without significance either, being Independence Day—he went into occupation. He had purchased the boards of an Irishman's shanty, and exults as he looks on his finished work, that 'there is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest.'

And a right trim firm little abode it was, with its one cheerful window and detached offices, if we may at all credit the frontispiece of his first work, 'Walden.' He can exult in the fact that, by habit, men can do with but little shelter, and vastly admire the Penobscot Indians, who have

nothing but a thin tent between them and the snow, and do not suffer by it. Thus he finds that savage life attains in one primitive principle the equality which modern societies vainly yearn for—the poorest having as good a shelter as the highest! Yet his hatred of waste and shiftlessness was as notable as these other traits. He says, in one place:—‘There is none so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin. That is shiftlessness. There are plenty of such chairs as I like best, to be had for the taking them away.’ And it is very odd to observe, amid his apparent indifference to wealth and self-interest, the really Yankee way in which he exults in being able to provide for himself with his own hands, so checkmating Nature as to have a balance over. His statement of accounts of the cost of the Walden hut is full of unconscious humor. He recalls, with natural complacency, that at Cambridge College the student pays for his room one dollar, eighty-seven and a-half cents each year more than his house had cost him, and has thereupon some quaint reflections on true education. He congratulates himself on the absence of all ‘baggage’—‘traps,’ as, he says, the popular slang well calls it, and avows his conviction that ‘to maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely,’—as the pursuits of the ‘simple nations’ are still the sports of the artificial.

And now he set himself to the practical application of his own theories. Having no human companions, save occasional visitors—Emerson, one of his nearest neighbors amongst them—he honestly tried what the lower creatures could do for him. And soon he and they were on most intimate terms. The fishes came, as it seemed, into his hand if he but dipped it in the stream; the mice would come and playfully eat out of his fingers, and the very mole paid him friendly visits; sparrows alighted on his shoulder at his call; phoebes built in his shed; and the partridge with her brood came and fed quietly beneath his window as he sat and looked at them. And the more intimate he grows with his brute friends, the more his respect and love for them rises. He writes:—‘If we take the age into account, may there not be a civilization going on among brutes as well as men? They seem to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, await-

ing their transformation.’ His writings in ‘Walden’ are like a discourse on the text, ‘The whole creation groaneth.’

The fine sympathy of this man, his poetic life, deep love and yearning kindredship met and drew forth the inmost and best in the brutes, and led them on to the transformation for which they were awaiting. Notice how different is Thoreau’s feeling for the dumb creatures from that which animates the common pet-keeper, who almost seems to aim at destroying the true brute nature, and the dim rudimentary humanity along with it, in order to make them little else than ‘snobs.’ Thoreau, far from being in reactionary divorce from man, loves the animals because they are manlike, and seem to yearn towards human forms. And to him even inanimate nature looks manward in its constancies, if in nothing else. What a glimpse this passage from Dr. Channing gives us of the man:—

‘Thoreau named all the birds without a gun, a weapon he never used in mature years. He neither killed nor imprisoned any animal, unless driven by acute needs. He brought home a flying squirrel, to study its mode of flight, but quickly carried it back to the wood. He possessed true instincts of topography, and could conceal choice things in the bush and find them again; unlike Gall, who commonly lost his locality and himself, as he tells us, when in the wood, master as he was in playing on the organ. If Thoreau needed a box in his walk, he would strip a piece of birch bark off the tree, fold it, when cut straightly, together, and put his tender lichen or brittle creature therein.’

And, naturally, nothing afforded him more delight than to observe the graceful prudence of animals. The shifts to which he had often to put himself to achieve this knowledge without cruelty, perhaps did more than aught else to develop in him his wonderful, half-animal sagacities. Mr. Emerson tells us that when once at Walden he visited Thoreau

‘The naturalist waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. On this day he looked for the menyanthes and detected it across the wide pool; and, on examination of the foret, declared that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his breast-pocket a diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom that day, whereof he kept account as a banker does when his notes are due.’ He could pace rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could find his way in the woods at night better by his feet than by his eyes. He knew every

track in the snow and on the ground, and what creature had taken the path in the snow before him.'

And Dr. Channing thus aptly supplements Mr. Emerson:—

'Alpine and sea-plants he admired, besides those of his own village: of the latter, he mostly attended willows, golden-rods, asters, polygums, sedges, and grasses; fungi and lichens he somewhat affected. He was accustomed to date the day of the month by the appearance of certain flowers, and thus visited special plants for a series of years, in order to form an average; as his whitethorn by Tarbell's Spring, "Good for to-morrow, if not for to-day." The bigness of noted trees, the number of rings, the degree of branching by which their age may be drawn; the arger forests, such as that princely "Inches Oak-Wood," in West Acton, or Wetherbee's patch, he paid attention to.'

Thoreau's main purpose was to exhibit the points where animal instinct and resource meet human affection and virtue, and illustrate each other. The following is certainly well worth quoting in this light:—

'Man conceitedly names the intelligence and industry of animals, instinct, and overlooks their wisdom and fitness of behavior. I saw where the squirrels had carried off the ears of corn, more than twenty rods from the corn-field, to the woods. A little further on, beyond Hubbard's Brook, I saw a grey squirrel, with an ear of yellow corn, a foot long, sitting on the fence, fifteen rods from the field. He dropped the corn, but continued to sit on the rail, where I could hardly see him, it being of the same color with himself, which I have no doubt he was well aware of. He next went to a red maple, where his policy was to conceal himself behind the stem, hanging perfectly still there till I passed, his fur being exactly the color of the bark. When I struck the tree, and tried to frighten him, he knew better than to run to the next tree, there being no continuous row by which he might escape; but he merely fled higher up, and put so many leaves between us that it was difficult to discover him. When I threw up a stick to frighten him, he disappeared entirely, though I kept the best watch I could, and stood close to the foot of the tree.

'They are wonderfully cunning!'

Busy men and women—dwellers in cities, people of society, who make the lower creatures practically serviceable—do undoubtedly in their passion for discipline and order in horses, dogs, and the rest, come to regard animal life as something so dependent on human character and effort as to deprive it of all real individual interest. Against this tendency Thoreau testified, just as he testified unremittingly

to the sacredness of human individuality. Science itself—as generally understood—does not help us here, but rather comes in to confirm the artificial notion by absorbing the individual in the class—the species, the genus, the order. An over-pressed and over-cultivated social life, leaning on science, thus finally inflicts injury on itself by narrowing its sources of true interest; and owes gratitude to the men who honestly recall it to Nature—to the Wordsworths, the Bewicks, the Thoreaus, the Blackburns. A face to face and daily intercourse with her, in seeking traces of the dim human instincts which she seems to shroud so strangely even in her most worthless productions, is a supremely healthy occupation or pastime; since it develops sympathy, in enforcing the idea that some ordinances of nature that man deems harsh may, after all, have a reference to wise and beautiful races other than human. And this has the best concurrence of Scripture. 'Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His permission.' With Thoreau animals were rudimentary men; and their human aspect was that pre-eminently in which their individuality stood revealed. On this ground it was that he based their rights to freedom, to toleration, and to a healthier regard in their domesticated condition. Very significant in this light is a noble passage on the horse—the reader will see that the whole soul of Thoreau speaks in it:—

'I saw a man a few days since, working by the river, with a horse, carting dirt; and the horse and his relations to him struck me as very remarkable. There was the horse, a mere animated machine, though his tail was brushing off the flies, his whole condition subordinated to the man's, with no tradition (perhaps no instinct) in him of a time when he was wild and free,—completely humanized. No contract had been made with him that he should have the Saturday afternoons, or the Sundays, or any holidays, his independence never being recognised; it being now quite forgotten, both by man and horse, that the horse was ever free. For I am not aware that there are any wild horses known surely not to be descended from tame ones. He was assisting that man to pull down that bank, and spread it over the meadow, only keeping off the flies with his tail, and stamping, and catching a mouthful of grass or leaves from time to time on his own account; all the rest for man. It seemed hardly worth while that he should be animated for this. *It was plain that the man was not educating the horse, not trying to develop his nature, but merely getting work out of him.*

"Extremes are counted worst of all."

That mass of animated matter seemed more com-

pletely the servant of man than any inanimate. For slaves have *their* holidays; a heaven is conceded to them (such as it is); but to the horse, none. Now and for ever, he is man's slave. *The more I considered, the more the man seemed akin to the horse, only his will was the stronger of the two*; for a little further on I saw an Irishman shovelling, who evidently was as much tamed as the horse. He had stipulated that a certain amount of his independence be recognised; and yet he was really but a little more independent. *What is a horse but an animal that has lost its liberty; and has man got any more liberty for having robbed the horse; or has he just lost as much of his own, and become more like the horse he has robbed?* Is not the other end of the bridle, too, coiled around his neck? Hence stable-boys, jockeys, and all that class that are daily transported by fast horses. There he stood with his oblong, square figure (his tail mostly sawed off), seen against the water, brushing off the flies with his stump braced back, while the man was filling the cart.

"The ill that's wisely feared is half withstood,
He will redeem our deadly, drooping state."

'I regard the horse as a human being in a humble state of existence. Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practises it will have neighbors.'

Never, perhaps, were the claims of the horse, and indirectly of all the domestic animals, more powerfully put; and here we have disclosed to us clearly the point at which, with Thoreau, the mystery of animal life touched that of man and raises it up to nearly equal interest, only, however, to increase tenfold the meaning and wonder of that to which it was allied.

Some time after Thoreau's return from Walden his father died, and then, in spite of the protest he had made, he returned to the lead pencil making, at the call of duty, devoting himself to it with wonderful assiduity. He had his own mill, and discovered remarkable punctuality and prudence. All his spare time was spent in following up his own bent in excursions here and there—the most notable of which was perhaps his great tour to Minnesota and the West, in 1860, when he exulted in finding the crab-apple, and in making friends with the Indians, who interested him vastly. In November of 1860 he took a severe cold, through exposing himself while counting the rings on trees, and when there was snow on the ground. He never got over the shock, though he lingered till the spring, and he died on the morning of the 8th of May, 1861.

Thoreau was a naturalist, because he was primarily a poet—and hence the fitness of Dr. Channing's title 'Poet-natura-

list.' He held things by inner affinities, rather than by hard classifications. Instincts and habits were ever of more account with him than the mere organs and functions, whose expressions he held that these were, and nothing more. Yet he was observant of these also, and was seldom out in a matter of fact or calculation. Correctness in details, surprising patience, and a will that nothing could defeat or embarrass, held in closest union with fine imagination, without sense of contradiction—this was his first characteristic. His grand quality was sympathy. He came to everything with the poet's feeling, the poet's heart, the poet's eye. To observe was his joy. What pictures he can draw of wholly uninteresting places and things! What loving rapture he falls into over the commonest appearances! What new metaphors he finds lurking in ordinary sylvan occurrences! The common ongoings of nature were to him a mighty parable, and he set some part of it to adequate music, to which we may listen with delight, and learn wisdom. And as he brought sympathy with him towards every person he met and every object he examined, so he demanded it in those he encountered, though he had an utter horror of false professions of it. Therefore, like a Scotchman in this, he was prone to hide it under brusqueness till you *knew* him. But as flowers expand in the sun, his soul expanded in the glow of innocent delights, till even his senses seemed transfigured and benignantly endowed with special sensibilities and attractions. He was fond of children, and had unusual tact with them, as every one who ever attended any of his parties attest. 'Hermit and stoic as he was,' says Emerson, 'he was really fond of sympathy, and threw himself heartily and child-like into the company of young people whom he loved, and whom he delighted to entertain, as he only could, with the varied and endless anecdotes of his experience in field and river. And he was always ready to lead a huckleberry party or a search for chestnuts and grapes.' Yet he is always wonderfully self-restrained and self-respecting. He makes a poem out of the most ordinary object, event, or incident; but he will be the last to celebrate it as such; and, while some men seek a climax, he despised rhetoric and all conscious aims at effect. This passage on telegraph posts may be taken as a specimen of

his finest vein, showing his keen interest in all that concerned human progress :—

'What a recipe for preserving wood, to fill its pores with music ! How this wild tree from the forest, stripped of its bark and set up here, rejoices to transmit this music. When no melody proceeds from the wire, I hear the hum within the entrails of the wood, the oracular tree, rejoicing, accumulating the prophetic fury. The resounding wood,—how much the ancients would have made of it ! To have had a harp on so great a scale, girding the very earth, and played on by the winds of every latitude and longitude, and that harp were (so to speak) the manifest blessing of heaven on a work of man's. Shall we not now add a tenth Muse to those immortal Nine, and consider that this invention was most divinely honored and distinguished, upon which the Muse has thus condescended to smile,—this magic medium of communication to mankind ? To read that the ancients stretched a wire round the earth, attaching it to trees of the forest, on which they sent messages by one named Electricity, father of Lightning and Magnetism, swifter far than Mercury,—the stern commands of war and news of peace ; and that the winds caused this wire to vibrate so that it emitted harp-like and Æolian music in all the lands through which it passed, as if to express the satisfaction of God in the invention ! And this is fact, and yet we have attributed the instrument to no God. I hear the sound of the wood working terribly within. When I put my ear to it, anon it swells into a clear tone, which seems to concentrate in the core of the tree, for all the sound seems to proceed from the wood. It is as if you had entered some world-cathedral, resounding to some vast organ. The fibre of all things have their tension and are strained like the strings of a lyre. I feel the very ground tremble underneath my feet as I stand near the post. The wire vibrates with great force as if it would strain and rend the wood. What an awful and fateful music it must be to the worms in the wood. No better vermifuge were needed. As the wood of an old Cremona, its every fibre, perchance, harmoniously tempered, and educated to resound melody, has brought a great price ; so, methinks, these telegraph posts should bear a great price with musical instrument makers. It is prepared to be the material of harps for ages to come ; as it were, put a-soak, a-seasoning, in music.'

And again :—

'As the woodchuck dines chiefly on crickets, he will not be at much expense in seats for his winter quarters. Since the anatomical discovery that the *thymoid* gland, whose use in man is *nil*, is for the purpose of promoting digestion during the hibernating jollifications of the woodchuck, we sympathize less at the 'retreat. Darwin, who hibernates in science, cannot yet have heard of this use of the above gland, or he would have derived the human race from our woodchuck, instead of landing him flat on the *Simiada*, or monkey.'

As a piece of elevated noble description, with lights of pure poetry interfusing it, nothing could be finer than this description of a snowfall :—

'Did you ever admire the steady, silent, windless fall of the snow, in some lead-colored sky, silent save the little ticking of the flakes as they touched the twigs ? It is chased silver, moulded over the pines and oak leaves. Soft shades hang like curtains along the closely-draped wood-paths. Frozen apples become little cider-vats. The old, crooked apple-trees, frozen stiff in the pale, shivering sunlight that appears to be dying of consumption, gleam forth like the heroes of one of Dante's cold hells ; we would mind any change in the mercury of the dream. The snow crunches under the feet ; the chopper's axe rings funereally through the tragic air. At early morn, the frost on button-bushes and willows was silvery, and every stem and minutest twig and filamentary weed came up a silver thing, while the cottage smoke rose salmon-colored into that oblique day. At the base of ditches were shooting crystals, like the blades of an ivory-handled penknife, and rosettes and favors fretted of silver on the flat ice. The little cascades in the brook were ornamented with transparent shields, and long candelabums and spermaceti-colored fools' caps and plated jellies and white globes, with the black water whirling along transparently underneath. The sun comes out, and all at a glance, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds start into intense life on the angles of the snow crystals.'

With Thoreau, in one word, everything is seen in relation to human sentiment and fitness. He is a reconciler. His great aim is to recommend Nature to Man—to prove her worthy of the recommendation, and so induce and enhance the idea of individuality—which, in midst of all her masses and mighty generalities, she everywhere faithfully celebrates. Thoreau went to Nature an individualist, and came back the prophet of society, as truly reconstructed, with liberty for its groundwork—but liberty which would give no quarter to licence of any kind. Sobriety, severity, and self-respect, foundation of all true sociality, are his motto. He himself says :—

'I think I love society as much as most, and am ready enough to fasten myself like a blood-sucker for the time to any full-blooded man that comes in my way. I am naturally no hermit, but might possibly sit out the sturdiest frequenter of the bar-room if my business called me thither.'

It was quite consistent with this that he should hate slavery—should speak nobly and unceasingly for the valiant John Brown of Harper's Ferry. His heart beat true for human rights, though he was wont to speak depreciatingly of professed philanthropists, who were apt to ignore broad distinctions, where he maintained them—distinctions, too, which he held were essential to be recognized in view at once of social well-being and true individuality. In

fact Thoreau was a man of high and ready public spirit, though he declined to be interested in the petty machinery of forced and overheated local politics, just as Emerson tells us that he listened impatiently to news or *bon mots* gleaned from London circles; and that though he tried to be civil, these anecdotes fatigued him. Wrapt up with his apparent disregard of elegancies, he had with him a marked air of elegance which could consist without accessories. 'He was short of stature, firmly built, of light complexion, serious blue eyes (right well opened), and a grave aspect.' So says Emerson, and the portrait given at the opening of the 'Excursions' justifies the words. The expression is at once so shrewd, so spiritual—the Yankee traits really there, yet refined away in earnest thought and wise foresight. The eyes so soft and thoughtful, yet so wondrously penetrating, so expressive of sharp mother-wit and kindness and generosity without stint; the nose so full, and yet so sensitive in the nostril; the mouth so expressive of resolution and self-respecting calmness; and the forehead a round, rising arch, bespeaking fervid imagination. Such was Thoreau—one of the most vigorous, independent, and true-hearted of Americans, who would easily have been turned into a martyr, notwithstanding that he held so lightly by formulas. His cutting brusqueness, of which even his dearest friends sometimes made mention, arose out of the seriousness and severity of his nature, which abhorred all triviality and vain conversation, and which, combined with such keen imagination and fiery hatred of wrong as characterized him, is always a main ingredient in heroism. What could be finer than his own account of himself, when he was cast into the State prison, because of that quarrel over the taxes, which he would not pay:—

'I saw that if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder, for they thought that my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and they were really all that was dangerous. As

they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at any person at whom they have a grudge, will abuse his dog.'

Never was the Puritan idea of freedom of soul better illustrated—unless perhaps by John Bunyan, in Bedford Jail. Thoreau, on a point of right, would have fought, and borne all indignity. In this case his friends came to his rescue, and he went free.

Probably it was this quality of self-sufficiency, associated as it was with such wonderful clearness of aim and skill in finding easy means to attain the end in view, which made Mr. Emerson signalize his practical ability in this regretful strain:—

'With his energy and practical ability he seemed born for a great enterprise and for command; and I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding empires one of these days; but if at the end of the years it is still only beans! . . .'

Of fine sayings his books are full. No more dainty fancy, or power of exactly presenting the image of what lay in his own mind, has any recent writer possessed in greater measure. And a sudden humor, like summer lightning, plays over his pages. We could easily fill many pages; let these few sentence suffice:—

'The keeping of bees is like the directing of sunbeams.' ('Paradise [to be] Regained.')

'I say beware of all enterprises that require new clothes, and not rather a new wearer of clothes.'

'You must have stout legs to get noticed at all by Carlyle. . . . He indicates a depth which he neglects to fathom.'

In the essay on walking, he says:—

'We are but faint-hearted crusaders; even the walkers nowadays undertake no persevering world's-end enterprises. Our expeditions are but tours, and come round again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we set out. Half of the walk is but retracing our steps. We should go forth on the shortest walks, perchance, in the spirit of stirring adventure, never to return,—prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. . . . If you have paid your debts and made your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man, then you are ready for a walk.'

And in his poems there is often a rarity and chastity of expression, and a quality

such as we seldom meet with, as these few specimens will show:—

‘The little violet
Pencilled with purple on one snowy leaf.’

‘The golden-rod and aster stain the scene
With hue of earth and sky.’

‘The gossamer motionless hung from the spray,
Where the weight of the dewdrops had torn it
away;
And the seed of the thistle, that whisper could
swing,
Aloft on his wheel, as tho’ born on the wing,
When the yellow-bird severed it, dipping across
Its soft plumes unruffled fell down on the moss.’

‘The last butterfly
Like a wing’d violet floating in the meek
Pink-colored sunshine, sinks his velvet feet,
Within the pillared mulleins’ delicate down.’

We take leave of Thoreau with lingering regret, conscious that to have unfolded his character and aims fully would have required an abler pen than ours, and also far larger space than is allotted to us. His character was like those seaside flowers which smell the sweeter and grow the purer in that they are touched by the rough sea-salt.—*British Quarterly Review*.

IRISH POETICAL HUMOR.

If we had to explain what it is which gives its highest attraction to Irish poetry, we should say its skill in expressing lightness of heart. Not that we hold the Irish, especially the Irish of to-day, to be a very light-hearted people, rather the reverse; but that they seem to us to have in a higher degree than any Teutonic race, the power of just touching a subject with combined tenderness and gaiety, but without throwing, as we say, the whole heart into it. No literature shows so great a genius for playfulness and sweetness combined, for the tenderness which skims lightly over its object, enjoying its own light touch, and yet is true tenderness all the time, as the Celtic, and especially the Irish. These thoughts have been suggested to us by a book of very great beauty and humor called “Songs of Killarney,”* by a Mr. A. P. Graves, which has just come under our notice, all the best part of which is as delicate an embodiment of tender gaiety as it has often been our lot to find. For the poetical humor of the book is entirely of the sort we have described; it touches, with just that delicate ease and vivacity which it is so difficult to ordinary mortals to attain, subjects which interest the heart,—but it only touches them, and plays with them with a sportiveness that enhances the tenderness of the touch. Nothing can be more unlike the grim American humor,—that reticent under-expression of the truth which records a man’s death by saying,—

“And he smiled a kinder sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more,”

than this Irish humor, in which it is more the heart than the understanding which is at play, though the playfulness is never heartless, as the playfulness of the heart so often is. To illustrate our meaning, take the following gay little song on an Irish girl at the spinning-wheel:—

“Show me a sight,
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
O! No!
Nothin’ you’ll show,
Aquals her sittin’ and takin’ a twirl at it.

Look at her there,
Night in her hair—
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin’ out on us!
Fair, an’ a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin’ to put an end to all doubt in us.

That there’s a sight,
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
O! No!
Nothin’ you’ll show,
Aquals her sittin’ an’ takin’ a twirl at it.

See! the lamb’s wool
Turns coarse an’ dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy, white hands of her.
Down goes her heel,
Roun’ runs the wheel,
Purrin’ wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Then show me a sight,
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.

* *Songs of Killarney*. By Alfred Perceval Graves. London: Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

O! No!
 Nothin' you'll show,
 Aqual her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates,
 Seated on seats,
 Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done for me.

You may want three
 For your massacre,
 But one fate for me, boys, and only the one for me.

And
 Isn't that fate,
 Pictured complate,
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
 O! No!
 Nothin' you'll show,
 Aqual her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it."

That is gay and tender at once; the heart is always in it, but is always lightly in it, by which we do not mean superficially, but at its ease, and not absorbed, not at full tension, but enjoying the play of fancy, for instance, as to the wheel, "purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her," and as to the far greater finality of a Fate embodied in such a form as this, than in the shape of the three sisters of the Greek legend. The Irish magic of touch is not the highest magic, but it is almost the highest magic compatible with the interpretation of a light heart. That "reaction against the despotism of facts" which we have often been told that Celtic faith and Celtic fancy always show, is never shown to greater advantage than when it is quite conscious and playful, and employed in choosing deliberately a language of cunning and delicate flattery, perfectly confessed as flattery, but not the less expressing at the same time love and gaiety. The Irish are the best flatterers in the world, for they know how to mingle fun with flattery and flattery with fun, till you hardly know whether it is the playful extravagance, or the feeling which seems to dictate it, that pleases you the most.

Then another feature in the poetical humor of Ireland is the delight shown in any pleasant excuse for a fanciful "beating about the bush," as Saxons contemptuously term the intermediate steps between a purpose and its fulfilment. Practical peoples and passionate literatures show very little favor to the region of half-suspended feelings, which are, nevertheless, for those who know how to enjoy them, perhaps of all states of emotion the most truly pleasurable, because the least feverish, and

also those in which the fancy is apt to play the most active part. To keep to the Killarney ballads, what can be happier than the way in which an exiled Irishman, plodding his way to Cincinnati with the potato-blossom in his belt, evades answering the girl who asks him its name, indeed finds any number of excuses for not replying at once but getting a long and charming flirtation out of the question, before he indirectly conveys the answer to it in a song?—

"As fiddle in hand
 I crossed the land,
 Wid homesick heart so weighty,
 I chanced to meet
 A girl so sweet,
 That she turned my grief to gai'ty.
 Now what cause for pause
 Had her purty feet?
 Faix, the beautiful flower of the pratee,

Then more power to the flower of the pratee,
 The beautiful flower of the pratee,
 For fixin' the feet
 Of that colleen sweet
 On the road to Cincinnati.

You'd imagine her eye
 Was a bit of blue sky,
 And her cheek had a darlin' dimple.
 Her footstep faltered;
 She blushed, and altered
 Her shawl wid a timid trimble.
 'And oh, sir, what's the blossom
 You wear on your bosom?'
 She asked most sweet and simple.

I looked in her face
 To see could I trace
 Any hint of lurkin' levity;
 But there wasn't a line
 Of her features fine
 But expressed the gentlest gravity.
 So quite at my aise
 At her innocent ways,
 Wid sorra a sign of brevity,

Says I, 'Don't you know
 Where these blossoms blow,
 And their name of fame, mavourneen?
 I'd be believin'
 You were deceivin'
 Shiel Dhuy this summer mornin',
 If your eyes didn't shine
 So frank on mine,
 Such a schemin' amusement scornin'.

Now I don't deny
 'Twould be asy—why
 Clane off widout any reflection—
 Barely to name
 The plant of fame
 Whose flower is your eyes' attraction;
 Asy for me,
 But to you, machree,
 Not the slenderest satisfaction.

For somehow I know
If I answered you so,
You'd be mad, you could disrimimber,
In what garden or bower
You'd seen this flower
Or adornin' what forest timber,
Or where to seek
For its fruit unique
From June until November.

Since thin, I reply,
You take such joy,
In this blossom I love so dearly,
Wid a bow like this
Shall I lave you, miss,
When I've mentioned the name of it merely;
Or take your choice,
Wid music and voice,
Shall I sing you its history clearly?"

"Oh, the song, kind sir,
I'd much prefer,"
She answered wid eager gai'ty.
So we two and the fiddle
Turned off from the middle
Of the road to Cincinnati,
And from under the shade
That the maples made
I sang her the Song of the Pratee."

How charming is that reason for *breaking*
to his fair questioner the startling informa-
tion to be conveyed in his reply, that if
he did, she would be "mad," that she

"could disrimimber
In what garden or bower
She'd seen this flower,
Or adornin' what forest timber;"

—and how effectually that last suggestion,
that it might possibly be the flower of a
forest tree, would tend to keep the young
lady in the dark; and, then, how humo-
rously just is that observation of the min-
strel's that he set about answering her
question "wid sorra a sign of brevity"! Note,
too, how stately and ceremonious is the
alternative with which he ends his in-
geniously diffuse, but by no means prolix
speech,—

"Wid a bow like this,
Shall I lave you, miss,
While I've mentioned the name of it merely,
Or, take your choice,
Wid music and voice,
Shall I sing you its history clearly?"

Irish humor is like Nature in the large
time-assumptions on which it builds its
processes. Infinite leisure is one of the
most humorous of its moral axioms, and
there is none which gives a freer play to
the fancy. The impetuosity of passion
hurries other literatures along in swift ripple
or in earnest, deep current, where the
Irish has ample opportunity for the most

graceful play with the initial stage of sen-
timent,—the stage in which there is the
sweetness of half-lights without the pain
of intensity.

And surely no literary humor ever had
the true air of frolic more completely.
Whether this, too, is due to that "reaction
against the despotism of fact" which Cel-
tic humor is said to exhibit, we hardly
know, but drollery more complete in
handling some of the most earthly of facts,
—say, the national pig, for instance,—so as
to give a bright atmosphere of fancy to
their grossness, it would be hard to find
than in the story of the fairy sow whom
Connor Glanny disenchant by lifting her
tenderly off the sultry rock into the shade,
and fetching her a drink from the neigh-
boring fountain:—

"Thin the sow for that sup
Lookin' thankfully up,
Now what do you think?
Before you could wink,
Sucked it down in one drink,
Gave herself a good rowl,
An' thin, on my sowl!
Starts up, why as frisky
As if she'd had whisky,
Racin' an' chasin'
Her tail wid her snout,
In a style so amazin',
Aroan' an' about,
That though Glanny felt sure,
An' surer each minute,
There was somethin' quare in
Performin' her cure;
He should still folly as after
That bonneen so droll,
His sides splittin' wid laughter,
At each caracole.

So the sow held her path
To an old Irish rath,
Thin roundin' about
Wid a shake of her snout,
Signin' where she was goin',
She made off for an owen
Gladiating her way,
Wid her tail in the air,
Through such briars and furze,
As a fool, why, would say,
In five minutes 'd flay her
Wid that soft skin of hers,
Or prickle the baste
To a hedgehog at laste.

"Hould on," Glanny shouted,
"Or by that holly-tree,
Suicided you'll be,"
An made for to catch her,
But through it she snouted
Wid sorra a scratch, sure,
Just as if it was wool
She was giving a pull;
An' Glanny should follow
The pig, av ye plaze,
Right in through that holly
On his hands and his knees;

Till she came to a cave,
Flagged above with gallauns,
An' the ould ogham Crève
On the edge of the stones,
As he saw, whin his sight
Understood the dim light
Of that hole underground.
But no symptom around,
Left, centre, or right,
Of the little bonneen
That had guided him in.

Till liftin' his eyes,
He sees wid surprise,
Herself by the curl,
Of her comical tail,
Swingin' down from the roof
In a wonderful whirl."

What genius but the Irish would have thought of a sow "*gladiatoring* her way" through the briars and furze; or of her pursuer calling out to her that if she didn't stop she would be "suicided by that holly-tree"? The drollery in this familiar comparison of a frisky sow to a Roman gladiator is exquisitely Irish, and gives us a specimen of a genuine frolic of fancy in the very heart of things material such as hardly any other genius could contemplate. Another exquisite frolic of the same kind is to be found in the little poem called "The Invention of Wine," where the infant Bacchus is supposed to fall from Olympus into the midst of an Irish fruit-and-flower show, dashing into a cluster of prize-grapes, whose flowing juice the touch of the infant god turns into wine. We can only take a single verse of infinite drollery, describing the little deity's preparations for an outcry, but the whole poem is gaiety itself:—

"Now the whole of this time
That Spalpeen Sublime
Was preparing his mind for a good course of
howling,
For you've noticed, no doubt,
That the childer don't shout
Till a minute or more on their heads they've been
rowing."

That very just observation that children consider the expediency of crying for some little time between the hurt and the outburst,—in other words, that they have to imagine the alarm of the situation before they resent it—is another very happy illustration of the delight which Irish humor takes in exploring the intermediate region between emotion and action. For tender gaiety, for playful sweetness, for genuine frolic and drollery in connection with the most unpromising material facts of life, the Irish poetic humor is almost unrivalled, and could hardly be better represented than in the earlier and livelier of the "Songs of Killarney." And yet there is a gloom—we fear, a growing gloom—about the Irish people, which seems to speak more of "the reaction against the despotism of facts," of the longing for an impossible idealism, than of playful tenderness and happy drollery. Such are the paradoxes which are to be found in all literatures; but certainly, wherever Irish humor is most characteristic, it is humor of the tender, playful, and fanciful, not of the grim, reticent, sardonic vein,—the humor which adorns life, not that which is almost a kind of substitute for the deeper emotions of it.—*The Spectator*.

WHAT TO BELIEVE IN SCIENCE: TELEOLOGY OR EVOLUTION.

BY THE REV. T. R. R. STEBBING, M.A.

THE Science which deals with the evidences of design or purpose is *Teleology*, the science of final causes. A final cause is that for the sake of which anything is produced or done. The old lady who found a burglar in her store-closet, asked him for the final cause of his presence in that singular situation when she said, "What brings you here, sir?" In answering, "Why, ma'am, one must be somewhere," he evidently adopted the theory that all things, the movements of human beings included, are not by purpose but by chance, and that therefore it was idle

under any circumstances to ask the reason why. Of that theory Archdeacon Paley effectually disposed many years ago, in his famous and popular treatise on Natural Theology. His whole argument is an argument from final causes. The same argument, and after much the same method, is pursued in another delightful book, the Bridgewater Treatise on "The Hand; its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design," by Sir Charles Bell. No one, indeed, will believe that the *flexor perforans* of the finger found its way through the *flexor perforatus* only by acci-

dent, just where the confined space of the narrow elongated digit made it all but essential that one of these muscles should pass through a hole in the other. No one, understanding the anatomy of the arm, and how the phalanges of the fingers are bent and straightened chiefly by muscles lying along the front and back of the forearm, would for a moment admit that the long terminal tendons of those muscles are bound down by the annular ligament at the wrist only through a lucky coincidence.

We are content, and may well be so, to recognise personal agency and design in the construction of a watch, a microscope, a steam-engine, without having seen them made or knowing the makers; and since we are surrounded by contrivances analogous, though in important particulars superior, to these contrivances, many of them long antecedent to the origin of man, and far beyond his skill to invent or even imitate, the inference so often drawn seems a fair and legitimate inference, that personal agency and design underlie all that, for convenience of language or from reverential motives, we call the works of Nature.

From the great conclusion, based on Teleology, that Nature, Creation, the Order of the Universe, has arisen not from chance but by design, we turn then to other conclusions, supposed to be grounded likewise on Teleology, and maintained by the same eminent writers who have shed so much lustre on the first part of the argument.

These authors were concerned to prove not only that design was visible in Nature, but that, out of many ways which the mind *à priori* might conceive as possible, the Designer had chosen one particular way, in preference to all other ways, of effecting his purpose. It is needless to conceal that they were led to maintain this line of argument by the impression existing in their minds that the Designer had Himself declared his choice of plan, and that therefore his honor was involved in the truthfulness of the declaration. They deemed it necessary, then, to their purpose, to show two things: first, that this particular plan had in fact been pursued; and secondly, that upon a broad general view, and as far as the human intellect and human science could judge, this plan was of all conceivable plans the very best. We propose to join issue with them on both these

points, and to show that the teaching of Teleology is in favor of a different plan from that which *they* thought must have been followed; different, we say, from theirs, yet equally consistent with supreme wisdom and goodness.

On whatever plan the Universe may have been contrived and ordered, a finite intellect scanning and gauging it, not as a whole, but part by part, observing only infinitesimally small portions of it at any one time, and most of it never, can scarcely fail to be impressed with what some would call imperfection and contrariety in the scheme, but what others would more logically as well as more reverently describe as problems awaiting solution, as mysteries not to be frivolously blasphemed because impenetrable or unsatisfactory to a particular order of intelligence. But this doctrine, undeniable as it surely is, throws its ægis equally over every theory of creation, protecting all equally from *à priori* objections. We are really concerned with nothing except the facts of the case—facts gradually emerging, slowly revealing themselves, or being revealed, to the prophets and apostles and poets of science, with their strange gifts beyond the run of common men; gifts of heroic patience and self-denial, by which, with sure steps though slow, they penetrate the innermost arcana of the world, showing more and more clearly with every advance that no part of it all is useless or uncared for, but all teaming with marvellous work, with the stamp and impress of purpose, with the signs of an omnipresent intelligence.

Opinions about the actual course of Nature have changed many times, and with each change the religious philosopher has still acknowledged, as he was bound to acknowledge, its wisdom and goodness under each disguise or change of guise; whether he thought that the round earth had been made so sure that it could not be moved, or knew it to be engaged incessantly in rapid and varied motion; whether he thought the earth a circular plain dotted with hills and surrounded by an ocean river, or knew it to be an oblate spheroid; whether he believed the sun and moon to have been created three or four days after the earth's redemption from chaos, or believed that particular opinion to be utterly absurd; whether he thought that no other animals had ever existed on the earth than such as we now know, or

was aware that multitudes of other genera and species had long ago died out; whether he believed the earth's crust to have been formed only by fiery agencies or only through the instrumentality of water, or knew it to have been formed by neither of these exclusively; whether he believed the granite rocks to be primeval, the strong foundations of the earth whereon all its outer covering rested and had been built up, or knew that granite-rocks had been continually forming in all geological periods;—through all these changes of opinion he continued, as to our view he was bound to continue, steadfast in loyalty to one belief—that, however the world had been made, it had been made wisely and had been made well.

We propose, then, to consider the theory of the world's history which the old writers on Teleology maintained, and to contrast it with the theory which they rejected. Sir Charles Bell says expressly: "Everything declares the species to have its origin in a distinct creation, not in a gradual variation from some original type; and any other hypothesis than that of a new creation of animals suited to the successive changes in the inorganic matter of the globe—the condition of the water, and atmosphere, and temperature—brings with it only an accumulation of difficulties."* But it is now abundantly clear that "the changes in the inorganic matter of the globe" of which Sir Charles Bell speaks have not taken place suddenly and at long intervals, as he supposed; they have been continuous and unceasing; they are working now. We need not witness Etna and Vesuvius in eruption to be aware of these changes. The boy who "in a showerful spring stares at the spate" may see the chalk or mud washing down the slopes, and gradually wearing away the "everlasting hills." The engineer may run his iron road under the strong cliff and on the lip of the ocean, saying to its liquid mass, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" but with the winter frost and in the winter storm the cliff falls and the waves beat on, turning dry land into sea; while elsewhere the costly light-house, built also on the edge of the shore for a beacon to the mariner, in the course of years is left far inland by the receding waters. By this gradual re-

distribution of land and water, by gradual changes of elevation and depression, by the slow diversion of hot and cold currents, and by other causes likewise operating slowly, the temperature of the earth's surface is diversified, not as a whole, but by gradual interchange of climate between its several portions. Regions now temperate in other days have known the perennial glacier and the iceberg; and the same regions now temperate, then glacial, at yet another time have reared in their warm enduring summers the grateful shade of palm-trees. The frozen North, treeless as it now is, once abounded in timber and foliage within a few degrees of the Pole.

If, then, Sir Charles Bell could fairly argue that sudden changes in the inorganic matter of the globe, in the condition of the water, the atmosphere and temperature, pointed clearly to successive creations, not the gradual variation of species, may we not as fairly infer from the changes which are now proved to have been gradual instead of sudden that gradual variation of species is more likely to have prevailed than successive creation? Certainly the teleologist cannot claim the point in favor of his argument from design if, while the outward conditions of life are constantly changing, species have been so stubbornly organised that they can make no change in correspondence. But emphatically he can claim the point in favor of his argument if he finds that not only have living organisms at any one period of the world's history been admirably suited to the condition of the world at that period, but that living organisms have been so marvellously constituted that, as time rolls on and climates change, and means of subsistence vary, and the whole face of the earth is altered, species too—which seemed to shortlived and shortsighted observers rigidly fixed and unalterable—can adapt themselves by infinite variations to the ceaseless flow of circumstances. What is the adaptation of a few bones and muscles in the arm and hand for the advantage of a single animal, compared with this argument from the adaptation of all the living species on the globe, not to a single set of conditions, but to a never-ending variety.

Paley conceived the possibility of our planet revolving without any permanent axis of rotation. "The effect," he says, "of this unfixedness and instability would

* Bell, "On the Hand," p. 166.

be, that the equatorial parts of the earth might become the polar, or the polar the equatorial, to the utter destruction of plants and animals, which are not capable of interchanging their situations, but are respectively adapted to their own.* His idea was, that upon some particular spot of the earth's surface each organism, as we now know it, was abruptly called into existence out of the dust of the earth; in one place a whale, in another a gudgeon, here a monkey and there a man. For instance, in one place he reproaches his fellow-men, saying, "We invade the territories of wild beasts and venomous reptiles, and then complain that we are infested by their bites and stings."† And having read that some extensive plains in Africa are almost entirely covered with serpents, he exclaims, "These are the natures appropriated to the situation. Let them enjoy their existence; let them have their country." According to this doctrine the extermination of wolves from England was an act of impiety; and when we fumigate our houses to rid them of animals smaller indeed than wolves but almost equally objectionable, though obeying the laws of comfort we are defying the prescriptions of Nature. Believing, as Paley did, and as so many persons continue to believe with him, that the ancestor of each species was a fixed and finished design, like a watch as it comes from the hands of the watchmaker, only with the faculty which no human machinery ever had, of producing copies of itself, it was natural for him also to believe, and believing to fancy he perceived, that Nature had a special care for preserving these designs, preserving them in the places for which they were specially designed, and preserving them unaltered. He contemplates arrangements "for the preventing of the loss of certain species from the universe; a misfortune," he says, "which seems to be studiously guarded against." "Though there may be the appearance of failure," he continues, "in some of the details of Nature's works, in her great purposes they never are. Her species never fail." It is certain that he is utterly wrong in the majority of these conclusions. The climates which he thought fixed for the different quarters of the globe have beyond all doubt been con-

tinually, or even continuously, varying. Plants and animals have not been destroyed, as he thought they must be, by such changes; one reason, though not the only reason, being, that plants and animals, which he thought were not capable of interchanging their situations, undoubtedly *are* capable of these migrations. The extinction of species is *not* studiously guarded against by Nature, and her species *do* fail. Within historical times we have the record of such failure. Now if the teleologist believed that fixity of species was nicely accommodated in the scheme of Nature to unchanging climates, to incapacity for migration among the several forms of life, and to contrivances for preventing the extinction of any, can he refuse to admit that, the circumstances being just the reverse of what he had supposed, the accommodation, the adaptation, the completeness and perfection of design for which he is arguing, imply not fixity of species but variation? This or that minute organism may have survived all changes for an incalculable period. Dredging expeditions may bring up from the depths of the ocean forgotten forms of species supposed to have been long extinct; but no researches will give us back in the clothing of flesh the gigantic mammals, birds, and laceratilians with whose fossil bones we are gradually becoming familiar under the awe-inspiring names of *Palaotherium* and *Dinornis* and *Megalosaurus*. It is safe to affirm that the great Miocene tortoise, *Colossochelys Atlas*, will crawl and creep never again in active existence.

But, it may be argued, that power of migration which you speak of would have sufficed to preserve species from the effects of variation in climate and other conditions without variation in the species themselves. It would help; it is not true that it would suffice, because the power is limited. Something more was required to maintain that wonderful diversity which we perceive both in the present and the past—plasticity, namely, in the species themselves.

One of the grand arguments urged repeatedly against the variation of species is this—that no one has ever seen one species change into another; that there is no known instance of such an occurrence. It is a wonderful argument, especially wonderful from the lips whence in general it proceeds—from lips ever prone to exalt the decisions of faith above the decisions

* Paley, "Natural Theology," ed. 1837, p. 312.

† Paley, "Natural Theology," p. 378.

of sight. By the same argument no man can believe in God, since no man has ever seen Him. The very same argument tells equally against what Sir Charles Bell calls *distinct creation*, since no man has ever seen a single instance of that method of production.

To prove design in the works of Nature, Paley compared, as well as he might do, the construction and action of living organisms with the construction and action of machinery made by human art, especially one beautiful, ingenious, and well-known piece of machinery—a watch. He propounded further the conception of a watch “possessing the property of producing, in the course of its movement, another watch like itself,” inferring justly that the effect would be to increase an observer’s “admiration of the contrivance, and his conviction of the consummate skill of the contriver.” But not a single specimen of human art does, in fact, possess this faculty, while it is common not only to many, but to all, the species of living organisms. With this essential difference, then, between the designs of art and of Nature before his eyes and noted by his pen, he was almost bound to suspect that there would be some corresponding difference in the manner of production. Anthropomorphism is the attributing to non-human powers or agents the actions and feelings of mankind. What with the imperfection of language and the feebleness of reason, we cannot wholly escape from the fallacies into which anthropomorphism is apt to lead us. Analogies of the painter and the tailor and the mechanic have overmastered Paley and many others when contemplating the colors and the drapery given by Nature, and all those levers and valves and syringes and tubes and engines and circulating fluids, within the body, which the same Nature has concealed under robes almost endlessly varying in texture, hue, and pattern. New fashions are invented by human tailors and dressmakers to satisfy human caprice; and artificial clothing will not adapt itself to changes of season or the exigencies of travel. To meet variety of circumstance man must resort to variety of design, to many a “distinct creation,” so to speak, in the sphere of art. But Nature is not to be thought of as a mortal artist, as a human mechanic. Nature is not to be charged with caprices. Nature is not bound by

all the limitations which affect the contrivances of man. Obviously, and by the confession of all, in organic life there is a power of reproduction; the recurring process of generation. That a living organism is adapted to produce an organism like itself, we all admit; but what to many seems so impossible, so heretical, so derogatory to God and man, is simply this, that an organism should be adapted by Nature to produce an organism not like itself. This is the crime of the Evolutionist. The head and front of his offending, that he attributes to the Author of Nature, a power of contrivance so far beyond man’s, a foresight, an adaptation of means to ends, not only immeasurably beyond what appears in the achievements of art, but beyond all that art has ever attempted or even imagined. Men heap scorn upon the process of development, as though it were a light thing for Omnipotence, in a moment, abruptly, by an act of distinct creation, to call into existence, out of the dust of the earth, a man with his eyes and arms and brains and gastric juices and all the other curious chemistry and mechanism of his body; but they seem to think that the same Omnipotence would have been baffled in the attempt, however long pursued, to derive a man from another creature already organised, such for example as an Ascidian. They might just as well say that generation is impossible, and that every individual fish which swims in the ocean must be the result of an act of distinct creation. Each fish presents evidences of special design. Every single argument which has been used to prove that living creatures could not have attained their present forms through a process of development will prove equally that they could not have been generated in any but their mature forms. This absurd conclusion would no doubt have been acceptable enough, had we been familiar with none but adult forms of life, had we known nothing of that admitted and undeniable course of development which leads from the germ and embryo to the full organisation of the creature in its prime. A world of butterflies would plausibly argue that their own development out of grovelling cabbage-eating caterpillars was about as contrary to common sense as any theory that could well be devised, insulting to the Author of Nature, as supposing that He would bring

a clean thing out of an unclean, and degrading to themselves, the children of the sun, fed on nectar and clad with the rainbow. This argument against development based upon the superior dignity of one creature above another creature will not bear a moment's examination. The largest brain, the fairest beauty ever found among mankind, have been nurtured by food. A Newton and a Cleopatra could not have been clever or beautiful without some such sustenance as beef and chicken. They fed on the ox, and the ox fed upon grass, and the grass fed upon manure; or if they washed down the tender flesh of pullets with Mareotic wine, the wine that gave the grapes had its roots in compost, and the chicken picked worms out of a dunghill. Of this dignified creature, man, so punctilious about his origin, it is said in a certain place, "The worm shall feed sweetly on him." You will perceive, perhaps, from what has been said, that the worm is only taking a just revenge—devouring its devourer.

In reality, however, opposition to the development theory founds itself not upon argument but upon authority. Men suppose that they have sound historical witness that man was produced a few thousand years back in a perfect state by a distinct act of creation. Moral failure, they think, first made him liable to bodily pain, and that he was exiled from the external Paradise because he had destroyed the Paradise within him of his own integrity. It will be interesting, therefore, to hear what so eminent a teleologist as Sir Charles Bell—a religious philosopher above suspicion—says on the subject of pain, bearing in mind that the Bridgewater Treatises to which his work was contributed are specially "on the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation." "To suppose," he says, "that we could be moved by the solicitations of pleasure and have no experience of pain, would be to place us where injuries would meet us at every step and in every motion, and, whether felt or not, would be destructive to life. To suppose that we are to move and act, without experience of resistance and of pain, is to suppose not only that man's nature is changed, but the whole of exterior nature also. There must be nothing to bruise the body or hurt the eye, nothing noxious to be drawn in with the breath: in short, it is to imagine altogether

another state of existence, and the philosopher would be mortified were we to put this interpretation on his meaning. Pain is the necessary contrast to pleasure: it ushers us into existence or consciousness; it alone is capable of exciting the organs into activity; it is the companion and the guardian of human life."*

To argue, therefore, that man in Paradise was free from pain is to argue that he was without the necessary companion and guardian of life, without that which alone is capable of exciting his organs into activity; that he was liable at every step and in every motion to destructive injuries; and that he was rewarded for sinning by then first becoming capable of pleasure. Or you can avoid these conclusions and still cling to the old opinion that physical pain and death were introduced into the world through man's transgression, by maintaining that until that event the lion roared as gently as any sucking dove, and that beak and claw and talon and envenomed fang were only prospective contrivances, the ingenious apparatus of punishment beneficently designed before any fault had been committed. What tenderness and benevolent wisdom we should recognise in a human parent who, as soon as his child was born or even sooner, provided a large series of rods to chastise its anticipated offences!

We turn, in conclusion, to a class of cases which appeal to sentiment more forcibly than any others. Such an appeal has no proper cogency in rigid argument, but the use of it has a definite value and adequate justification when the minds of men have been previously closed to the reception of purely logical inference by sentimental objections. There is a strong popular bias in favor of the old hypothesis of distinct creation. That hypothesis conceives of each living creature as having been specially designed and constructed for its place in the world and for certain methods of operation, as a watch, a steam-engine, a microscope, a guillotine, might be designed and constructed by man. With this hypothesis before our minds, let us take the case of the Hermit-crab. This animal encases its soft defenceless body in the unoccupied shell of a mollusc. Its abdomen is furnished with hooked appen-

* Sir Charles Bell, *Bridgewater Treatise*, "On the Hand," p. 190.

dages to enable it to attach itself to this tenement. Here, then, we have the death of the mollusc distinctly contemplated, in anticipation, no doubt, of the Fall of Man, which would react upon the lower animals, shorten the span of existence for the *Turritella* and the *Whelk*, and so at length accommodate the shivering crustacean with a house and a holdfast for its tail. But this, it seems, was likely to make the Hermit too comfortable; so another special creation presents itself in the shape of certain *Rhizocephala*, which have a free existence of a few days, and then attach themselves to the Hermit's abdomen. In this attachment, by Fritz Müller's account, these objects of distinct creation "remain astomatous (*i.e.* without mouths); they lose all their limbs completely, and appear as sausage-like, sack-shaped, or discoidal excrescences of their host." Closed tubes, ramified like roots, sink into his interior, twist round his intestine, or become diffused among the sac-like tubes of his liver. But distinct creation has not yet done with the Hermit and his guest; for in the case of *Sacculina purpurea* the roots of the parasite are made use of by two other parasites, which take up their abode beneath the *Sacculina*, and cause it to die away by intercepting the nourishment conveyed by the roots; and when the *Sacculina* itself is dead its roots continue to flourish and abound, at the expense of the Hermit and for the benefit of the besieging *Bopyrus*.

The distinct creation of this series of animals—of a crab not fitted like other crabs to produce a shell of its own, but adapted only to occupy the shell of a dead mollusc; of a *Sacculina*, not furnished like most animals with a mouth and limbs, but with roots suited only to steal away the vitality of the crab; and lastly of a *Bopyrus*, not designed for independent existence, but contrived to depend for its life upon the destruction of all but the roots of the *Sacculina*—seems to me as unlike our ordinary notions of wisdom and benevolence, as contrary to all analogy of human art and contrivance, as anything that could easily be conceived. Would any man in his senses raise a building specially suited to one set of machinery, and at the same time specially contrive a different set of machinery to suit that style of building; and at the same

time devise a third set of engines which could not work apart from the previous set, nor yet work with that set except by stealing away its products; and at the same time invent a fourth set to rob the third set of what it stole from the second? From such a group of designs we should infer either that there had been several designs hostile in purpose, or, if on other grounds we were sure that one wise master-artist was the author of them all, we should feel equally assured that the working out of these designs had not been contemporaneous but a gradual process, worked out in correspondence with gradually varying circumstances, as different materials and different facilities came successively to hand.

We will take another group of animals—the Entozoa. These are animals which, as their name implies, live within other animals. The manner and course of life in at least one well known instance is as follows:—The egg is deposited on the ground; it is swallowed by some herbivorous animal, in the stomach of which the embryo escapes from the egg. It makes its way through the walls of the stomach, and by the general circulation may be carried into any part of the tissues of its host. It there develops into a form known as *cysticercus* or bladder-tail. Its nutriment is of course derived from the animal in which it resides—a pig it may be, or some other. But it is not designed to end its life either in this form or in this position. Let the pig be killed and eaten by man, it may be, or some other carnivorous animal, and then the *cysticercus*, drawing its head out of its bag, with hooks and suckers fastens on to the intestine of his new host, and budding out an immense series of segments, becomes a tape-worm. If, therefore, the tape-worm is the result of distinct creation, it must have been distinctly created with a view to the death of one animal and the disease of another. Nay more, distinct creation of the adult tape-worm must have been itself the distinct creation of disease, and of disease in one of its most repulsive forms. An animal of so low an organisation as to be little more capable of happiness than a cabbage is thus supposed to have been invented, by the direct exercise of an ingenuity that one would scarcely dare to call divine, to be the scourge of pigs, and of

all pig-eating carnivores. These are not solitary instances; they might be supplemented by hundreds more.

Nevertheless, throughout the whole animal creation, not a single creature has been found with endowments injurious to itself. Paley especially insists on this. "The world," he says, "abounds with contrivances; and all the contrivances which we are acquainted with are directed to beneficial purposes. Evil, no doubt, exists, but is never, that we can perceive, the *object* of contrivance. Teeth are contrived to eat, not to ache." And again, "We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organisation calculated to produce pain and disease; or in explaining the parts of the human body, ever said, this is to irritate, this to inflame." His point is, that no creature possesses contrivances expressly for its own injury. He might have added that no creature possesses contrivances expressly for the benefit of others—a circumstance, as inconsistent with the idea of special design as could well be imagined. But Paley's own point is almost equally inconsistent with that idea, since it raises the question which it cannot answer—Why in a guilty world, why in a world of limited space, why in a world where creatures must prey upon one another, none have contrivances for self-immolation or self-punishment, notwithstanding the obvious advantage to the general system of things which such appendages would entail? It is impossible to set this down to the benevolence of special design, while Nature abounds in contrivances like the hairs of the stinging-nettle and Venus' fly-trap, and the sting of the hornet, and a whole host besides of stings and fangs and prickles and thorns and horns and cruel jaws and jagged teeth and claws and talons and irritating surfaces and noxious breaths and odors.

The wonderful voracity of some animals is matched, indeed, by the wonderful fertility of others; but if both are the results of special design, there is little to excite our admiration. If some animals were specially designed to be the food of others; if some were specially contrived to inflict upon others weakness, disease, and death; if the necessity of keeping under the number of individuals in every species was distinctly contemplated at the creation,

there is nothing to admire in the fact that no species presents any special contrivances to enable its pursuers to capture and destroy it, nor any for self-torture, nor any for the limitation of its own numbers. Rather these are defects in the plan, scarcely credible inconsistencies. Allow, on the other hand, that the species of animal life have been gradually developed through wisely ordained processes of variation, with natural selection thereupon attendant, and the difficulties at once vanish. We see then why creatures in general present no contrivances injurious to themselves, because such are the least likely to be preserved, and why they present many injurious to other animals, because such contrivances are beneficial to the possessor; we see why the most highly organized animals are most susceptible to pain, because pain is the most efficient monitor and guardian of animal organization; so that every variation unprotected by its warnings would soon be lost. The voracity of some animals, so hard to accept as the benevolence of special design, is easily intelligible as an advantage developed in the struggle for existence, carrying with it superior strength and courage; and while some species are gradually developing voracious appetites, others will find a corresponding advantage in increased fertility. A pair of common plaice will become the parents of a hundred thousand or a million young ones, and out of that vast crowd not more, on the average, than two will survive to the prime of life. As the French general said of Englishmen's irregular bravery, "It is magnificent, but it is not war," we may say of the extraordinary fertility which enables many species of fish not to increase in numbers but to survive, it is magnificent, but assuredly it is not the result of special design.

Sir Charles Bell speaks of "the force of our conviction that all that regards man's state is ordered in perfection." Bishop Wilson, on the contrary, calls "the remembrance of our own Infirmities and Miserys an excellent Antidote against ye Poison of Vanity." We stand highest in the scale of visible Nature; and because we see nothing higher than ourselves, we vainly and ingloriously think that "the force of Nature can no further go." We claim to be autochthons, sprung from the ground itself, investing the old pagan boast with

the dignity of a divine utterance. We cannot embrace the idea either of the past when man was something less than man, or of a future when man shall have become something more than man. We tell our children pretty fables about the man who wished for eyes with the powers of the finest microscope, and the man who wished to be able to read the thoughts in the breasts of his brethren, and the man who asked to know the number of his days that he might be certified how long he had to live, and the man who soared to the sky on cloud-piercing wings; and the moral is that all these wishes and strivings for faculties enlarged and ennobled, for something better than our present selves, something more perfect than our present perfection, ended in disaster and shame. Silly little moral! craven, ignoble, and pernicious, unintelligent of man's origin, with no penetration into the destiny which that origin foreshadows! If teleology, the science of designs, teaches anything, it teaches this, that the world as it exists for humanity could never have been so good nor so bad, that the race of man could never have been either so blessed or so cursed as it is, if the whole complex design had been from the first stationary, unprogressive, incapable of improvement, finished out of hand by an act of distinct creation.

The Irishman said that one man was as good as another, and a great deal better. Numbers of persons, who are not Irish, maintain that the creatures inhabiting our globe are just the same as they were at the Creation, and a great deal worse. This, in fact, is the old time-honored, orthodox, popular opinion. There is an opposite opinion held by a small set of fanatics, known as men of science, that forms of life have been continually changing, that they are still changing, and are likely to continue to change. They believe that the changes have been on the whole for the better, and that the laws of Nature made it almost impossible that they should have been or should be on the whole for the worse. They think this conception of Nature quite as worthy of an Artist supremely wise and

good, as that which imputes to Him a fixed design, beginning well and in the sequel going bad.

Those who hold these opposite opinions may be compared to the two armorers in the ancient legend, one of whom boasted, as the orthodox boast, that his coat of mail was impenetrable; the other, like the scientific men, that he had a sword which no coat of mail could resist. Just as some persons stake their religion on the truth of some favorite prejudice, the one champion agreed to stand the buffet of the rival's sword in the armor which he thought could never be pierced. The blow descended, and he stood unmoved, smiling with scorn and triumph at the smiter, as some perhaps are even now smiling at the inefficacy of my argument. But the other said, "Is it possible, my friend, you do not know that I have cut you in two? Just shake yourself." And the triumphant boaster shook himself and fell to pieces. The keenness and temper of the blade had done what scientific reason has done with a large group of popular prejudices. They still stand upright and look science in the face and laugh at it. But science has already cut them in two, severed their heads from their feet. Even now Science is saying to Superstition, "Shake yourself," and presently Superstition will shake itself and fall to pieces. But do not fear that the death of Superstition and the ruins of prejudice will involve any damage or hurt to religion. The death of the one is the life of the other. As in the Laureate's allegory, when the gigantic and horrible figure of Death has been cleft through helmet and through skull,

"Out from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming boy,
Fresh as a flower new-born;"

so, when Superstition has been slain, Religion stands forth, no longer trammelled by vain armor not of proof, no longer distorted by ghastly imageries, and misrepresented under form and features not its own, but in unclouded majesty and grace.
—*Popular Science Review.*

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER VII.

THE lot of the Spanish poor is not an enviable one. Nor will Spain be happy, or her masses religious, or ripe for that liberty for which, while as yet immature for it, they yearn so ardently, until education is made a compulsory matter throughout the length and breadth of the land. In Germany every parent is bound to send his child to school, for so many years, from the age of seven, unless he hand in a medical certificate to the effect that the child's health will not allow of his so doing. In England, the very land of National Schools, the same restriction I believe has lately been deemed advisable; here, of all lands, it is absolutely indispensable. But, first, good schools must be formed. "Why," asked I of a parent, some few days since, "do not you send your three niños (young ones) to school?" "So I did, for a time," was the answer, "until I discovered that they learned everything that they should not, and nothing that they should learn."

Another sad feature in Spanish life in the interior is the utter *absence of patriotism*. There seems to be spread abroad a general feeling of distrust, and of questioning—"For what are we to fight?" "Why should we die?" There is no patriotic feeling among the lower, very little, properly so-called, among the higher classes. With the lower classes their whole object now seems to be to escape the "Quinta," or conscription, held annually in every town. Let me give you a telling instance, which came to my own notice. A large town near to my present residence was required, at its country's urgent need, to furnish at once a levy of 150 men, out of a population numbering more than 30,000—no very great tax, one would think, when a country is in the very throes of dissolution and dismemberment. Of those who were drawn, not more than fifty were found ready and willing to answer to the final call. Some escaped to the Sierra; some, who had it in their power, escaped service by bribery, securing to themselves

from the officials immunity from this threatened hardship on the ground of bad health and unfitness for military service.

The reason of all this dereliction of duty is possibly to be traced to the following facts: First, that the people absolutely do not know whether the cause for which they are to fight is a righteous one; next, they do not know for what they are to fight, for to-morrow—so rapid are the "crises" here—may witness a complete change of policy, or a new Government; and, again, the country is in so wretched a state that the majority of those who think at all decide that their present position is one barely worth the sacrifice of taking up arms in its behalf; and lastly, the Spanish soldier has "a hard time of it." Badly fed, badly clothed, badly paid, he yet endures much with cheerfulness and patience, often marching, with his sandalled or bare feet, twenty-five miles under the tropical sun; yet when brought up to the scratch he fights well. Of what avail, however, is his valor, or his endurance? If the sun of the morrow should bring defeat, or change of Government, all his chance of promotion or reward falls to the ground, and some beardless puppy may take the reward which a veteran has gained by many noble deeds, and fought for, or at least deserved, on many fields.

Some such causes as these, it seems to me, must be held to account for the present absence of patriotic feeling, for in minor cases, the spirit of patriotism is seen to be present and alive. Some weeks since, in the fiery heat of summer, when the Sierras offered a cool retreat for hundreds of the Intransigentes of the interior, a body of the more violent of the latter threatened to strike a blow at the existence—by sacking the strong-box—of a large English firm. No sooner did the unlettered Spanish employés of that company hear of the situation than a guard of some hundreds of them volunteered, without reward, to patrol night and day around the

offices of the company. In this case they had high wages and generous employers to fight for!

Then, as to the patriotic feeling of the higher classes in the interior, it is certainly at a very low ebb indeed. Bribes go about very freely; and, a few weeks since, were as freely received, to evade service!

As to *religion*, again, it is at a fearfully low ebb in the interior: and one naturally asks the question—Why so? Is the fault to be found in the especial phase of Christianity grafted upon this people? Certainly no religious faith has ever been nursed more, and brought up, as it were, by hand, than that branch of the Catholic Church established in Spain. Up to a few short years ago, the clergy, as self-ordained teachers of this vast nation, had it (to use a trite saying) “all their own way.” They were protected during the sovereignty of Queen Isabella more strictly than any of her subjects; their rights, revenues, doctrines, were guarded with a jealousy that knew not where to stop.

An Englishman who, ignorantly, merely took off his hat, and did not dismount also from his horse as the “host” passed him in the street, was in this town dragged from his horse by order of the priests, and fined, or imprisoned, for the offence. And what work have the clergy done; what revolution have they brought about, fighting, as it were, under cover? What blessing have they brought about for their country? Simply nothing. True, the material they have had to work upon has been of the rudest kind, but *something* might have been done, if but little. Had the clergy merely exerted themselves to get a law passed making education compulsory, the good springing from such an act would have been boundless. But it was not so. Feeling all in their own hands, they were well content to rest on their oars, and think, fondly enough, that “to-morrow would be as this day, and still more abundant.” The clergy of the State Church in England certainly in their zeal for education present a marked contrast to their brethren here, for they did buckle to work, and educate their flocks by means of National and Sunday Schools. The clergy of the State Church in England, again, especially in our large towns, are now, in this their day, endeavoring to meet and satisfy, and not stifle, the enquiring spirit of the age in which their lot

is cast. The clergy of the interior of Spain, though kind and good to their poor, have been content to stifle, or not acknowledge the existence of such a spirit in their land. They, in the zenith of their power, simply sat still. And what has been the result? Simple irreligion, or blank superstition. The “civil funeral” and the “civil christening,” the empty churches, the covered heads of the men as the religious processions pass by, the cynical profession of many of the educated men, “I am a Protestant,” which means: “*I belong to no Church at all; I am a Doubter, or a Materialista;*”—all these little things are evidences that the clergy knew not the days of their visitation, or that the faith they had to preach had not within it salt enough. Now, the position of the clergy in the interior is cruel indeed; their influence is on the wane, their incomes are cut down to nominal sums; many have been driven to lay aside their robes and seek their bread by other means; the poor—whom once they were glad generously to feed—are suffering from hunger, cold, and wretchedness.

A few nights since I stood with raised hat as the “host” passed by, heralded by its many lamps of many colors; the viaticum was being carried to some Christian dying treat. Suddenly a drove of pigs came squeaking down a street close by; women in mute adoration were on their knees on the pavement, sightly and devoutly enough; men were divided into hats-on and hats-off, but the majority was of the latter class. The pigs charged the procession, and, to my horror, a loud and audible titter ran through the lantern-bearers, which became a hoarse laugh in the mouths of the pig-drivers.

The picture, slight as it is, here drawn of religion is depressing indeed, you will say. But, with the virtuous and the educated, the oft-repeated dictum of Señor Castelar has increasing force—“I turn from the uncertainty, the vanity of what is of human invention in religion, to the example of Him who suffered to set me an example: that, I know, is true: it is abnegation of self: I strive, I pray, and, looking at Him, feel that grace will be given to follow His example.”

As regards the *Laws and the Administration of Justice* let me say a word. No laws are better adapted for her people in their present state than the laws of Spain,

were they well administered. But, from judge down to constable, bribery and corruption prevail. "Why," said a friend of mine to a Spaniard who had been greatly wronged, "why do you not seek redress?" "Because I have not got 40*l.* to give to the judge."

There is this excuse, however, for the poor Spanish official. His Government gives him no remuneration, and expects everything of him; and so, the temptation being strong, and public feeling not at all sensitive, the official pockets his bribe and then administers "justice." Where bribery, absence of definite faith, and absence of education and patriotism are found, one is not surprised to find a very lax state of domestic morals. All or most of these seem to me to proceed from the same cause, viz.: that the doctrine of personal responsibility for words and actions, a doctrine so needful to ensure a right line of conduct, has not been sufficiently inculcated.

After an expression of dissatisfaction at the state of religious and political feeling around, I heard with profound interest the following remark lately made:—"From this chaos of doubt and haziness, and pulling down of religious faith, will come a Reformation for our country; a wave of simpler faith will break upon this land, and spread over its length and breadth."

This would not be contrary to historical precedent. And it would be a joyful sound—a Renaissance, a Reformation for the land! For now, men are going about seeking rest and light, and there is none; looking for a master spirit, and none appears to guide.

To finish with the topic from which I digressed—the laxity of domestic morals. The subject is painful, and one hard to speak upon. But it would seem that, as is the case too, I fear, in England, taken *en masse*, the standard of morality among the highest and wealthiest classes in the interior may be set down as very low; among the middle classes respectable; among the lowest, low again. In the highest classes, their wealth and ease are their temptations; in the lowest, their want of education, bad accommodation, and poverty lead them to sin. True was the saying of the wise—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." Among the two extremes alluded to, the marriage tie is too often but little thought of, and society

does not bring its influence generally—as in England still is the case—to bear *against* the offender. There is no definite line drawn here.

—Up to marriage, chastity is strictly observed; but afterwards license of conversation and deed reign and prevail very widely. Domestic life, as in England, is unknown: the husband seeks his own, the wife her own pleasure.

This state of society is doubtless very corrupt. But why dwell further on the dark side of the picture, a picture we shall find repeated in other lands than Spain? Rather let me speak of the cordiality, the kindness, the courtesy, of the Spanish lady and gentleman to the stranger; of their generosity to their dependants; of the thousands upon thousands of women, high and low, whose sweetness of disposition, nobleness of tone, purity and devotion to duty can only spring from their true, simple, unpretending faith in their Maker and His love.

What will be the future of this country—a country whose climate is enjoyable beyond measure—whose artificers yield in skill to those of few foreign countries—whose mineral wealth is undreamed of—whose people, uneducated as they are, are full of noble qualities—it is impossible to say.

But "Resurgam" is the motto written in every heart; and with the spread of religion and education, and with that alone, under God's blessing, Spain will cease to be the anomaly she is, and once more resume her place among the nations.

VIII.

¶ BEFORE leaving the subject of the character of the Spaniard of the interior, it may be interesting to string together, without any attempt at *lucidus ordo*, a few incidents which either happened to myself, or to which I was a witness. I say interesting, because facts simply told cannot be gainsaid, and those who read can draw their own inferences as to the state of the country and people where those facts are acted out.

The carelessness of the Spaniard of the interior about human life and property is well-nigh incredible, and shows a state of civilization terribly low indeed. As regards human life, I was unhappily close to

the spot where two of the most barbarous murders that can be conceived took place in the summer of this fiery year. In the first case, a poor itinerant tailor was returning from his rounds in the cool of the evening, with his two asses laden with his whole earthly wealth of cloth and handkerchiefs, and with him as servants, two men, with one of whom he had previously been on ill terms. What occurred between the three will never be known, but at twelve o'clock at night the youngest of his two companions, a lad of three-and-twenty, came in haste to the barracks of the Civil Guards in the nearest town, and said to the sentry, "I have come in great trepidation to inform you that my master has just been shot, and I have run here for fright. I don't know if he is killed or no, but several men came out of the olives and shot at us, and I made off." The Civil Guards, who are the very flower of Spain for their exertions in suppressing robberies and every sort of iniquity, and who hold an unequalled place for acumen, courage, and sobriety, are never off their guard, and rarely are deceived. Holding a middle place between the civil and the military, acting in masses with the regular army, or, as civil police, in couples, they are the terror of all evil-doers. The sentry collared his informant, and pulled him in to the light. Looking at his *faja*, he said, "*You were not very far off when your master was shot. Why, I see specks of fresh blood upon you!*" Two Civil Guards now accompanied the fellow to the spot, and there, in a pool of blood, lay his master, his head severed from his body, and a deep stab—not a gunshot wound—in his chest. He had been stabbed, and then barbarously decapitated. They took the body into a little venta hard by, and wrapped it up for transit to the town. Meanwhile the young murderer had calmly lit his cigarillo; in a few minutes he was *dozing peacefully as a child close by the chairs where the body, dripping blood, was stretched out!*

By 12 A.M. next morning this fellow and his accomplice were in prison, and *one* had confessed his guilt. I walked down to the prison, hearing that both were confined in the outer portion, and went up to the iron gate, whose wide, open bars admit air and light. The two men were there awaiting their trial: the one lay,

wrapped in his heavy manta, fast asleep on the stone flags; the other, leaning unconcernedly against the gateway, had just received a cigarillo from the woman who loved him.

I will say no more of murders: this is but one of many. The amount of blood shed in some of the towns of the interior is something fearful. The old law, that none should carry knives or fire-arms, will have to be brought into force again, until these men are humanized; for it is not reasonable to put the weapons of civilization into the hands of a savage totally without self-control or regard for human life.

Nor does the Spaniard of the interior respect property. During every summer, when the very trees are like tinder, fires are constant. Not a night passes without a fire in the stubbles, or—terrible loss, for an olive grove is not fruitful for twenty years after setting—the olives. The church bells at once clash out, the rule being that all who are in the street at the moment can be "pressed" to aid in putting the flames out. However, all take care to get under shelter, and avoid being pressed!

So with a murder in the open streets. The moment the report of a revolver is heard, bang goes every door, feet hurry in all directions; and the poor fellow who is shot lies bleeding on the stones until the municipal guard comes up. I asked a Spaniard why they did not stay by the dying man? "Because if I did I should be taken up as his murderer," was the prompt reply.

In the interior too, where some of the overcrowded cemeteries are in a deplorable condition, the irreverence for the dead is shocking. Such things are seen as men's bodies being slung across a mule, and so carried, perhaps two together, to their last resting-place. It happened to be the lot of a friend of the writer's to be standing by when such a load was being unslung. One of the bodies was that of a fine young fellow, who had evidently been, till his death stroke, robust and strong. "What business had he to die? he's fat enough!" was the brutal and only comment of the muleteer.

Spanish laws, in theory, are exceedingly good, and stringent, were they carried out. But one of the blots is, that no protection

is afforded to the brute creation, and the S.P.C.A. would find here a prolific field for its noble labors.

The Spanish peasant seems absolutely to think that his beast has no feeling, and smiles incredulously if you endeavor to convince him that this is not the case. Accordingly dogs, cats, mules, and horses come in for a heavy share of stones and blows. A few weeks ago the writer was standing in his courtyard, while two servants (*criadas*) were about to draw water from the well. A poor cat, or rather kitten, was clinging round the well-rope and having a game of play. Something startled poor puss; she slipped, the rope ran down a few coils, and she fell some thirty feet into the well, into ten feet of water. Both mother and daughter gave a scream of delight, held their hands above their heads, shouting, "Pobre gato! O pobre, pobre gato!" I told them that poor pussy's life was at stake, and urged them to help me to rescue it. This the younger one did, suddenly becoming as serious as she had been trifling before, and with great skill she sunk the pitcher under the struggling cat and brought her safely to the brink. Puss looked like a mad creature, her eyes starting out of her head, the picture of wretchedness, and both servants joined in commiseration. Suddenly, shaking the wet off her, like a housewife trundling her mop, puss rushed into the best sala, and dashed about from side to side of the newly-cleaned room. In a moment pity was forgotten, and, with loud screams of "Malo gato! malo gato!" ("good for nothing puss!") they swept the terrified little animal into the street, up which she rushed, the pair sitting down shaking with laughter.

With the mules it is far worse. They work them when lame or sick, beat them cruelly if they are stupid, and even bite their ear until the blood comes.

As to chastising their pet dogs, their idea is peculiar. The dog commits an offense—*Anglice*, nuisance—and an hour afterwards (when the dinner is cooked and served up, perhaps) the *criada* takes hold of it by the tail, and belabors it soundly, calling out "Malo pecho! malo pecho!" This is correction without any attempt at reformation; and I endeavored to explain how the punishment might be made *reformatory*. But I could not get the idea into the *criada's* head. "No," she said,

"I beat him for his wickedness: when he ceases to give me trouble, I cease to beat." There was no getting any further, and I gave the matter up.

Taking a *criada* into your house is a serious matter: they are generally middle-aged women, or young widows with one child or more. In the interior you never ask for, or receive, a character from their late mistress. The business is done thus: you give out that you want a servant; and three or four at once apply at the door: you select the most respectable-looking, and she comes in two hours' time, bringing her child, or children, and her bed-clothes, &c. She is then fairly installed, and receives six dollars (1*l.* 4*s.*) per month, finding her own food. Well for the master and mistress if their *criada* has no "followers," for, if so, she has perfect liberty to have one or more in the kitchen, smoking their *cigarillos*, until quite late at night. Occasionally, if the lover be given to drink, he will come at the small hours of the night, and half batter down the door, shouting his lady's name.

Some of these women, however, are true-hearted, cleanly servants; and good in everything except nursing. To the Spaiard of the interior, nursing is one of the occult sciences, and almost confined to the *Hermanas de la Caridad*. The Spanish midwife is peculiar too, her whole object being to spare the doctor's labors, and help nature before the proper time. Much mischief is caused by this premature assistance, which is supposed by them to "spare the mother pain."

It may not be inappropriate to subjoin two poems, of very different character, popular in many parts of Spain, of which I have attempted a version.

"EL CHALAN."

(The fish-hawker.)

A Song sung on the Quay at Malaga.

I.

Yes, this hawking business, mother,
Suits your José very well;
On the streets and shore to loiter
And his silver shoals to sell!
Live anchovies, all a-glowing!
Sweet anchovies, who'll buy more?
Quick about it, for I'm going
To Francisca, on the shore.
And I can't keep any longer
From her bright eyes on the shore!

II.

Poor I am, without possession,
Save this basket at my feet :
But I'm prouder far than any
Dandy sauntering down the street !
Live anchovies, &c.

III.

Girls all love the winsome hawker,
Casting on him passion's eyes :
Owning it's a great temptation,
José turns away and cries
Live anchovies, &c.

IV.

Every day I take Francisca
Lots of money ; but to-day
Not a single fin I've sold, and
Won't Francisca faint away !
Live anchovies, &c.

ALL SAINTS' EVE: A BALLAD.

(From the "Ecos Nacionales" of V. R. Aguilera.)

I.

Hark, from yonder tower the grief-bell
Wakes the hamlet from its sleep :
Bidding, for their loved and lost ones,
Prayerful watch true mourners keep.
Come, my child, and with your mother
Plead in prayer on bended knee ;
For the soul of thy dear brother
Yielded up for Liberty.
Can it be my son, my pride,
For sweet Liberty hath died ?—
So—I know it !—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed !

II.

When, o'er yonder dark'ning Sierra,
Peers the funeral moon's dim light,
Go we seek in these still valleys
Flowers all wet with dews of night,
Which, for love of him, to-morrow
Fragrance sad yet sweet shall yield,
While deep voices hymn his glory,
Haply, on some far-off field.
Can it be o'er him, so young,
That the funeral chant is sung ?—
So—I know it !—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed !

III.

Tenderly, poor lad, and often,
When beneath his tent he lay,
Penned he words my grief to soften,
And his mother's care to allay.
Wrote he once, "The Cross of Valor
On the field this day I won :
In the front, beneath the colors,
Rough hands pinned it on thy son."
Mid the stalwart and the brave,
Stood my boy where colors wave !—
So—I know it !—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed !

IV.

And full many a time he told me—
In a merry way he told :
Foes there are far worse than armies,
Scorching heat, and thirst, and cold :
Told me how, half-naked, hungry,
Springing up at bugle call,
He would march (poor boy !) contented
For his Fatherland to fall.
For his land and Liberty,
Was my boy content to die ?—
So—I know it !—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed !

V.

Never will he come : I know it.
Motherlike, I still hope on :
Though I know th' accurs'd bullet
Long ago struck down my son.
Yes ! but he hath won rich guerdon,
Crown which saint and martyr wear :
Children, All Saints' morn is breaking,
Let it find us still in prayer !
For his soul ? son, can it be
Among the dead I pray for thee ?
So—I know it !—O'er his head
Holy peace the good God shed.

IX.

A SPANISH CASA DE MISERICORDIA.

No one who has not tried it can have any idea of the intense scorching tropical heat of the Spanish towns of the interior during the summer months. The fierce sun smiting down on the untidy, and often unpaved streets ; the blinding clouds of dust, so dense and hot that horse and rider, if caught on the open sandy plains, are forced to stop, and turn their backs to the wind, that, rising in a moment and stopping as suddenly, whirls it along ; the scarcity of good and tender animal food ;—all these try an English constitution, however strong it be, terribly ; and both man and beast rejoice when autumn sets in, and the first cloud appears in the rainy quarter, not "bigger than a man's hand," foretelling in a few days or hours the down-pour of the autumnal rains. Spain for many years has known no summer so hot as that of 1873. The thermometer in shaded rooms (alas ! that we have no Punkahs), varied from 87 to 93 and even 97 degrees of heat ; man and beast, and the cracking, gasping earth, without one blade of green, alike cried out for water and for a cooler air, and at last, though late, it came.

The transition, however, was almost instantaneous : in one single night the thermometer sank ten degrees ; the following

nights it continued sinking, and for some three or four weeks before the rain, a bitter east wind blew, which seemed to pierce one through and through.

Among others whose lot it was to suffer from this, I had a place: the *Calentura*, or low fever of the country, prostrated me, and after vainly struggling against the foe, I was thankful enough that sufficient strength, and funds, were left me to make my escape to the south.

The bright white township, the blue Atlantic, and the thought of a ship with all sails set for England, all of which I had long coupled with the name of Cadiz, rose before my eyes as in a pleasing vision, and to Cadiz I took my way. To a sick man few railway journeys are interesting, and there seemed but little to arouse attention; the old Moorish towers rising here and there, with their little cluster of Spanish townships surrounding them; the wind-swept wastes after wastes; the empty gullies, showing where the fierce torrents had swept down; these, with the orange groves around Seville—unknown in the treeless wastes of the interior—and the bright sight of a Spanish cavalry regiment in their snowy epaulettes, flashing helmets, and crimson trowsers, alighting and forming four-deep on the platform of one of the larger stations, were all the points that struck me in a weary journey of eighteen hours. Thankfully enough I threw down the window, and inhaled the fresh sea-breeze of Cadiz.

The beauty of the deep blue sea, studded with shipping; the brightness of the snow-white houses, and lovely alamedas, and sea-walks, to a stranger from the interior, cannot be imagined or described; it is like coming from darkness into light—from death into life. The air, too, is exactly the same, although perhaps a trifle milder, as the air of Brighton on a sunny October day, mild, and yet bracing, and exhilarates the sick man at every step.

But there was one sight in Cadiz that I had long yearned to see; a sight that once seen, will never be by me forgotten, and one that should make the name of Cadiz dear to every true and loving English heart. I mean the *Casa de Misericordia*; or, as it is now called, *El Hospicio de Cadiz*. Thither, on the first day possible to me, I turned my steps. The exterior of this institution, one of the most benevolent in the world, has nothing to recom-

mend it. It is simply, as "Murray" says, a huge yellow Doric pile (built by Torquato Cayon) fronting the sea.

A knock at the battered door soon brought the porter to us, and we were standing within a wide paved quadrangle. High up written in huge capitals along the wall, the inscription (in Latin) met my eye—

"This shall be my rest: Here will I dwell: I will satisfy her poor with bread."—Ps. cxxxi.

I could not but remark the touching significance, to a religious mind, of the omission of the words "for ever," which occur in the original. It certainly was a bright sermon on immortality. "This Casa," as the sweet looking Lady Superior said, "is the home of the poor—but not for ever."

The Hospicio perhaps may be best described as an English Workhouse stripped of its bitterness, or at least, of much of it, and invested, if I may use the expression, with many privileges. It is a real rest, a real home for the poor who are "*decentes*" (respectable); a refuge for the young women who are homeless or out of place; a school and home for children; and an asylum for the aged of both sexes. The prison look, the prison restrictions, the refractory ward, and the tramps' ward—all these are unknown at the Hospicio for the "decent poor" of Cadiz. Accordingly, it is looked upon as a home by the hundreds of both sexes who flock to its shelter.

The first thing that struck me as I waited for a moment while the porter went to ask the Rectora to show us over, were the bright faces, and the ringing laughter of some fifty children, who were playing in the capacious quadrangle and the beautifully kept garden within the walls, where the heliotrope, dahlia, geranium, and many tropical flowers were even now in full bloom. Air, light, and cleanliness seemed characteristics of the place, at the first glance. In a few moments the Rectora herself appeared with her bunch of keys—the lady who superintends the *whole* of this large institution, and who bears the appropriate name of Angel Garcia. I told her the object of my visit, and she seemed pleased at the thought of her labors being known to an Englishman, and at once took us over the whole place, kindly ex-

plaining the working of the Home down to the minutest particulars.

The Home is supported by a yearly voluntary grant from the Town Government (Diputacion Nacional) of Cadiz, the nearest estimate that I could obtain of the actual cost of keeping it up being 5,000*l.* per annum. The actual number of inmates at the time was 170 old men, 92 old women, 444 boys and 136 girls from six years to twenty or thirty, making a total of 842. The place is generally much fuller, the number of beds made up, or capable of being made up, being close upon a thousand.

The place is open to all who need assistance, on their presenting at the door an order from the Town Government testifying that they are *decentes*.

The aged poor come in, and live and die here, surrounded by all the little comforts that old age stands in need of; if they like, they can go out for a while to visit their friends, and return to their home again. On all the Feastsdays (and their names in Spain is Legion) their friends and relatives have free access to them, as well as on Sundays. The friends may bring them whatever they like in the shape of food or wine, or if they have money, they can send out and buy it for themselves. The men can have their smoke, as at their own house—a luxury denied, and how needlessly! in some English Workhouses. So much for the *Departamento de Ancianos*.

As regard the *Children's Department*. Any child is qualified to enter the Home until it can obtain its own living, who is either an orphan, or one of a large and poor family. They are all divided into classes: the first, from six years to eight; next, eight to ten, none being received under six years; the next from ten to twelve; the next from twelve to fifteen; and the last from fifteen upwards. Any parent can come to the Home and obtain leave of the Rectora to take her child home for the day from nine o'clock until the set of sun. The children are first taught to read, write, cipher, and sing; they then are taught any trade that they or their parents desire. So the master tailor applies here for an apprentice, the mistress for a servant-maid; the bandmaster of a regiment, too, finds musicians ready to hand, who can play clarinet, hautboy, fife, or drum. The inmates wear no regular dress, but the children of each class are distinguished by a red, white, yellow, or blue stripe round the

collar of the coat and round their little caps.

Many of the girls were servant maids out of place. They had been brought up at the Home, fallen out of place for no misconduct of their own—for all here are *decentes*—and came back as to a real true home and shelter until another opening offered itself. All, young and old ("old" means forty-five and upwards in the Home), seemed bright and smiling; their glossy hair braided as their tastes inclined, their little simple ornaments, all had a place. Plenty of exercise was to be had in the courtyards, gymnasium, and walks-out on all Feast-days and Sundays; and all seemed clean, contented, and well fed and cared for. While standing near the door, a mother came to take away her child, who certainly was *not* a consenting party. She clasped the hand of the master and of the Superior, and a most touching parting was to be witnessed, which spoke volumes for the treatment the poor receive at the Home.

Having spoken of the *ancianos* and the *niños*, a word must be said as to outdoor relief. This is very simple and merely an adjunct of the plan carried out. Each day from sixty to a hundred poor collect around the Hospice door, and the broken victuals are distributed among them, as far as they hold out. Some few have a standing order for a daily portion; but this is the exception, and not the rule.

The staff of attendants wore no particular dress. The Rectora was dressed simply as a Spanish lady, and in mourning. The governesses, nurses, and servants are many of them paid attendants, but much of the work of the Home is done by the inmates. In an office within the walls three gentlemen were busily writing and settling the accounts and affairs of the Home.

The whole management of the domestic arrangements, however, is under the care of the Señora Angel Garcia, who seems the very model of a Lady Superior—gentle, dignified, cheerful, and full of bright and sparkling conversation. It was indeed a privilege to be in the company of one whose every word and look was full of benevolence. There are two doctors attached to the Home, of whom the one devotes himself exclusively to the patients within the walls, the other attending daily for consultations. Until a few months ago, two

clergy lived within the walls, to minister to the sick, and offer prayer, and give religious instruction; but in the Revolution of the summer they were dismissed and the chapel laid in ruins.* At present only the girls receive religious instructions, and for the rest prayers are optional. The inmates who desire it now, I have been informed, attend one of the neighboring churches.

A short time ago this Home was to have been greatly enlarged, but the good work, alas! languishes from lack of funds. Let us hope that the present Government will take it up, and carry out an idea so benevolent.

The Commissariat Department is capital, beautifully managed, and the food excellently cooked. About this latter point I may be allowed to speak, as I not only saw but tasted the provend, which commended itself even to the capricious appetite of a sick man. Each department has a separate corridor, or dining-room, and a separate kitchen; while for the whole place there is one huge store-room. For all who are well there are three meals a day, at the hours of eight, two, and six. The grown-up inmates have meat, roasted or boiled, once every day, and soup, bread, fruit, and vegetables. The children have their soup, and, instead of "carne," the favorite Spanish dish called "cocida," which may briefly be described as mutton boiled to rags, with peas and onions; it is, in fact, the meat from which soup has been taken, and is a staple dish at all tables in Spain. They, too, have their bread and vegetables. All except the sick drink water; for in Spain, both with high and low, water is the chief drink, and they are far more particular here about the spring from which their water comes than an English squire is about the quality of his port. The soup is excellent: rice and tomatoes and onions formed the ingredients of the huge cauldron into which I

dipped, while curry, cutlets, and other delicacies were being carried off as portions for the sick. On Feast-days, all the inmates have wine.

So much for the cooking department. It would have gladdened an English housewife's heart to see the ample and good fare, or to enter the Dispensa, or store-room, and see the huge vats of Valde-Peñas (the rough, red, wholesome wine of the interior), the strings of garlic round the wall, the sacks of garvancos (a kind of pea, for soup), and the shelves of clean massive crockery, each cup or plate bearing the inscription, "*Caritas. Casa de Misericordia de Cadiz.*"

As to the Sleeping Arrangements. These are especially attended to. All sleep in separate iron beds, on the upper storeys. All sleep according to age, or as it is called, their different classes. With these from six to eight nurses sleep, or sit up nightly. All the rooms are lit by oil lamps; all have from thirty to a hundred and fifty beds in them, with soft mattresses and blankets, snowy sheets, and colored coverlets. The rooms are all ventilated at the bottom of the walls; nor did I trace, even in the infirmaries, a suspicion even of disagreeable or polluted air. The windows are all on one side of the Dormitories, and are high and broad. The walls, as usual in Spanish houses, are whitewashed, with a row of enamelled blue tiles along the bottom. The inmates of the Home all rise at six, and repair to bed at seven.

There are several *Infirmary Wards*. One, which I noticed especially, was entirely devoted to those suffering from skin diseases. The number of bedridden men and women (the two sexes live on different sides of the quadrangle) seemed to me about ninety in all; these were eating curry, working with coarse materials, or sipping their wine or chocolate, or chatting to the comely nurse; all seemed cheerful and contented; and every face brightened as the Rectora drew near.

The Schoolrooms, the Gymnasium, the Music-rooms—of which last there seemed many—were in beautiful order, although there was no lack of noisy children about them. So "free and easy" did the children seem in the presence of their superiors, that in one room where some fifty were learning the military drill, in shirt-sleeves and bare legs, some half dozen ran up to me, and fairly dragged the

* Among the other acts of the summer Revolution, visitors to Cadiz should know that the three undoubted Murillos—among them that great artist's last work (for he fell from the ladder just as it was completed, and received the injuries which caused his death), the *Marriage of Santa Catalina*—pictures which have always been preserved in the Convent De los Capuchinos, were taken away by force, and placed in the Museum, where they now hang; thus, I suppose, being converted from ecclesiastical to civil property. Such, at least, was the intention.

"Ingleesi" by his hands across the drill-room.

Music is taught twice a day; every sort of brass instrument, as well as singing, and this is very popular with the young folk. Might not the same plan be adopted in our own workhouses with good effect?

We were just about taking leave, having looked at the long, clean lavatories, the cabinets of work sewn for the Home by the girls, and the bright garden, and the lovely stretch of blue sea from the Dormitories, when the Rectora said, "You have not yet seen the workshops." In two minutes we were in a new world. One workshop opened into another; the blacksmith's anvil rang, the carpenter's hammer thudded, the tailor and clothmaker were hard at work, the shoemaker's shop seemed decked out for the streets. In each little workshop was one skilled master-worker, and working away, as apprentices, were the boys of the Home, each learning, with a smiling face, his several trade. "We work only for the Home," said one maestro to me, "and everything for the Home is done on the premises."

If anyone thinks this a highly-colored sketch, let him, if he can, see the Casa de Misericordia for himself, and spend three hours within its walls with Angel Garcia. It can be visited on any day by anyone presenting a card, and asking for the Rectora, and he can make himself acquainted with all its workings. It is called usually now, "El Hospicio de Cadiz."

As I took leave of the Rectora, and thanked her for devoting so many hours to instruct a stranger, she said, "I deserve no thanks; this place is my sphere of duty and of pleasure, and you also seem interested in works of charity. Farewell."

Once more; ere I passed through the spacious doorway, the inscription above quoted caught my eye, and I felt that had my lot been a less blissful one—had it been my lot to be one of the Spanish homeless poor—I, too, should thankfully echo the psalmist's words, and say, "Hic requies mea: hic habitabo."

X.

MINOR CHARITIES OF CADIZ.

ONE of the most cheerful sights in this

great city is that the street corners and the church steps are in great measure free from the shoals of beggars who stand or sit at every street corner, and under every scrap of shade, in the towns of the interior. It is a very sad sight to see there the fearful amount of utter helpless, shiftless misery, which one has not the power to relieve; and to hear every five minutes the pitiful appeal made by the widowed, the maimed, the lame, and the blind: "Por l' amor de Dios—muy poquito"—("For the love of God, I beseech you, give me a *very* little").

In the interior, so great is the press of poverty, that the rich and benevolent in many of the towns give out that, on a certain day in every week, between the hours of nine and ten, bread and copper money, and scraps will be given away; and on the set morning the gateway is lined with suppliants, quietly waiting for the expected portion. Here, however, the Casas de Misericordia, and the associations of the charitable—coupled with the benevolence of the Church, which has more in her power here than in the interior—do much to diminish this wholesale begging.

Let me give you a short sketch of some of the smaller works of mercy here:—

Overlooking the bright expanse of sea near the fishmarket stands a cleanly, whitewashed but unpretending, house, bearing over the door the inscription

"Casa de Hermanos de la Caridad,"

("House of the Brothers of Charity"). Entering in, I found the hall or courtyard—for the houses here are all built in a square round the hall, which is open to the blue sky, and usually full of tropical shrubs in huge wooden vessels—most tastefully laid out, with flowers, palm-trees, and aromatic flowering shrubs, growing in profusion, quite unlike the bare walls which one unhappily associates with Houses of Mercy. One of the Sisters of Mercy, attired in the dress of her Order (S. Vicente de P.), kindly offered to take me over her hospital—for such the Casa was. It is a large house, taken by an association of benevolent private individuals—the Hermanos de la Caridad—and devoted entirely to the care of the sick, who cannot, from poverty, or the number of their family, or scarcity of work, receive the medical

skill and the diet and nursing they require, at their own homes.

The Hospital makes up 100 beds, of which fifty-eight were occupied at the time of my visit. It is entirely for sufferers of the male sex, there being a sister institution devoted to suffering women. The plan on which it is carried out is a striking one, and one, I think, unknown in England. It is as follows: Forty benevolent persons, men of some affluence, seeing how many of their poorer brothers were unable when sick to command at their comfortable homes, on board their ships lying in harbor, the comforts, quiet, and medical skill which they needed, bought this large house, and fitted it up as a hospital for the accommodation of such cases. It was intended to take in, not especially the very poor, for whom (such as they are) there are hospitals, but to provide also for two distinct classes: first, all who could not afford to pay for a good doctor's visits, and skilful nursing and luxuries, and yet could afford to contribute a little to their expenses when sick, that little being fixed at 2s. 1d. (two shillings and a penny) per diem: in Spanish money, two pesetas and a half. Secondly, the institution was to provide a refuge in sickness for all the "decentes" (or respectable poor), whose friends or relations would become responsible for the payment of that sum. In many cases these very Brothers of Charity themselves pay the sum to admit one of their *protégés*; in other cases, the clergy pay, or masters for their servants.

The sum of twenty-five pence per diem may seem, to some readers, large for a House of Mercy, yet, be it remembered, there is here no "parish doctor," and no union-house, though there is a Poor Law in existence, and the visits of the *commonest* doctor in Spain are each reckoned at two pesetas, i.e. twenty out of the twenty-five pence charged in the hospital.

The arrangements of this miniature hospital are simply exquisite. Some twenty beds or so are in one room, but privacy is secured by white dimity curtains, on iron bars about five feet high, being drawn around the patient's bed at his will, making a light and little airy room, open to the ceiling. The nearest approach I have seen to this was in school days at St. Peter's college, Radley, where each boy had a separate "cubicle" of the same kind.

The whole appearance of the place betokened peace, comfort, and kindness—nay, more, cheerfulness. The men were some of them sitting up in bed drinking their soup or eating their curry, with a good cop of red wine by their side. Others were sauntering about, reading, or chatting.

Next, we visited the surgeon's room, and most beautifully and perfectly was it fitted up. I noticed several glass cases full of instruments, medicine, &c., and a couch for operating, of the shape, or nearly so, that I have observed at some of the London hospitals. The kitchen was beautifully clean, with a capital range; it was full of bustle—for, at least ten or twelve different sorts of dinners, to suit the various tastes of the poor sick fellows, were being carried away.

"Take which you like," said the smiling Sister of Mercy, who was my companion; and I can answer for the excellence of the fare. Among the favorites were curried rice and mutton, cutlets, boiled beef, and fried potatoes, and tomato soup, and rice soup—the favorite "*sopa d'arroz*" of this country.

Thence, to see the convalescents dining. In a long, cheerful room, there they were, looking over the bright blue sea, and eating heartily, and trying to talk. For they could only *try*. They were men from every clime and of many tongues, for this institution takes in all alike; an English sailor, who had fallen from the mast, and whose captain paid for him; one or two Finlanders in the same case; an American, from "Philadelphia," as he said; one or two Moors, and several Spaniards, made up this strange but cheerful dinner-party. The American told me "they were very comfortable quarters," with a genuine new-country twang.

The tiny chapel is a real gem in its way—very, very small, but very costly, the whole ceiling and walls being of carved brass. A Roman Catholic clergyman performs divine service every morning.

The whole work is done by seven superintending Sisters of Mercy of the Order above mentioned, whose smiling faces are a medicine in themselves. They wear a simple black dress, plain black cross, and white starched cape or collar; and if they have any pride, it seems to me it is to do good. They have, I believe, four or five men servants for the work of the Casa.

Are not institutions on this system

needed in England, where, for a small sum, even gentlemen and ladies with slender means, living perhaps in lodgings or the like, might find a home, and not forfeit their self-respect by being dependent wholly on charity?

This hospital is in the Plaza de S. Juan de Dios, close to the fruit and fish markets. The stranger who seeks to see it will be courteously shown over it, and allowed to leave an offering for the benefit of its inmates.

The next institution of charity (Casa de Caridad) to which I bent my steps was of a sadder character, as the inscription over its heavy portals showed. It was the "Casa de Dementes," or, as these smaller asylums are called by the common people in this country, the "Casa de Locos," the word "loco" being equivalent to the English phrase "cracked." I presented my order of admittance, which is a necessary document, and may be obtained by any English gentleman who desires to see it for higher motives than those of idle curiosity, of the courteous director of El Hospicio de Cadiz, the two being sister institutions, and situated not far from each other. The spectacle in the little hall was a sad one. In the door opening into the ample courtyard, where the lunatics take their exercise, is a tiny grating, with a sliding panel, on which a porter keeps guard. Through this the friends of the unhappy inmates are always allowed to see them and speak with them, admittance to a closer interview being only admissible by an order from the doctor, certifying that it will produce no ill effects. As a rule, I was told by those who have the supervision of the Casa, the visits of their friends or relations have a tendency to excite and unsettle the patients.

In the little vestibule—a sorrowing group was sitting, each awaiting their turn to look in and speak a word to some loved one through the narrow grating. One was a poor and careworn mother, who, so my guide told me, came every day, rain or shine, sick or well, to bring the little luxuries she could spare from her scanty table, to the son who had once worked for her, and could work no more. The next was a father, who made a weekly visit also to his son. One or two others, a youth, and two young Spanish girls, were there; they, too, came constantly at stated times, to bring "alimen-

tos" (provisions) to their "loco." The head porter, who is a kind of master of the Casa, soon appeared, and with him a buxom and smiling elderly "Hermana de Caridad" (Sister of Mercy), dressed in black, with white hood and cape, and rosary. The "maestro" was a fine, handsome young Spaniard, of some five-and-thirty summers, with a bright, gentle smile, a keen eye that looked one through and through. He seemed firm, and confident enough, and all the inmates seemed very fond of him.

The asylum was formerly a convent; it has ample premises, and garden, and a sea-view on one side. It is, however, only a small asylum, making up about one hundred and sixty or seventy beds. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered ninety-seven men and fifty-three women. Of these inmates some are idiots, some raving mad, some monomaniacs. The asylum is *for rich and poor alike*, although their privileges and indulgences vary according to their rates of payment. Thus, sixteen of the men and seven of the women were of gentle birth, and paid for liberally by their friends. These have each a separate bedroom, with arm-chair, table, books, and any little luxury of the kind, such as wine, better food, and the like. In some cases, where the relatives of these "particulares," as they are called, live on the spot, they send the dinners, &c., from their own table; in other cases, they pay some one to supply them with what is needful, and suited to their former position.

The majority of the inmates are poor, and are paid for by the Government of the Provincia at a fixed rate per head. Their friends can also supply or pay for little extra luxuries, as tobacco, wine, and the like. This system of allowing the relatives of anyone under confinement to bring them nourishment is also, I am assured, allowed in many of the prisons of Spain. The payment for rooms and attendance, without food, is at the rate of *rod.* per diem, which includes medical advice.

The law in Spain forbids, under severe penalties, any private person to keep an insane person in his or her house; and it also decrees that the Provincia of an insane person shall maintain him, if his friends are unable to do so. Thus, one little chamber, with arm-chair and writing-table, was inhabited by a captain in the army,

seized with madness at Manilla; another, by a wife of a man of good position; and the like.

Many—a great many—of the men get better, and leave the asylum, the Sister told me, perfectly sane; but, she added, to my surprise, very few of the women recover perfectly. I cannot account for this, to my own satisfaction; but I fully believe it to be true, as the women seemed far worse than the men.

It is almost needless to say that the sexes occupy each a separate wing of the Casa. The rooms for the "particulares," and for those who need a separate bedroom for safety's sake, are about four-and-a-half yards square, with windows (barred) of fair size, as it seemed to me. It struck me that there was no glass in these windows; but in Spain, among the houses of the common people, in the interior, at least, glass in the windows is by no means considered a necessary. The writer of this, when taking his own house in the interior, had to add glass himself to his windows. The fare of the inmates who come under the usual rules of the asylum seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale, viz. at eight, soup (of meat) and a small loaf; at 12.30, rice or vermicelli soup, and bread and meat, with a little wine on certain days, as feast-days, or under medical advice; and coffee or soup at seven. Their exercise is taken in the ample open courtyard or quadrangle of the building, whither the men are all turned in, as soon as they like, after breakfast. They are allowed, for amusement, newspapers, cards, and cigarillos. Nearly all the women take to smoking, and enjoy it, after a few months in the asylum. "It tranquillizes them," said one of my conductors.

Two doctors, one for each sex, live within the walls of the Casa; a clergyman also is in constant residence. The rest of the staff consists of nine Sisters of Mercy, five men, and the same number of women, servants.

The corridor, or dining-room in both wings of the Casa was bright and clean, the inmates (save the "particulares" and the "furiosos," who dine in their own rooms) dining all together, the only thing noticeable being that fingers and spoons alone are allowable in eating. The dormitories, with iron bedsteads and comfortable bedclothes, were airy and bright,

and, be it remarked, *forty-five* of these men sleep without any partition in one dormitory together; others in rooms holding fifteen or ten beds; and the same seemed the case with the women, though not in such numbers. This struck me much at the time of visiting. Of course one or two attendants are in the rooms. It certainly pointed to the fact that the majority were in no sense violent lunatics.

The infirmaries were clean, warm, and, to all appearance, comfortable.

Thence to the large room, where the female lunatics assemble. Here, I confess, I was greatly shocked: the wretchedly low—I was going to write villanous—type of face, old and young, herding together, doing nothing; the inarticulate sounds, chattering and screaming like parrots or monkeys; the eagerness with which they ran at me, and clutched hold of my hands and coat—all were very awful—beyond description, awful. There were thirty-five girls and women in this room. The gentle voice and presence of La Hermana Sorpilad soothed them a little; they all clustered round her like bees. One was weeping hysterically in a separate room, but the sound filled the sala. They followed us to the door, one clinging tight to my arm, until the "maestro" gently disengaged her grasp. I could hardly bring myself to see the last sad spectacle, the rooms of the "furiosos," or violent. Only two were tenanted: the unhappy inmate of one was shouting like a wild beast, shaking his hands in the air in his frenzy, and stamping up and down the narrow room. Seeing us, he rushed at the grating, and the fearful sight of his face I pray God I may never again behold. He had killed a man some two years ago. He was a "religious monomaniac," the gentle-faced Sister said. "Ah, señor," she added, "this is muy triste, muy triste!" ("very, very bitter"). I could but thank God that I had not to look on such a sight every day. Yet one more thought arose. How noble, how devoted, how Christian-like is the life of these Sisters, some of them of tender age and gentle birth, who spend their whole lives among these, the unhappiest, the most afflicted, the most hopeless of all the human race, and that without reward!

The faults of this Casa struck me as twofold—(1) the insufficient amusement, and not nearly sufficient work—such as

gardening—for the afflicted inmates; (2) the absence of padded rooms for the "furiosos."

The merits seemed to me to be also twofold—(1) the inestimably humanizing effect which the ministrations and mere presence of these Sisters must have, especially on the men; (2) the advantage of the relations being allowed to bring little luxuries for these their afflicted brethren and sisters.

A few words, before I close, on the Hospital for Women—the sister institution to that for men. The "Hospital de Mujeres" is situated in the street bearing its name, and is a large and handsome building. Its wide courtyard is filled, as at the "Hospital de los Hombres," with exotic shrubs and flowers: the graceful white bell-shaped flowers of the trompeta, the platanos of Havannah, the camellia frangula, with adelfas and aureolas, made a bright and rich show. The priest was at the gateway, and, with true Spanish courtesy, bade us welcome.

This Casa de Misericordia is under the care of the Carmelitas de la Caridad (Carmelite Sisters), of whom there are ten in residence, who do nearly all the work of the institution with their own hands. One of them, in her brown stuff dress, blue serge apron, white hood, and black cross, showed us over the building.

Very noticeable in these lofty white-washed dormitories and salas was the effect of the introduction of color. At regular intervals, paintings on encaustic tiles were let into the walls, all representing religious subjects. In one sala were the fourteen "Stations of the Cross," in blue and buff. The bed-heads were painted dark green, with little yellow crosses at the head. The coverlets were buff, with the escudo of the Virgin stamped upon them in white. Small oil-paintings also were hung round the walls, and many other trifling and inexpensive ornaments. The effect was exceedingly pretty. This Casa contains seventy beds, thirty-five of which are in one lofty room. At the time of my visit the inmates numbered about fifty.

The classes who come here are threefold: first, the very poor, who are received for nothing; the funds, however, are so deficient that very few can be received. It was a sad thing to know that, some few years back, Government and Church could

give, and did give liberally, and these institutions were filled, and now no funds are forthcoming! The second class are aged women, who have a little money, and prefer to spend their old age in the Casa, and die there. The third class are the sick members of moderately well off families, who cannot afford to maintain them at home, and can provide for them far better and more cheaply here. Both these last classes pay a fixed sum weekly.

There is a ward for infectious diseases, and one for accidents.

Two doctors and one clergyman live in the Casa. In each ward is a small altar for praying. One of the rooms, used for various purposes, is a very fine one, in size 22 yards by 34, and very lofty, with a row of marble pillars, and enormous windows. Armchairs and tables were spread about it.

Next I visited the kitchen. It was "comida time," and a gratifying sight it was to see the well-dressed Señoras of the town—evidently persons of respectable position—themselves taking the dinners to their mother or sister, or whatever relation they might have in the Casa. They fairly vied in activity with the ten bustling little "madres." Relations are admitted to sit with their sick at any time.

Two arrangements I remarked that were wholly new to me.

First, the advantage of the introduction of color into the wards, as above-mentioned. Secondly, the admirable arrangement for the bed-ridden, by which privacy is secured to each.

The whole atmosphere of this hospital was deeply religious. On all the crockery was stamped—not the name or coat of arms of the Casa, but—the escudo de la Virgen. In every ward was a small altar; every wall and bed, every nook and corner, had some religious motto, or picture, or image. As I turned to go away, I saw that some nervous fingers had barely secured to the door, with a pin, a tiny piece of paper with the bleeding heart of Christ painted roughly on it, and underneath, in MS., the words—

"Detente: el corazon de Jesus está conmigo."

("Stay: the heart of Christ is with me.") I stayed for a moment to consider the meaning, and the two "madres" remarked audibly, "The English captain will see

every little thing; but it is well that he should."

And then I said farewell to this model Hospital. As I passed through the outer door, in the tiny vestibule, quite open to the street, a young Spanish lady was kneeling, evidently in fervent prayer. Not until then had I noticed that a little altar there was lighted up with much taste, barely removed from the street. A heap of aromatic boughs was lying in the street as

I stepped out. I said to the guide, "What are these?" "Those," said he, in broken English, "are the scented shrubs we use on *the good night*. Don't you know?—the night God came down with the good news for us all."

Truly, I thought, religion here is not thrust into a corner, but speaks for itself at every turn.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

(To be continued.)

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

(Suggested by Holman Hunt's Picture.)

WEARY, half weary of the work of life,
The just-begun and never-ended strife,
O Son of Mary;
Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter,
God-given, twenty years ago, to her,
His Mother Mary.
Jesus, the Lord's Anointed, free from sin;
The Way, by which a far-off heaven we win,
The Door, through which we all may enter in,
Christ, Son of Mary.

Our days, Thou knowest, are short and full of woes,
Our cross, like Thine, too soon its shadow throws,
Tired Son of Mary:
Our birth-crowns that our mothers treasure up,
Are melted oft into one bitter cup;—
They drink, like Mary:
And with dim, frightened eyes, they also see
The shadow of some strange accursed Tree,
Where their dear sons give up the ghost, like Thee,
Great Son of Mary.

O full of life, with all life's lawful joys
Calling upon Thee in mellifluous noise,
Fair Son of Mary;
Full of man's strength to do God's whole behest,
The noon-tide labor bringing evening rest,
Sweet Son of Mary;
Yet through all this, love-wiser far than these,
The shadow of the Cross Thy mother sees
In its unfathomable mysteries—
Heart-pierced Mary.

But Thou, with those Divine eyes, free from fear,
 Thou seest the rest remaining even here
 To Thee—and Mary,
 And all God's people, all His children poor,
 Whom Thou namest brethren : knocking at their door,
 Blest Son of Mary :
 And, by and bye, Thy earthly travail done,
 Death consummating what Thy life begun,
 Thou'lt say "Come unto Me, each weary one—
 "I am Son of Mary."

O Son of God, and yet the woman's seed,
 Bruise Thou our serpent sins, even though we bleed,
 Like Thee and Mary.
 Forgive, if we too, tired ere work be done,
 Look forward longing to the set of sun,
 Alone—no Mary :
 And in the day of evil, anguish-rife,
 Remember us ! Through this our mortal strife,
 Lead us unto Thine everlasting life,
 Christ, Son of Mary.
 —*Macmillan's Magazine.*

SPRING, FLOODS.

BY IVAN TURGENIEFF.

"O happy years
 And joyful days !
 Like floods in spring
 Ye've passed away !"

CONCLUDED.

XLI.

THUS thought Sanin when going to bed at night ; but what his thoughts were on the following morning, when Maria Nikolaevna knocked impatiently at his door with the coral handle of her whip, when he beheld her on the threshold of his door with the train of her dark-blue riding-habit thrown over her arm, with a small chimney-pot hat on her thickly plaited hair, with a veil floating over her shoulders, with a radiant smile on her lips, in her eyes, on her whole face—what his thoughts were then history does not reveal.

"Well ? Are you ready ?" cried a gay voice.

Sanin buttoned up his coat and took his hat in silence. Maria Nikolaevna cast a bright look on him, nodded her head, and skipped down-stairs. He followed her.

The horses were standing ready before

the door. There were three : there was a golden brown thoroughbred mare, with black fiery eyes starting from its head, with the legs of a stag, and rather lean, but still a handsome, spirited-looking animal, for Maria Nikolaevna ; a powerful, broad, rather heavy-looking steed, and black as the night, for Sanin ; the third horse was for the groom. Maria Nikolaevna sprang lightly into her saddle. . . . The animal began to paw the ground and turn about, whisking its tail, and champing the bit ; but Maria Nikolaevna was a first-rate rider, and knew how to keep the horse in check. She had yet to take leave of Polozoff, who, in his inseparable fez and dressing-gown, appeared on the balcony waving his handkerchief, with a frown on his face. Sanin also leaped on his horse ; Maria Nikolaevna waved her whip at Polozoff, as a sort of farewell to him, and then hit her horse over the neck : the animal rose on its hind legs, bounded forward, then quietly walked off at a measured pace, quivering in all its veins,

breathing the wind, and snorting impatiently. Sanin rode behind and watched Maria Nikolaevna: with an air of assurance, her small elegant form swayed easily and gracefully to and fro with every movement of her horse. She turned her head round and beckoned to him with her eyes. He rode up to her side.

"Well, you see how pleasant it is," she said. "I tell you, once for all, before we part: you are charming, and you will never repent of this ride."

Having uttered these words, she nodded her head several times, as though to confirm what she had said, and to make him understand the significance of her words.

She seemed so immeasurably happy that Sanin could scarcely believe it; there came over her face that expression of perfect happiness which children have when they are very, very contented.

They went at a slow pace as far as the barrier, and then set off at a gallop along the *chaussée*. The weather was perfectly lovely; the wind blew against their faces and whistled pleasantly round them; a feeling of youth, health, and freedom took possession of them both, and gained upon them each moment.

Maria Nikolaevna drew in her horse, and went again at a slow walk; Sanin followed her example.

"For this," she began, with a deep, rapturous sigh, "for this alone would life be worth having: when one has gained one's wish, a wish that seemed beyond one's reach, one must enjoy it with all one's soul! And how good one feels at the time! For instance I . . . how good I feel! I think I could embrace the whole world. That is to say, no, not the whole world! There—this one I could not embrace." She pointed with her whip to an old beggar walking along the side of the road. "But I am ready to make him happy. There, catch it," she called out in German, throwing her purse at the beggar's feet. The old man looked astonished, and stood still, while Maria Nikolaevna laughed aloud, and sent her horse at a canter.

"You enjoy riding?" asked Sanin, overtaking her.

Maria Nikolaevna again drew her horse in with a sudden jerk; she never stopped differently: "I only wished to escape from the old man's gratitude. Who

thanks me spoils my pleasure. I did not do that for him, but for myself. How dares he thank me then? I did not hear what you said just now."

"I was asking you . . . I wished to know why you are so happy to-day?"

"You know what," murmured Maria Nikolaevna: either she did not again hear Sanin, or else thought it unnecessary to answer his question. "I am so tired of seeing that groom, who is pursuing us, and who is probably wondering when we shall turn back. How shall we get rid of him?" She took from her pocket a small memorandum book. "Shall I send him with a letter in to town? No . . . that will not do. Ah! I know now! What is that in front of us? An inn?"

Sanin looked in the direction to which she pointed. "Yes, it looks like an inn." "That is splendid. I shall order him to remain at the inn, and to drink beer until our return."

"But what will he think?"

"What do we care! But he will not think any thing about it; he will drink beer, and that is all. Well, Sanin (this was the first time that she had spoken to him so familiarly), come on, let us gallop!"

When they had ridden up to the inn, Maria Nikolaevna called the groom, and told him what he was to do. The groom, a man of English extraction, put his hand up to his hat, jumped off his horse, and caught hold of the bridle.

"Well, now we are birds of freedom!" said Maria Nikolaevna. "Whither shall we go? North, South, East, or West? See, I am like a king of Hungary at his coronation" (she pointed to all four quarters of the globe). "All is ours! You know what: do you see those beautiful hills and that wood? Let us go there, to the hills, to the hills!"

"In die Berge, wo die Freiheit thronet!"

She turned off from the *chaussée*, and galloped along a narrow, unbeaten road, which seemed to lead to the hills. Sanin galloped after her.

XLII.

This narrow road soon turned into a footpath, and at last disappeared altogether, intersected by a ditch. Sanin thought it advisable to return, but Maria Nikolaevna said, "No, I want to go to the hills! Let us go as straight as a bird flies,"

and she made her horse jump over the ditch. Sanin jumped over it also. On the other side was a meadow, which soon proved to be a bog; the ground was thoroughly soaked, and there were small pools of water all over the place. Maria Nikolaevna rode her horse purposely through all the pools, laughing, and repeating at the same time, "Let us be school-children!"

"Do you know what it is to hunt in the bogs?" she said to Sanin.

"Yes," he answered.

"My uncle kept hounds," continued she, "and I used to go out hunting with him in the spring. So delightful! And now here we are together in the bogs! I see you are a thorough Russian, and yet you want to marry an Italian. Well, it is your look out! What is this? Another ditch? Jump!"

The horse jumped over, but Maria Nikolaevna's hat fell off her head, and her hair streamed over her shoulders. Sanin was about to get off his horse to lift the hat, when she called out to him, "Do not touch it, I shall get it myself," and bending low from her saddle, caught hold of the vail with the end of her whip, got the hat, put it on, left her hair hanging down her back, and set off again with a cry. Sanin rushed off with her, side by side; jumping the ditches, the fences, the rivulets, scrambling out of difficulties together, tearing up and down hill, and always gazing into her face. And what a face it was! it seemed as transparent as the day: those eager, wild, bright eyes were opened wide; those lips and nostrils were also opened and were inhaling greedily the morning air. She was gazing straight before her, and it seemed that all she looked at, the earth, the heavens, the sun, and the very air, her soul yearned to possess, and her only regret was, that there were so few dangers—she could have overcome any thing. "Sanin," she cried, "this is like Bürger's Lenore, only you are not dead. Tell me, you are not dead? . . . I am alive!" All her wild nature had come into play. This was no longer an Amazon tearing along, this was a young female Centaur, half beast, half goddess, and the peaceful earth she sped over in her wild impetuosity, gazed at her in amazement.

Maria Nikolaevna at last drew in her foaming horse: it was staggering under her, while Sanin's was panting for want of breath.

"Well? Is not this delicious?" she said in a bewitching whisper.

"Delicious!" echoed Sanin in ecstasy, and his blood rushed wildly through his veins.

"Wait a bit: this is not what it will be!" She stretched out her hand. The glove on it had burst.

"I told you I should take you to the woods, to the hills. . . . There are the hills!" Covered with a high wood, they rose about two hundred paces from the spot from whence these bold riders now emerged. "See, and here is the road. Let us follow it, and go on. Only ride at foot's pace. We must let our horses take breath."

They rode on. Maria Nikolaevna threw back her hair with a sudden, quick movement of her hand. She then looked down at her gloves, and took them off. "My hands will smell of leather," she said, "but you will not mind that? Eh?" Maria Nikolaevna was smiling, so was Sanin. This wild ride had, seemingly brought them together at last and made them friends.

"How old are you?" she asked him suddenly.

"Twenty-two."

"Impossible! I am also twenty-two. It is a happy age. Put those years together, and old age will still be far distant. But how warm it is! Am I very red?"

"As red as a poppy!"

Maria Nikolaevna wiped her face with her handkerchief. "When we get into the wood it will be cooler. An old wood is like an old friend. Have you any friends?"

Sanin thought a few moments. "I have . . . but only a few. Real friends I have none."

"I have real ones, only they are not old. One's horse is also a friend. What care it takes of one. Oh! but how delicious it is here! Can it be possible that I am going to Paris to-morrow?"

"Yes . . . can it be possible?" repeated Sanin.

"And you to Frankfort?"

"I am positively going to Frankfort."

"Well, God be with me! But this day, at all events, is ours . . . ours . . . ours!"

The horses neared the skirt of the wood

and entered it. The wide shadows of the trees fell softly over them from all sides.

"Oh! but this is paradise!" exclaimed Maria Nikolaeona. "Come deeper, farther into this shadow, Sanin."

The horses advanced slowly, "deeper into the shadow," staggering slightly and panting. The path they were following suddenly took a turn and went off into a narrow defile. The scent of juniper, ferns, pine-trees, and of last year's withered foliage, filled the spot with a dense, dreamy atmosphere. The big brown stones emitted from out their clefts a delicious freshness. Small low hillocks, overgrown with green moss, skirted the path on each side.

"Stand still," exclaimed Maria Nikolaeona, "I wish to sit down, and rest on this velvet carpet; help me to dismount."

Sanin got off his horse and ran up to her. She leaned on his shoulders, jumped quickly to the ground, and sat down on one of the mossy hillocks. He stood before her, holding the horses by their bridles.

She raised her eyes to him. . . .

"Sanin, do you know how to forget?"

Sanin recollected what had happened in the carriage the night before: "What is this—a question or a reproach?" he said.

"I have never reproached any one. But do you believe in sorcery?"

"In what?"

"In sorcery. In the kind of witchery we sing of in our peasant songs? I believe in it . . . and so will you."

"Sorcery" . . . repeated Sanin.

"All is possible in this world. At first I did not believe in it, but now I do. I do not recognize myself."

Maria Nikolaeona became pensive and then looked around her. "This place seems familiar to me. Look, Sanin, is there not behind that big oak tree a red wooden cross?"

Sanin stepped aside to see. "There is."

Maria Nikolaeona smiled pleasantly and laughed. "Ah, well! I know where we are. We have not yet lost ourselves. What is that noise? Is it the woodman's axe?"

Sanin looked into the thicket. "Yes; there is a man there chopping down the dry branches."

"I must arrange my hair," said Maria Nikolaeona, "or else, seeing me in this plight, he might think it odd." She took off her hat and began silently and solemnly

plaiting the ends of her long tresses. Sanin stood before her. . . . The outline of her perfect form was plainly visible from beneath the dark folds of her habit, to which small tufts of moss were clinging here and there.

One of the horses behind Sanin suddenly shook himself: Sanin started and trembled involuntarily from head to foot. All was in confusion within him—his nerves were like the chords of an instrument overstrained. He was quite in earnest when he said he did not recognize himself. . . . Verily, he was bewitched. His whole being was breathing with but one thought, one wish. Maria Nikolaeona threw a piercing glance at him.

"Well, now my hair is as it should be," she murmured, putting on her hat. "You do not rest yourself. Sit here. No, wait a bit, do not sit down. What is that?"

A dull vibrating sound passed over the tops of the trees and through the air.

"Can that be thunder?"

"It sounded like thunder," answered Sanin.

"Oh! but this is a holiday, a real holiday! We only wanted this to complete it. Bravo! *Bis!* Do you remember, I spoke to you yesterday of the *Æneid*? They were also caught in a storm in the wood. However, we must make a start." She jumped to her feet. "Lead me up my horse. . . . Give me your hand for my foot. That is it, I am not heavy." Like a bird she flew on her saddle. Sanin also mounted his horse.

"You are going home?" he asked in a quivering voice.

"Home?" she answered hesitatingly and gathering up her reins. "Follow me," she said in a commanding voice and almost harshly.

She rode into the path, and passing the red cross, went into the hollow, came to the turn, took the road to the right, and again ascended the hill. . . . She evidently knew her way, and this way led farther and farther into the depths of the wood. She never uttered a word, never turned her head: she went on with an imperious air, and he followed her, obediently and humble, without a spark of his own free-will left in his sinking heart. Drops of rain began to fall. She urged on her horse, and he kept up with her. At length, from between the dark-green fir-trees, and from beneath the ridge of a gray

rock, they caught sight of a wretched little watch-house, with a low door in its thatched wall. . . . Maria Nikolaeona made her horse scramble through the thicket, and suddenly dismounting at the threshold of the door, turned to Sanin and whispered: "Æneas?"

Four hours later, Maria Nikolaeona and Sanin, attended by the sleepy groom, returned to Wiesbaden to the hotel. Mr. Polozoff met his wife with a letter to his steward in his hand. Looking closely at her, an expression of dissatisfaction stole over his face, and he muttered, "What, have I then lost my bet?"

Maria Nikolaeona only shrugged her shoulders.

That same day, two hours later, Sanin stood before her in his own room, like one lost and ruined. . . .

"Where are you going to?" she asked him. "To Paris or to Frankfort?"

"I shall go where you go, and shall be with you until you send me away from you," he answered in despair, pressing his lips to the hands of his conqueror. She released her hands, placed them on his head, and grasped his hair with all her fingers. Then she drew them gently through his hair, standing over him erect with triumph on her lips—and her eyes wide and bright, bore but one expression—that of pitilessness and satiety. A vulture clawing his prey has just such eyes.

XLIII.

These were Dimitri Sanin's recollections, when, in the quiet of his own room, looking over his old papers, he found among them the garnet cross. The events narrated here appeared vividly in succession before his mental vision. . . . But when he recalled the moment when with humiliating supplication he appealed to Madame Polozoff, when he gave himself up to her, when his slavery commenced—he turned away from these images that he had revived, and would recall no more. Not that his memory failed him—oh! no! he knew, he knew too well, what followed, after that moment; but he was choked with shame even now, so many years after it had happened; he dreaded

that feeling of unbearable contempt for himself, which, he had no doubt, would most assuredly break over him like a wave, and drown all other feelings within him, if he did not bid silence to his memory. But turn from these vivid reminiscences as he would, to stifle them entirely was beyond his power. He remembered the trashy, tearful, lying, piteous letter he sent to Gemma, the letter that was never answered. . . . To appear before her, to return to her after such deceit, such treachery—no! no! he had some conscience, some honor still left in him. Besides, he had lost all confidence in himself, all self-respect: he dared no longer answer for himself. Sanin also recollected how he afterward—O ignominy!—despatched Polozoff's servant to Frankfort for his things; how cowardly he felt; how one idea alone pursued him—to fly quickly to Paris; how he, in obedience to Maria Nikolaeona's commands, sneaked and made up to Ippolit Sidoritch, and even made himself amiable to Dönhof, on whose finger he saw exactly such another ring as Maria Nikolaeona had given him!

Next followed reminiscences still viler, still more shameful. . . . The waiter hands him in a card, and on it is written the name of Pantaleone Cippatola, Court Singer to H. S. H., the Duke of Modena! He hides from the old man, but can not avoid encountering him in the passage; and there rises before him an agitated face from under a heavy, gray tuft of hair; the eyes burn like coals, and he hears terrible ejaculations and cursings: "*Maledizione!*" He even hears the dreadful words: "*Coldardo! Infame traditore!*" Sanin closes his eyes, throws his head back, turns away again and again; but again he sees himself seated on the narrow front seat of a traveling carriage . . . opposite, sit Maria Nikolaeona and Ippolit Sidoritch—four horses dash at a canter along the Wiesbaden streets—to Paris! to Paris! Ippolit Sidoritch is eating a pear, which he, Sanin, had peeled for him; while Maria Nikolaeona gazes at him, and smiles at him, who is already firmly shackled and secured, with that familiar smile—the smile of ownership and sovereignty. . . .

But, good God! there at the corner of the street, not far from the entrance of the town, is that not Pantaleone standing; and who is that with him? Can it be Emile? Yes, it is he, it is that enraptured,

devoted boy! was it not but a short time ago, that his young heart glowed before his hero, his ideal, and now his pale charming face—so attractively charming that Maria Nikolaevna noticed him and looked out of the carriage window at him—that honest face flushes with anger and contempt; his eyes, so like those *other* eyes! pierce through Sanin, and the lips are compressed . . . and open suddenly to cast angry words at him. . . .

And Pantaleone stretches out his hand, and points out Sanin—to whom? to Tartaglia who stands next him, and Tartaglia barks at Sanin, and the very bark of that honest dog resounds with unbearable mortification. . . .

And then, the life in Paris, all the humiliations, all the odious torments of a slave, to whom the pangs of jealousy and murmurs are not permitted, and who is discarded, at last, like an old shoe.

Then, the return to his own country; a poisoned, wasted life; trivial troubles and turmoil; bitter and fruitless repentance; as fruitless and as bitter forgetfulness; invisible but perpetual punishment; however slight, but still incurable pain—repayment, in small remittances, of a debt too heavy to calculate.

The cup was filled to the brim—enough!

How was it that the cross which Gemma had given Sanin was still in existence; why had he not returned it, how had it so happened he had never, before that day, come across it? Long, long, did he remain wrapt in thought, and though taught by experience, after so many years, he was still unable to comprehend how he could ever have forsaken Gemma, whom he had loved so tenderly and so passionately, for a woman for whom he had never had a grain of love? . . . On the following day, he astonished all his friends and acquaintances by announcing to them that he was going abroad. Society was perplexed with wonder. Sanin was leaving Petersburg in the middle of winter, after having only just taken an elegantly furnished apartment, and a box at the Italian opera, at which Mme. Patti was singing! His friends and acquaintances were struck with astonishment; but it is not in the order of nature for people to trouble themselves long with affairs that

do not concern them, and when Sanin went abroad, the only one who came to see him off at the railway station was a French tailor, with the hopes of settling his little bill—"pour un saute-enbarque en velours noir, tout à fait chic."

XLIV.

Sanin told his friends that he was going abroad, but he did not tell them the exact place he was going to: our readers easily guess that he went direct to Frankfort. Thanks to the general spread of railways, he reached his destination in four days' time. He had not visited the town since the year 1840. The "White Swan" stood in its old place and flourished, though it was no longer considered a first-class hotel. The Zeil, the principal street at Frankfort, was but little changed; but not only the Roselli house, but the whole street had disappeared entirely. Sanin wandered, like one out of his senses, about the places so familiar to him once upon a time, and recognized nothing: the former buildings were gone; they were exchanged for new streets, lined with enormous, closely-packed houses and elegant villas; even the public garden, where Gemma and he had had their last, long interview, was so overgrown and changed, that Sanin asked himself whether this indeed was the same garden? What was he to do? How and where was he to make inquiries? Thirty years had elapsed since then. . . . It was no easy matter to find out. Not one person to whom he turned had ever heard the name of Roselli; the landlord of the hotel advised him to inquire at the public library, there he would find all the old newspapers; but what good that would do him, the landlord himself was unable to explain.

Sanin, at last driven to despair, made inquiries about Herr Klüber. That name was well known to the landlord, but even here he met with a disappointment. The elegant clerk, having raised himself to be a capitalist, became a bankrupt and had died in prison. . . . This intelligence caused him no great grief. He came to the conclusion that this journey had been a rash undertaking. . . . But one day, turning over the leaves of the Frankfort Book of Addresses, he came across the name of Von Dönhof, a retired major. He instantly took a carriage and drove off to him, though why should this Dön-

hof be exactly the same Dönhof he once knew; how should Dönhof be able to give him any news of the Roselli family? But what matters: does not a dying man catch at a straw?

Sanin found the retired Major Von Dönhof at home, and in the white-haired old man who received him he recognized his former opponent. And the Major also knew him again, and was glad to see him: it reminded him of his youth, and of his youthful follies. Sanin heard from him that the Roselli family had long since removed to America, to New-York; that Gemma had married a merchant; that, moreover, he, Dönhof, was also acquainted with a merchant who probably knew the address of her husband, as he had business connections with America. Sanin begged Dönhof to go to this acquaintance, and, O joy! Dönhof brought him the address of Gemma's husband, Mr. Jeremiah Slocum, New-York, Broadway No. 501. Only this address was of the year 1853.

"Let us hope," exclaimed Dönhof, "that our former Frankfort belle is still alive and has not left New-York! But by-the-by," added he, lowering his voice, "what has become of that Russian lady, you recollect, who was staying at Wiesbaden, a Mme. Bo—Von—Bozoloff—is she still alive?"

"No," answered Sanin, "she is dead long ago." Dönhof raised his eyes, but observing that Sanin had turned away with a frown, did not say another word, and left him.

That same day, Sanin sent a letter to Mrs. Gemma Slocum, New-York. In this letter he told her that he was writing from Frankfort where he had come with the sole purpose of finding her out; that he was thoroughly aware to what extent he had forfeited the right of expecting an answer from her; that he had not merited her forgiveness, and only hoped that, in the midst of happy surroundings in which she lived, she had long since forgotten his existence. He added, that he had come to the determination of reminding her of himself in consequence of a chance circumstance which had awakened the past too vividly; he told her of his solitary joyless life, entreated her to understand the reasons that had induced him to turn to

her; not to let him carry to his grave the grievous consciousness of his fault, long suffered for but unforgiven, and to gladden him if only by a few words telling him how she lived in that new world, in which she had disappeared. "By writing me but one word," thus wrote Sanin at the end of his letter, "you will be doing a good act worthy of your great soul, and I will thank you with my last breath. I am staying here at the '*White Swan*' (he underlined these words), and shall wait for your answer until spring."

He sent this letter off and waited. Six whole weeks he lived at the hotel, scarcely ever leaving his room, and seeing no one. No one could write to him from Russia or from elsewhere: if a letter did come, he knew it could only be the one he was expecting. He read from morning to night, not the papers, but serious books, and historical essays. These prolonged readings, this silence, this snail-like, hidden existence, just suited his strain of mind: if only for that alone he was indebted to Gemma! But was she alive? Would she answer him?

At last there came a letter, with an American post-mark, from New-York, and addressed to him. The hand-writing on the envelope was English. . . . He did not recognize it. . . . and his heart sank within him. He could not break the seal at once. He looked at the signature. It was Gemma. The tears started to his eyes: that she had signed herself without her surname was alone a pledge of reconciliation and forgiveness! He unfolded the thin, blue note-paper, a photograph slipped out. He lifted it quickly and stood struck with wonder. It was Gemma, the living image of Gemma, as young as he had known her thirty years ago! The same eyes, the same lips, the same type of face; on the back of the photograph was written: "My daughter Marianna." The whole letter was kind and simple. Gemma thanked him that he had not hesitated in writing to her, and that he had such confidence in her; she did not conceal from him that, after his desertion of her, she had suffered terrible anguish, but added immediately after, that, in spite of all, she considered her meeting with him to have been a great happiness, as it had prevented her from becoming the wife of Herr Klüber, and it had led, though indirectly, to her marriage with

her present husband, with whom she had lived for twenty-eight years in perfect happiness and in luxury. Their house was well known in New-York. Gemma informed Sanin that she had five children, four sons and one daughter of eighteen, who was already engaged, and whose photograph she inclosed, as it was the general opinion that she was very like her mother. The sad news she reserved to the last. Frau Lenore had died at New-York, where she had followed her daughter and son-in-law; but she had had time to rejoice her heart over her grandchildren and to nurse them. Pantaleone also was going over to America, but died just before his departure from Frankfort. "And Emilio, our tenderly loved Emilio, perished gloriously, fighting for the freedom of his country in Sicily, amongst the thousands commanded by the great Garibaldi. We all deeply deplored the loss of our precious brother, but, while shedding tears, we felt proud of him, and we shall ever feel so and ever preserve his memory sacred!" Then Gemma expressed her sorrow that Sanin's life had

been so unhappy; she hoped he would at last find peace and rest for his soul, and said she would be glad to see him, though she knew how improbable it was that they would ever meet again. . . .

We do not take upon ourselves to describe the feelings of Sanin while reading this letter. Such feelings can not be expressed: they are too deep and too strong, and too far beyond the reach of words. Music alone could convey the meaning of them.

Sanin answered the letter immediately, and sent, as a present to the bride—to "Marianna Slocum, from an unknown friend"—a small garnet cross, mounted richly in pearls. The present, though very valuable, did not ruin him; in the course of those thirty years which had passed since his first visit to Frankfort he had accumulated a considerable fortune. In the first days of May, he returned to St. Petersburg, but not for long. There is a rumor that he is selling all his estates and is going over to America.

LETTERS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

TO THE AUTHOR OF "ORION" ON LITERARY AND GENERAL TOPICS.

II.

A PROJECT was originated by Wordsworth, as I believe, though it seemed to crop out from another quarter, to produce a volume or two of choice selections from Chaucer, modernized upon a truthful plan. The undertaking presented considerable difficulties. The unscrupulous paraphrases of Pope, Dryden, Ogle, Betterton, &c., were to be entirely avoided; while the hard-favored method of giving the original, with modern spelling, accents, and a glossary in foot-notes, was not to be, in any degree, adopted. Thus, there would be the loss of easy liberty, not to say the abominable licence, which attended the former,—and the loss of Chaucer's euphonious versification in the hybrid form of the latter. The best modernizations of the previous period, and out of sight beyond all others, were those of Lord Thurlow; yet even he interpolated a line or two in nearly every stanza of "The Flower and the Leaf." Not so with his admirable

modernization of "The Knight's Tale," though he adopts the monotonously regular heroic couplets of the school of Pope and others, and never gives the varied *rhythm* which Chaucer continually introduces in the heroic metre. Briefly, several lovers of the great "father of English poetry" agreed to undertake the work—to wit, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Miss E. B. Barrett, R. Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), Robert Bell, Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, the present writer, and some others. After the first volume had been satisfactorily launched, a second was contemplated, the projectors intending to request the co-operation of Tennyson, Talfourd, Browning, Sir E. L. Bulwer (afterwards Lord Lytton), Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, of course, and Mary Howitt. Everything was soon settled, except to fix upon an editor. Wordsworth, being in years, and residing at a distance, would not accept the post. The next in seniority was Mr. Leigh Hunt, who was living near London, and in all respects suitable as a

most accomplished reader and lover of Chaucer;—so we proposed it to him. But he was too wise; he “smelt the battle afar off,” which I did not; and, as Wordsworth, to whom several of us had sent poems we had modernized, had written to London to say that my rendering of “The Franklin’s Tale” was “as well done as any lover of Chaucer’s poetry need or can desire,” the editorship was offered to me. To my subsequent regret, hard work, thankless waste of time in verbal conflicts, countless vexations—yet pride, withal—I accepted the office, “little dreaming.” These things are incidentally mentioned, because they will presently display, in novel relief, certain characteristics, not unamiable, but minutely painstaking, provocative, and probably amusing (to present readers) of several literary celebrities of that day (1841) when the design was put into execution.

Miss E. B. Barrett, though still with so fragile a tenure of life that she might be said to have been really hovering near the grave, cheerfully, and indeed with enthusiasm, agreed to lend her aid to the work. And it is a great pleasure to recollect that everybody to whom I applied cordially consented, the only exception being Mr. Landor, who, however, conveyed his objection in a form that could not be displeasing to those who had an artist-like interest in this labor of love. His first reply was that he believed “as many people read Chaucer” (meaning in the original) “as were fit to read him.” As I took leave to doubt this, Landor again wrote to me, saying—“Indeed I *do* admire him, or rather love him. In my opinion he is fairly worth a score or two of Spensers. He had a knowledge of human nature, and not of doll-making and *fantoccini* dressing. ‘Imagination’ seems to our poets and critics to be the faculty of devising a rare quantity of small images.” And further on, he wrote—“Pardon me if I say I would rather see Chaucer quite alone, in the dew of his sunny morning, than with twenty clever gentle-folks about him, arranging his shoe-things and buttoning his doublet. I like even his *language*. I will have no hand in breaking his dun but rich-painted glass, to put in (if clearer) much thinner panes.” And thus,—with the true, but narrow devotion of the best men on the black-letter

side, and their resistance to all attempts to melt the obsolete language and form it into modern moulds,—and the stolidity of a British public on the other side, the Homer of English Poetry continues unread, and known only to the very few. As I said in the Introduction to the volume in question, “Had Chaucer’s poems been written in Greek or Hebrew, they would have been a thousand times better known.” They would have been translated again and again, year after year.

Writing to Sir E. L. Bulwer (Lord Lytton), the principle I proposed for acceptance or discussion was, that those contributors who could gracefully and poetically retain most of the original words should be considered as best doing the work. Wordsworth had at once coincided in this; so had Miss Barrett, and so did Sir E. L. Bulwer, and all the rest but one. I allude to Leigh Hunt, who did not altogether coincide. And the more he thought over it, or rather the more he worked at the modernization, the less he agreed with the principle, as we shall presently see. Be it understood that I fully admitted there was much to be said on his view of the matter. However, we all commenced. Wordsworth gave a version of “The Cuckoo and the Nightingale,” an extract from “Troilus and Cressida,” and he virtually modernized the whole of “The Flower and the Leaf,” by the re-writings, revisions, and general labor he bestowed upon it for somebody else. Leigh Hunt modernized “The Manciple’s Tale,” “The Friar’s Tale,” and “The Squire’s Tale;” and Miss Barrett modernized “Queen Annelida and False Arcite,” and “The Complaint of Annelida.” The remainder of the volume comprised the “Life of Chaucer,” by a learned German Professor; Eulogies on Chaucer, by his contemporaries, and others; and the modernizations and other work, by the Editor and by Robert Bell.

The Poem selected by Miss Barrett presented one peculiar feature, being the first of its kind, systematically carried out, that is to be found in English Poetry. In the general execution, the lady adhered to the principle that had been laid down; but the peculiarity alluded to is to be found in two stanzas only of the present poem, which we will first give in the original, so that readers may judge of how the work has been performed.

THE COMPLAINT OF ANNELIDA TO
FALSE ARCITE.

VII.

But for I was so plaine to The Arcite,
In all my wordes and workis moche and lite,
And was so besy aye you to delite,
Myne honour only save meke, kinde, and
fre,

Therefore Arcite ye put in me this wite,
Alas! Alas! ye reckon not a mite
Though that the percing swerde of sorrow
byte

My woful hert, thorough your cruilte.

VIII.

My swete foe, why do ye so for shame?
And thinkin ye that furthered be your name
To lovin a newe, and ben untrewed aye,
And putin you in slaundir nowe and blame,
And so to me adversyte and grame,
That love you most, God thou wotist
alwaye.

Yet turne ayen, and yet be plaine some
daye,

And then shall this that now is mis ben
game,

And al forgevin, whilis I lyve may.

The following are the modernized ver-
sions of Miss Barrett:—

STANZA VII.

Because I was so plain, Arcite,
In all my doings, your delight
Seeking in all things, where I might
In honor,—meek and kind and free;
Therefore you do me such despite.
Alas! howe'er through cruelty
My heart with sorrow's sword you smite,
You cannot kill its love.—Ah me!

VIII.

Ah, my sweet foe, why do you so
For shame?
Think you that praise, in sooth, will raise
Your name,
Loving anew, and being untrue
For aye?
Thus casting down your manhood's crown
In blame,
And working me adversity,
The same,
Who loves you most—(O God, thou know'st!)
Alway?
Yet turn again—be fair and plain
Some day;
And then shall this, that seems amiss,
Be game,
All being forgiv'n, while yet from heav'n
I stay.

The first letter I can find on the sub-
ject we are now upon, may be thought to
have been written after the volume was
out; but this is by no means certain, as I
continually forwarded proofs to her of

various matters long before they were
printed, as such things seemed to cheer
her solitude; and the date of the Letter
almost proves this to have been the
case.

Post-mark, TORQUAY,

December 17th, 1840.

"I did not say half—not half—enough about
the 'Introduction.' The apotheosis of Chaucer,
or rather your witness to his poetic devoutness,
is very beautiful,—and that passage, for instance,
about the greenness of his green leaves, and the
whiteness of his daisies (so true, that is!), and
above all, a noble paragraph near the end, close
to the end, testifying to the devotional verity of
every veritable poet. I have read it again and
again.

"Notwithstanding all the merit and the grace,
do not some of the poems militate against the
principle you set out with? I venture to think
that the re-fashioners stand—some of them, and
in a measure—too far from Chaucer's side—
however graceful the attitude. You yourself,
and Wordsworth are devoutly near, and most de-
voutly. Most of the contributors are so, but not
all, for even Mr. Leigh Hunt is sometimes satis-
fied with being with Chaucer in the spirit, and
spurns the accidents of body. But Mr. Bell's
'Mars and Venus' is too smooth and varnished,
and redolent of the nineteenth century, as ap-
pears to me, for spirit or body. I think people
will say you might 'keep more Chaucer.' But,
however, they mayn't; and if they are not (say
what you please) delighted with this volume, this
breathing of sweet souths over the bank of death-
less violets, there can be no room for delight in
their souls.

"Papa has been to leave his card upon you, as
he tells me. He is a very bad visitor, or would
have done it long ago—with his strong impres-
sion of all your kindness towards one of his fami-
ly. Do go and see them in Wimpole Street, dear
Mr. Horne, some day when you are in the neigh-
borhood—do—before I am there—if really it is
not out of all order in me to say such a thing.
But it would give them such real pleasure to know
you, I am very sure; and besides, I shall like to
think that they do.

"Very truly yours, E. B. B."

"No, we don't agree; and I want to set up,
not the contrariety, but the identity of the princi-
ple of Greek versification and ours."

The postscript alludes to our projected
lyrical drama of "Psyche."

One of the printer's proofs of some part
of my work in the "Chaucer Moder-
nized" is now before me. I sent all my own
proofs to Miss Barrett and to Leigh Hunt,
asking for their comments and proposed
revisions, in the same way that I had
given mine upon their proofs. Some very
slight notion of the literary, philological,
and archæological queries and contests
that attended this very proper process
may be gathered from the following quota-

tions, with the marginal and foot-notes on the proofs.

R. H. "Love will not be constrained by mastery.
When mastery cometh, the God of love,
anon
Beateth his wings—and, farewell! he is gone."

E. B. In the second line "comes," says Chaucer, and more smoothly.

R. H. Yes, more smoothly, but not so Chaucerian in its variety of rhythm. Does your copy print it "comes?" What edition have you? Mine reads "cometh."

The above is a celebrated passage which has been copied, paraphrastically, by Pope, and others, without acknowledgment. To continue:—

R. H. "After a time there must be temperance
In every man that knows self-governance."

E. B. B. I don't think it means self-governance, but governance generally. If so, "that knoweth governance" would be right.

R. H. "His presence aye desiring, so distrainteth."

E. B. B. Why not,
"The yearning for his presence so constraineth,"

R. H. Yes, far better; thank you.

R. H. "Progressively, as know ye every one,
Men may engrave and work upon a stone
Till that some figure there imprinted be;
So long her friends have soothed her heart," &c.

E. B. B. "Men may engrave so long upon a stone," &c. Shouldn't it suit the other clause?

R. H. Yes, no doubt.

R. H. "Or 'else the sorrow had her heart yslain."

E. B. B. Dare you say "yslain?" Why not,—
"Thro' sorrow had her heart been slain."

R. H. Yes, more prudently, and perhaps as good.

R. H. "The odor of flowers and freshness of the night
Would any heart have filled and made it light,
That ever was born," &c.

E. B. B. Is it not rough?

R. H. No, it is Chaucer's harmonious wavy lift and roll, as explained in the "Introduction." It would of course be unwieldy if tried by Pope's regular, finger-scanning by syllables, instead of Chaucer's *beats* of time.

R. H. "And home all wend with ease, and full of glee,
Save wretched Aurelias—none was sad but he."

E. B. B. Rough—is it not?

R. H. No; it is Chaucer's lifting rhythm. And if it were rough, I should retain it for its "wretched" effect.

R. H. "Your blissful sister, Lucina the sheen, &c."

E. B. B. Qy. the "Lucina." Don't you adjust Chaucer's bad quantities?

R. H. I left that, and others in the proofs, to see what you and Leigh Hunt would say. I suppose we must alter false quantities. Would Landor retain them, black letter and all?

R. H. "His brother weepeth and waileth privately."

E. B. B. The metre would be freer without the "and," I think.

R. H. *Stet.* the "and" for Chaucerian reasons previously given. The same with regard to several others you have marked.

R. H. "But that a clerk should do a gentle deed

As well as any wight of whom we read."

E. B. B. Doesn't Chaucer mean as well as *either* of you—knight or squire?

"But that a clerk a noble deed should do

Is certain sooth, as well as either of you."

R. H. Yes, you are right; and I like the Chaucerian rhythm of your second line at the close; "as well as either of you," I propose to alter thus—

"But that a clerk a gentle deed should do

As well—ne'er doubt it—as this knight or you."

R. H. "For, Sir, I will not take a penny of thee

For all my craft, nor aught for my travail.

Thou has sufficient paid by my vitaille."

E. B. B. I hate and detest those words. Chaucer wouldn't use them *now*. Now, would he? Besides, I doubt the meaning given to the latter line being quite the right one. How impertinent! but this is *colophon* to the whole. I fancy something of this sort,—

"For all my craft, and all my labor given:

For hospitality, we two are even."

R. H. Sorry to give up the two old words of the original; but, sighing my thanks, I adopt your suggestion.

E. B. B. Last line of all stands thus in my black letter,—

"He took his horse, and rode forth on his way."

R. H. Not so in mine. What is the date of yours—and its pedigree?

From the foregoing example of only a few selections from the proofs of a single Tale, modernized by the Editor, some faint conception may be formed of what occurred when Leigh Hunt dealt with my proofs, and I with his. By his seniority in years and literary start long ahead of me, in addition to his early studies of Chaucer and critical essays, I was prepared for abundant difficulties; but it will be seen how all these were increased when

he announced—after we had all commenced upon the plan of as close a literal reading as was compatible with poetical as well as metrical requirements—that he was quite opposed to our leading principle. He announced this, in returning the proofs of my version of the “Prologue to the Canterbury Tales,” crowded with revisions on the opposite theory. Of course I accepted with thanks as much as I could, without violating my own ideas on the question of truthfulness; and I am quite prepared to admit that in all difficult or doubtful passages, a rendering in the spirit would probably be far superior to adhering to the letter. The door, however, Leigh Hunt proposed to open, would let in all sorts of spirits—“black spirits and white,” true spirits and false; and in dealing with a great author, it is right to be on the safe side. The translations of Shelley from the Greek, Italian, German, and Spanish, seem to me as near to perfection as possible. These are in many parts as fine as their originals; and with respect to his translations from Goethe’s *Walpurgis Nacht*, and *El Magico Prodigioso* of Calderon, I consider them not only faithful, but finer than the originals. The same method was not so fitting in Leigh Hunt; and it would be fitting to very few. Shelley was a great poet, and not unlike Calderon, in several characteristics; Leigh Hunt, though an elegant and delightful poet, was not a great poet, and not at all like Chaucer. As to the principle at issue, the close literal translations of Mr. Oxenford from Calderon seem to me very preferable to the fancies many a gentleman might indulge in, and call it the “spirit” of that poet (because it was his own spirit); while the nearest combination of the poetical with the all-but literal, in the present day, is to be found in Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy’s translations from the Spanish, even though he does this “in the metres of the original.” Still, they do not approach what Shelley has done. To return to Leigh Hunt, the opinion of Miss Barrett as to his renderings of Chaucer seems to me quite correct; and most gracefully as he did his part in the “Chaucer Modernized,” I prefer what was done by Wordsworth and Miss Barrett, with the understanding that the poems they selected would not be so interesting, in themselves, to most people, as those selected by Leigh Hunt.

Combined with one or two of the Letters on general topics,—the struggles of the “Syncretics” with the view to bringing a true dramatic literature upon the stage,—the discomfiture of poor George Stephens, and the fate of his tragedy of “Martinuzzi,” which mainly caused him to die of a broken heart; combined also with Miss Barrett’s most unselfish consideration with regard to my time, my lingering hooping-cough, and other matters,—the subject of the “Psyche” drama every now and then rises up like a vague form through a broken silver mist. I was so very glad to observe how this seemed to carry her mind away from the contemplation of her own painful, however necessary, seclusion.

TORQUAY, August 14th, 1841.

“I would not hear your enemys say so, dear Mr. Horne—that you were a bad correspondent—much less say so myself. You are a bad catechumen, and that’s the worst of you, and I’m sure it doesn’t deserve a bad cough. Therefore, if you receive a jar of tamarinds from the West Indies *via* Wimpole Street—and you will, in the case of papa’s having received any himself, as he usually does—pray use them.” [Then follows the ‘prescription.’] “But the pilgrimage through the villages is the remedy. And, dear Mr. Horne, never mind ‘Psyche.’ There is plenty of time for ‘Psyche’—in the future, if not now. She is persecuting you, I fear. Remember—when one is tied with cords, to struggle only strengthens the knots. Put ‘Psyche’ away, out of thought for the present, and don’t fancy that I (for one) am even inclined to be impatient about it. I shall not expect any more news of her for six months, from this fourteenth of August, eighteen hundred and forty-one.

“And so your angelic sin is so rampant that ‘you’d be an abbot’ (and not a ‘butterfly,’ despite of Psyche) if you went into monastery—an abbot of misrule—unless St. Cecilia, who ‘drew the angel down,’ did the like by your reverend desires. Ah! when I was ten years old, I beat you all—you and Napoleon and all—in ambition—but now, I only want to get home.

“Nevertheless, I fear I do fear the light words may be bubbles at the top—that it may be darker underneath. I know the secret of that, you see; and I fear that the hooping-cough and the pressure of business don’t go blithely together, and that you are walking your imaginary cloisters with a graver, perhaps sadder step than should be. Can it be so? Is it so? The louder the call then to the villages.” [For change of air.] “Neither cloisters nor graves are ready for you yet—nor you for them. So I do hope that ‘generally you don’t think’ about either. Whom should we have for Dramatic Professor in the great Genius-establishment,” [a humorous hit at the Syncretics] “where the moth will be sworn never to corrupt and the thief never to steal? Whom, if you were away? If you were only an abbot, or an organist, it would be very different. Do remember that if you are not so tranquil as they, you are [* * * *] and valued more.

"So, the *Monthly Chronicle* is gone—self-slain, because it wouldn't condescend to be lively. There was power enough in it for three or four magazine-popularities—but the taste of *caviare* preponderated, and people turned away their heads. They said of it, as my own ears witnessed, 'dull and heavy.' Then it was such a fatal mistake to keep back the *names*! I saw it to the last. God bless you! I am going to think, in the face of the—*weather*, if it won't turn round.
Truly yours, E. B. B."

The last words convey a more satirical meaning than will be generally apparent. The brief literary career of the *Monthly Chronicle* is unique, curious, and amusing in a certain way. It was started under the joint auspices of three high celebrities of the time; to wit, Sir David Brewster, Sir E. L. Bulwer (the late Lord Lytton), and Dr. Lardner. Being all three proprietors and editors, and each too great to communicate his intentions to either of the others (or even give a definite reply to the Contributors, as I found), a beautiful confusion was the constant and necessary result. The magazine, however, was successfully advancing by reason, and no reason, of the *prestige* of the three names, when the following disastrously natural event occurred. The wonderful accident of "Murphy's Almanack" had just burst through the wintry fogs of London, the astrologer having truly predicted the very coldest of all the cold days of that winter; and the sale of the Almanack was of a kind that compelled the publishers (Messrs. Whitaker) to have police to keep off purchasers from crushing in the door and windows. This I one day witnessed. The next number of the *Monthly Chronicle*, therefore came out with a very long article by Sir David Brewster "On Murphy's Almanack," and another article by Dr. Lardner (no exchange of ideas having been deigned), consisting of fourteen pages, "On the Weather," being founded upon the same "Vox Stellarum!" They occupied a third part of the whole magazine! After this, the proprietor engaged Mr. Robert Bell as editor, who did all that a gallant and indefatigable editor of six feet four could do, but the poor magazine never recovered from that double dose of cold weather.

Since the appearance of these papers in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for last month, another Letter on the subject of the old theatrical patent monopoly has come to light, of too interesting and peculiar a nature to be omitted. A passage in

the following Letter shows how conscientious and unconcealing Miss Barrett was, and sheds an additional lustre, if any were needed, upon the nobility of her character,—the faintness of hold upon the branch of life still continuing:—

"TORQUAY (no date, but probably 1842).

"MY DEAR MR. HORNE.—So you write me down 'dozing,' in courtesy for a worse word; and, indeed, I scarcely know another to recommend to you. Yet it has not been 'dozing' either—no—nor long-drawn consideration. The truth is, I have felt afraid [* * *] and do, and one day being the image of another to me, while the fear made me delay sending you my fancies, I lost account of the time spent in delaying—took Saturday for Monday still, and built up so a dozing reputation. And, indeed, I, upon my 'rock,' have less time for anything good than is supposable. Half the day, all the morning, I am just able to read lazily in that low, spiritless, lack lustre state which shows the quenched embers of opium and things of the sort, said to be necessary for me just now; and the uncomfortable, uncertain excitement before and afterwards, though pleasant as a sensation, is more congenial to dreaming—'dozing,' if you please, dear Mr. Horne,—than to any steady purpose of thought or fixed direction of faculty. So far to account in part,—in some degree—for the rough sketch I send you, being 'very *un*-like a whale.' [Alluding, probably, to the projected Lyrical Drama of 'Psyche.']

"But it was thrown on paper directly I read your reminder—'a first foyn,' indeed. I didn't wait any more,—and if the mail coaches *do*, in the snow, it isn't my fault. Your letter came to me, most reluctantly, a day too late, and mine may 'copy its paces.'

"Thank you for the reproof from Hazlitt—in paragraph 'to suit'—for the beauty is the gentleness of the rebuke. Yet you and he could both have written as finely and forcibly upon the opposite evil of compromise," [alluding apparently to her refusal to sign our Petition against the Theatrical Patents] "of temporizing as to objects and being indifferent to means—that 'fat weed' of the day—perhaps on the world of all days. More of us, you will admit, do harm by groping along the pavement with blind hands for the beggar's brass coin, than do folly by clutching at the stars 'from the misty mountain top.' And if the would-be star-catchers catch nothing, they keep at least clean fingers.

"This applies to nothing, you will understand, except to the passage from Hazlitt—suggestively.

"And talking of beggar's coins, will you believe me (you MUST believe me) that I never thought until I had finished my letter to you about the Petition, of my own self having something to do with the proprietorship of Drury Lane by virtue of five shares given to me when I was a child? I really never thought of it. But I thought afterwards that if you ever came to guess at such a thing, why you might infer me into basenesses. The shares never reminded me of their being mine by one penny coming to my hands, nor are likely to do so—the National theatres being as empty of profit as of honor." [Written about the year 1842.] "But if it were otherwise,

oh! you couldn't suspect me of being warped by such a consideration—you will trust me that half cubit of probity, without another word."

The concluding portion of the next Letter refers to a very opposite class of ideas. Although the projected Lyrical Drama must be reserved for a future paper, I cannot refrain from giving some crude idea of it in this place, as it belongs to the close of the previous Letter, and helps to fix the period of its origin.

"TUESDAY."

"DEAR MR. HORNE,—I was not quite well, and was forced to break off writing, and begin again to-day. You will think me an 'eighth' sleeper now. Don't scruple to say what is in your mind about the subject. Remember, you suggested Greek instead of modern tragedy as a model for form. My idea, the terror attending spiritual consciousness—the man's soul to the man—is something which has not, I think, been worked hitherto, and seemed to admit of a certain grandeur and wildness in the execution. The awe of this soul-consciousness breaking into occasional lurid heats through the chasms of our conventionalities has struck me, in my own self-observation, as a mystery of nature very grand in itself—and is quite a distinct mystery from *conscience*. Conscience has to do with action (every thought being spiritual action), and not with abstract existence. There are moments when we are startled at the footsteps of our own Being, more than at the thunders of God."

[That last remark might suggest an essay to Mr. Herbert Spencer.]

"Is it impracticable?—too shadowy, too mystical, for working dramatically?"

"Think of Faust. You could do anything. But you are judge as to what is to be done or tried. Say yes, or no—and I am prepared for 'no' most."

"Truly yours, E. B. B."

My reply was to the effect, that the subject could be worked dramatically, *i.e.*, in the spirit, and everything breathing of stage-action being clean out of the question; that I would devise the characters, interlocutors, chorus and semi-choruses; make a construction of the movement, or action, of the whole; propose the locality (some unknown Greek island), the scenery, &c.; that the part of *Psyche* should be left entirely to her, and nearly all the lyrical portion, and I would do the rest. When the design and construction were completed, Miss Barrett was to receive a duplicate of the whole so paged and marked that the different portions of the writing could be carried on with a means of constant reference (and intercommunication), so as to move harmoniously under the two hands. The Greek form and a remote age were pro-

posed as assisting to carry the drama quite out of present art, as the subject seemed rather to belong to *no* special time or place, if not to another world, at least to the world of spirits here below. This form was also proposed, because I fancied it would be most pleasing to her, if she ever lived to carry out the idea, which seemed to me very doubtful. The subject might seem to belong to modern thought; but she was reminded that she would have found among the old Greek philosophers most of the speculations we imagine to belong to modern times; and if she wished for further justification, and could not hope to find it in the Hebrew, she would discover its shadow in the Sanskrit, as students of the Bhagavat Gita were fond of placing it as the earliest source of the mighty Nile of metaphysics which has flowed down to modern ages. With which piece of rather grim attempt at archaic pleasantry, the lady was "left to her own devices." Nevertheless, I saw there was something new to be "worked," as she expressed it, out of her subject.

The same Letter concludes with a postscript, informing me that she was sure Miss Mitford would sign the Petition, as she was "personally interested in the theatres, and had a play" (at that time) "waiting to be acted." Among these Letters there has just turned up one from Mrs. Jameson, a celebrity at that day, who expressed herself ready to sign the same, and enclosing a few lines to an eminent medical practitioner (Mr. Travers of Bruton Street), requesting he also would sign it. Mrs. Jameson's letter is very interesting, but must be omitted, together with many other collateral notes and circumstances; indeed it will have been obvious that I have to struggle against becoming chronographical as well as autobiographical. Many celebrated persons signed that fatal document.

Miss Barrett's first publication was "An Essay on Mind" (1826); her next was a translation of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus (1833); and her third, "The Seraphim and other Poems," in 1838. A certain critical work in which I was responsibly concerned, while fully admitting her genius, dealt very freely with what seemed to be her shortcomings, a *résumé* of which seems to have been condensed in a private note. The following Letter will show with how generous a spirit she bore all this:—

"Nov. 4th, 1841.

"50, Wimpole Street.

"My head has ached so for two days (not my temper, I assure you) that I thought it was beheading itself,—and now that 'distracted globe' having come to a calm, I hasten to answer your letter. A bomb of a letter, is it, to be sure!—enough to give a dozen poets a headache a piece. 'No sex—no character—no physiognomy—no age—no Anno Domini!'—a very volcano of a letter.

"After all, dear Mr. Horne, your idea of revenge is not tragic enough for a great dramatist, and I may criticise back to you, on such grounds. But then, again, I spare you on others. You needn't 'try to recant.' I am not angry—don't even feel ill used—(that feeling of melancholy complacency);—and beg you to extend your dramatic sceptre within reach of my subject hands, and with the 'diagram' at the top of it." [Referring, probably, to certain geometric figures I had suggested as private "working" illustrations for the "Psyche."] "

"When Socrates said that it was worse to suffer, being guilty, than being innocent, wasn't he right,—and am I not like Socrates?—in the sentiment, which I am right in—not position, which I am wrong in. At the same time, it does seem hard—hard even for Socrates—to drink all this hemlock without a speech—to die and make no sigh. The general criticism is too true a one—also—lately true—but not equally, altogether true perhaps, in everything. I think, for instance, that my Page-romance, has some sex, and physiognomy, however the Anno Domini may be mislaid, even in her case. Well—but it's a true general criticism—and true particularly, besides—and do send the diagram, dear Mr. Horne—and be sure that however lightly I have spoken, I must always be gravely grateful to you for telling me all such truths.

"Miss Mitford came to town last Thursday, in her abundant affectionateness, just to see me, and returned home on Saturday. She measures your dramatic stature by cubits. She prefers your 'Cosmo' to 'Gregory.' So do I, you know—although the artistic power is greater in the 'Gregory'—and oh!—she told me that late struggle of the un-acted authors ['the Synchronics'] has done good already in the theatres. 'How?' I asked. 'Because it disproves the late idea of there being an immense deposit somewhere of excellent un-acted dramatic works. People say to one another—'you see, they could find nothing more excellent than Martinuzzi';—and thus the theatres open their doors a little wider to the rare virtue!

"But you *could* have found something more excellent than 'Martinuzzi.' There was the —; well but do send the diagram. I wish I could 'transfuse' in my brother George, who talks of meeting you face to face this evening at Mrs. O—'s.

"Truly yours, ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"Of course I couldn't object to listen to your arguments upon" [against] 'the title page' [of her forthcoming volume, most likely] "as long as they do not touch my 'foregone conclusions.' But those—pray, dear Mr. Horne, remember—are fixed as Danton's hat."

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XIX., No. 3

Knowing the aspen-leaf condition of the writer, it is difficult to express the peculiar charm there was in receiving these indications of a determined will, however humorously expressed.

As it must be obvious from the genius, learning, and elaborate reading of this lady, that her Letters are not what may be classed as "meet for the million," it does not seem necessary to offer any apology for their dealing with subjects not suited to the taste or experience of every general reader of the day. Some persons may ask, "What care we whether Miss Mitford goes to Jersey or to Jericho?" It is very intelligible why they should not care. Another may say—"Well, I never read 'The Seraphim'; and if I did read it, I should more probably prefer the Ethiopian Serenaders." All of which is very natural, and, so far, reasonable in them. We may simply say, that these Letters are mainly intended for the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, and works of similar scope and character.

"MONDAY MORNING,

(Date probably about 1843.)

"I ANSWER your note before you can answer mine, and it is the best so. Whatever may be said or unsaid, of me and mine in your work, [alluding to the forthcoming 'New Spirit of the Age'], do not give a second thought to any imagination of discontent as applicable to me. I shall know that you meant the kindest—and understand *every* everything not the pleasantest. My head will not go round.

"For the rest, or rather under the whole, if I myself am not *tame* about the 'Seraphim,' it is because I am the person interested. I wonder to myself sometimes, in a climax of dissatisfaction, how I came to publish it. It is a failure in my own eyes: and if it were not for the poems of less pretension in its company, would have fallen, both probably and deservedly, a dead weight from the press."

I do not think I ever said, or inferred anything to this extent; or thought so disparagingly of the above Poem as the authoress here, in her nobly inward aspiration after excellence, so magnanimously declares as her verdict upon herself. What follows is grand and pathetic:—

"Something I shall do hereafter in poetry, I hope. Hopes which have fallen dead from all things, are thrown in a heap *there*—perhaps like withered leaves! We must hope in something however, if we live.

"Which I did not mean to say in beginning this note.

"Only you will see that I shall not be discontented at the effects of your" [comments, &c.]—"it is better too perhaps, so. The book" [the

critical work in preparation] "will be in better odor for it, with the million."

"Ever truly yours, E. B. B."

"SATURDAY."

"MY DEAR MR. HORNE,—I send you 'an opinion' on Tennyson. Use it, or do not use it. He is a divine poet; but I have found it difficult (in the examination of my own thoughts of him) to analyze his divinity, and to determine (even to myself) his particular aspect as a writer. What is the reason of it? It never struck me before. A true and divine poet nevertheless."

"Have you a portrait of him? I hope so."

"Yours, E. B. B."

Wishing to interpolate no more of my own writing with these Letters than what may be necessary for explanation, and connection, and the expression of strong sympathy, or dissent, I refrain from making any comment here, except that of a cordial agreement in the supreme admiration of the poetess with regard to the Laureate. And, once for all, as to interpolation, I venture to hope that some brief exceptions will, occasionally, be ungrudgingly permitted to an author who is one of the few remaining links between the period of Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, and their great contemporary prose writers,—and the risen and rising stars of the present day—who are, in like manner, hurrying to join the "past," with all its extinctions and oblivions. For many are "called," but a very small number will be "chosen."

A considerable interval occurred in the course of these Letters, owing to a tragic occurrence, the suddenness of which, and the profound grief that followed, caused the prostration of every power. A dear brother of Miss Barrett was accidentally drowned while out on some boating excursion, and almost within sight of her windows.

"August 31st, 1843."

[Apparently from Wimpole Street.]

"Ah, my dear Mr. Horne, while you are praising the weather—stroking the sleek sunshine—it has been, not exactly killing me, but striking me vigorously with intent to kill. It was intensely hot, and I went out in the chair, and was over-excited and over-tired, I suppose; at least, the next day I was ill, shivering in the sun, and lapsing into a weariness it is not easy for me to rally from. Yet everybody has been ill—which, in the way of pure benevolence, ought to be a comfort to me; and now I am well again. And the weather is certainly lovely and bright by fits, and I join you in praising the beauty and glory of it: but then, you must admit that the *fits*, the spasmodic changes of the temperature from sixty-one degrees to eighty-one, and back again, are trying to mortal frames; more especially to those con-

scious of the frailty of the 'native mud' in them. If I had the wings of a dove, and could flee away to the south of France, I should be cooing per-adventure instead of moaning. Only, I could not leave everything—even then! I must stay, as well as go—under any circumstances—dove or woman."

"By the way, two of my brothers are on the Rhine at this moment. They have gone, to my pain and pleasure, to see Geneva, and come home at the end of six weeks, by Paris, to re-plunge (one of them) into Law."

"It pleases me to think of dear Miss Mitford reading my 'House of Clouds' to you, with her 'melodious feeling' for poetry, and the sweeter melody of her kindness; and it moreover pleased me to know that you liked it in any measure. To show the difference of possible opinions, Mr. Boyd told me that 'he had read my papers on the Greek fathers' [in the 'Athenæum,' I think], 'with the more satisfaction, because he had inferred from my "House of Clouds" that illness had impaired my faculties.' Ah,—but I hope to do something yet, better than the past. I hope, and shall struggle to it."

"I have had a great pleasure lately in some correspondence with Miss Martineau, the noblest female intelligence between the seas,—'as sweet as spring, as ocean deep.' She is in a hopeless anguish of body, and serene triumph of spirit,—with at once no hope, and all hope! To hear from her was both a pleasure and honor to me."

"Last week a voice spake to me out of a beautiful smile—'Ask Mr. Horne if he has given me up for ever?—and tell him that I still live at E—S—.' Very truly yours,

"ELIZABETH B. BARRETT."

I should not—*could* not—pass on to the next Letter, without saying that, not very long since, a note came to me from Miss Martineau, then lying, and still lying, in a similar state to that described above with such simple and pathetic grandeur (1843); and still taking her usual interest in a certain important question of early training and education, concerning which I had formerly corresponded with her.

"Dec. 16th, 1843."

"Wimpole Street."

"I am so glad to hear that nothing really very bad is the matter with Tennyson. If anything were to happen to Tennyson, the world should go into mourning."

"Did I ever tell you that I once wrote to him, and had a note from him? Thus it was. Some friendly American sent me last year a newspaper, containing a review of his poetry, and requested me to forward it to him, knowing my direction and not his. I was embarrassed to know what to do; and more especially so as the review was cautious in its admiration. At last I wrote a brief statement of the facts of the case, and sent the newspaper. I was quite ashamed of myself and my newspaper; but he was good enough to forgive me for an involuntary forwardness. The people in Yankeland, I observe, think that we in England all live in a house together—particularly we who write books. [1843.] The idea of

the absence of forests and savannahs annihilates with them the idea of distance."

What induced the following remarks, I can only imagine:—

"I am content—in relation to poetry—I can understand perfectly. Perhaps, however, you have under-rated certain perceptions of an individual, of poetry in its highest order. The individual in my mind (probably different from the individual in yours) can appreciate Tennyson, Wordsworth, Keats, and your 'Cosmo.' Still, I admit that I should shrink a little from the suggested hot ploughshare of your magnificent

"Oblivion, crown'd with infinite blank stars;"

because certainly there is a mystical effluence of poetry (a highest height over the highest height) in Wordsworth, Tennyson, Keats, which escapes the individuality of *my* individual—always did, and must. But now, I think, we have written into about as thick a fog as obliged us to light the candles at noon a few days since. Only I don't mean to light the candles here.

"I have to light the *Blackwood* in question. I could send for the number, but cannot remember definitely. I think it came out just after the 'Seraphim'—in 1839, was it not?—and I think the paper called itself 'Our Two Vases,' that being a current title of a series of critical papers by Christopher North. Mr. Milnes and I were reviewed together in the paper I refer to, and we had it to ourselves.

"No—I did not suppose that the opinion I sent to you amounted to much; but I will send you one, since you care to have it. Also, he and I were associated together with Mr. Sterling, and one or two more *Blackwood* poets, in the *North American Review* of last year. Mr. Milnes was treated unworthily in it, I think, and overthrown for want of imagination and fire. They behaved very generously to me, and, after sundry admonitions, unquestionably founded, dismissed me with a laurel-branch. This paper was written, I have since ascertained, by the Head of Harvard College, Boston—or perhaps 'ascertained' may be too hard and self-satisfied a word—say 'believed' instead.

"So, Tennyson is 'pretty,' is he? Did I ever tell you that I heard a lady—a countess—by the order of St. Louis!—say 'The latter part of Homer is certainly very pretty.' These are your critics, O Israel!

"For my own part, I was going to observe (when I last wrote to you) that I should be satisfied, in the case of a certain mortal enmity, with such an execration as, 'Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!' I stopped the pen, because it struck me as too savage. I will say it now, though."

Who, or what, the above refers to, has no place in my memory at this moment.

"Mr. Lough is engaged on a bust of poor Southey which is said to be fine, and resembling. His widow went to see it the other day.

"The anonymous 'Life in the Sick Room,' by an invalid, is by Miss Martineau, and worthy of her; full of noble Christian philosophy, and most affecting, through its very calmness.

"I cannot write any more—which is lucky, I believe. Yours truly, E. B. B.

"You will be glad to hear that dear Miss Mitford has been chosen Honorary Member of the new Literary Institute, under Buckingham. They have also chosen Agnes Strickland, to prevent any unpleasantness to Miss Mitford, from the circumstance of her being the only woman."

The next Letter refers to two volumes of literary criticism, which were to bear the title of "The New Spirit of the Age," and the assistance of Miss Barrett, Mr. Robert Bell, and two or three others, had been solicited, but without any very definite explanations till the projected work was more matured.

"Dec. 22nd, 1843.

"Just ten minutes before your note came, I held R. Monckton Milnes's volumes in my hands—the two first, at least—having bethought me of taking an opportunity of borrowing them from Mr. Kenyon. So, now if you please, I will make a few notes on them, which you will 'improve' (literally) to the edification of your readers afterwards. And in the meantime (I am very patient, you know), but in the meantime I should like to hear what you want me to do, and what this great subject to come, is. I confess to being moderately curious about it. 'Not Dr. Pusey.' Thank you for the 'not.' And not a political economist, I hope—not a mathematician, nor a man of science—such a one as Babbage, for instance, to undo me. My dear Mr. Horne, certainly I am a little beset with business just now, being on the verge of getting another volume into print,—with one or two long poems struggling for completion at my hands, in order to a subsequent falling upon the printer's. But if there should be nothing likely to take much time, in the work you meditate for me, I shall be very happy, at present and always, to be of use to you, or trying to do it,—which, as I say it honestly, I hope you will act as if you believed. Thank you much for the promise of proofs, and you will tell me what the new subject is? Not that I am impatient. Oh, no!

"And so you heard of 'Tennyson and Mr. Sterling.' Well! there is no accounting for tastes, as we say with proverbial wisdom; and, what is quite as certain, there is no accounting for 'want of taste.' Mr. Sterling is admired by some, I am aware, and I would rather that you had your impressions of him from reading his book, uncolored by hearing what I say. He was a contributor to *Blackwood*; and, some two or three years ago, published his contributed poems in an independent form,—just as Mr. Simmons has done. By the way, there are persons who think highly of Mr. Simmons—for instance, Miss Mitford does, praising him for terseness and vigor. To return to Mr. Sterling, I never read his book, although I have read many of his poems in *Blackwood*. He falls, to my appreciation, into the class of respectable poets; good sense and good feeling, somewhat dry and cold, and very level, smooth writing being what I discern in him. There are Mr. Sterling, Mr. Simmons, Lord Leigh, and one or two others, who have education and natural ability enough to be anything in

the world *except* poets; and who choose to be poets 'in spite of nature and their stars,' to say nothing of gods, men, and critical columns. More-over all these writers, by a curious consistency, take up and use the Gallic-Drydeny conception of versification,—so, at least, the passing glances I have had of their proceedings lead me to suppose. Now, you will judge for yourself, dear Mr. Horne, and I shall not be uneasy lest you should fall into prejudices in consequence of my hasty impressions."

"Dec. 23rd, 1843.

"I forgot, after all, Agnes Strickland is the author of the 'Memoirs of the Queens of England,' by which she is principally known. She did, however, write before—tales, I think—perhaps a novel; but, although one of the very best read persons of your acquaintance, in all manner of romances and novels—good, bad, and indifferent,—I do feel rather in a mist about her doings in these respects, only having a faint idea that I have looked through a volume or two of hers, and that I found them of the highly moral, didactic, and useful-knowledge-society description. But do not trust me an inch, for I feel in a mist, and in a sort of fear of confounding the maiden didactication of Mrs. Ellis when she was Sarah Stickney, and this of Miss Strickland's,—having been given to confound Stickneys and Stricklands from the very beginning. One or two volumes of the 'Memoirs of the Queens of England' I have read; and they seemed to me to show industry and good taste in the selection and compilation of materials. But I did not read any more, just because I like the old Chronicles, and dislike the compiling spirit. Miss Lawrence, you are aware, has published Memoirs of the Queens, also,—and, moreover, the two ladies have stood at cock'd pistol in relation to one another, because of this coincidence of subject. I have not seen Miss Lawrence's work, but from indications of extracts, I do more than suspect that she is the deeper-minded woman of the two, and qualified to take in literature, the higher place.

"By the way, either a Stickney or a Strickland wrote the 'Poetry of Life,'—prose (very) essays, which I couldn't get to the end of—full of words, and signifying nothing.

"I confess that I wondered a good deal at Mr. Buckingham's, or the Literary Institute's selection of Miss Strickland as the second female Honorary Member. Nobody else to be found fit for the honor, except Miss Strickland! And Miss Martineau, Mrs. Jameson, Maria Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, and Lady Morgan all alive—with long-established European reputations! France and Germany will be a little astonished, I think, and, for my own part, although it gave me cordial pleasure to hear of the honor won by, and honorably paid to Miss Mitford, I should have been more pleased, even for her sake, and valued the appreciation more fully, if it had united her name to the names of these distinguished contemporaries, rather than severed it from them.

"Truly yours, E. B. B."

The following "attack upon the Government"—one of the very rarest things to be found in this lady's writings, if not the only instance, will rather amuse some readers when they learn that the angry out-

burst is attributable to a friendly indignation at my having caught the hooping-cough while collecting evidence for my bluebook reports as an Assistant-Commissioner, mention of which was made in the first of these papers.

"July 24th [of a previous year.]

"There was a blank, dear Mr. Horne, in your last notes when you ought to have said something about the cough. I hope the silence meant that you had quite forgotten all the cutting-up and boiling—the whole process of your 'rejuvenescence'—and that your present suffering is concentrated in the Parliamentary Reports.

"It is an atrocious system altogether—the system established in this England of ours—wherein no river finds its own level, but is forced into leaden pipes, up or down; her fools lifted into chairs of state, her wise men waiting behind them; and her poets made Cinderellas of, and promoted into accurate counters of pots and pans. We need not wonder at the selections. *Everything* is rotten in the state of Denmark."

"Have you seen Miss Sedgwick's book, and heard the great tempest it has stirred up around you in London, without a Franklin to direct the lightning? She was received from America two or three years since, by certain societies, with open arms,—none ever suspecting her to be the cheil 'among them, takin' notes!' The revelation was dreadful. My friend and cousin, Mr. Kenyon—admitted to be one of the most brilliant conversers in London—fell upon the proof-sheets accidentally, just half-an-hour previous to their publication [or rather, *printing* must be meant], and finding them sown thick with personalities, side by side with praises of his own agreeable wit, took courage and a pen, and 'cleansed the premises!' Afterwards he wrote across the Atlantic to explain 'the moral right' he had to his deed. For my own part, strongly as I feel the *salience* of Miss Sedgwick's faults (it struck repeatedly and ungratefully upon some who had bestowed cordial and sisterly attention upon her, and 'less as an authoress than as a friend'), I am not quite clear about Mr. Kenyon's 'right.' The act was *un peu fort* in its heroism, and probably his American admirers may not thank him as warmly as her victims do.

"Not that I ever do, or could join in the outcry against Boswell and his generation: I like them too well. But there is a line—a limit—to their communicativeness; and such as pass it, dirty their feet.

Yours,

E. B. B."

Certainly the feeling of Miss Barrett as to her cousin's act is the proper one. Any book or article might be completely thrown "off its balance" by such a proceeding. What writer could feel safe if wholesale and unauthorized erasures, or any, could thus be made in his books? And what should we think of any printing-office where this would be permitted?

The present paper having extended several pages beyond my calculation, the

Letters on "English Rhymes and Versification" must be deferred, as they will reopen questions which have not been dealt with for many years,—and have never yet been treated with a clear recognition of

the philological peculiarities, and, as foreigners so loudly declare—the perversities of the English language.—*Contemporary Review*.

FLORENCE.*

OTHER cities may be more grandly situated—Cadiz "rising o'er the dark blue sea;" superb Genoa on its magnificent gulf; Venice, "a sea Cybele fresh from ocean, with its tiara of proud towers"—but assuredly none are more lovely than Florence, not one better deserves its distinctive epithet, "Firenze la bella." There are, indeed, few sights in the world more beautiful than the view of the city as seen towards evening from the basilica of St. Miniato in Monte, from Fiesole or any other of the neighboring heights, when the wide valley of the Arno is suffused with a flood of purple light streaming forth from the sun as it hastens towards its setting in the distant Mediterranean, and the crowd of churches and palaces that appear to cluster round the noble cupola of the cathedral stand "sunset-flushed." Touched with the beauty of the scene, a traveller "fain would linger on his way," and might well fear to break the spell by entering into the noisy busy streets of a modern Italian town, or mingling in the tide of life that flows forth from the gates. And yet of no place can it be so truly said, that as is the outer shell so is the inner wealth; nowhere have the treasures of art been accumulated with more lavish magnificence, nowhere can they be studied to greater advantage. Architecture, sculpture, painting, displayed within the circuit of those ancient walls for centuries their highest power, and attained a perfection, probably unrivalled since the palmy days of Athenian pre-eminence. It is, moreover, scarcely an exaggeration to say that, among the older buildings, each stone has a story to tell; that every church and palace is, as it were, a quarry full of historical memories and associations whence the fabric of the history of the past may be built up. We are told by a brilliant French writer that he sought in vain for a clue by which to guide himself through the

entangled labyrinth of Italian politics during the Middle Ages, until he had turned in his despair to study the natural features of the country, and, above all, the material aspect of its towns; but then the monuments of religious and civil architecture, the old fresco paintings, had begun to open his eyes—"les murailles m'éblouirent : il me sembla toucher la vie réelle d'Italie." True of the whole, this is true of a part, and it is "in the churches, palaces, and streets of Florence, within the compass of daily walks," that we shall find the authentic record of her citizens. The chronicles of Florence are written in its stones, its delicate statuary, its mural decorations. If here and there the characters may be effaced or hard to discern, yet, rightly questioned, they yield no doubtful answer; and to act as interpreters of them, whether to the mere passing traveller or to the student of art and history, is the object of the accomplished writers of "Walks in Florence." These ladies inherit an honored name—a name too well known in connection with studies on the history and literature of Italy; and while a long residence in Florence has enabled them to become intimately acquainted with all the nooks and corners of the old city, a refined appreciation of the distinctive merits of the various forms in which art has been developed, and a competent knowledge of history, give so much life and force to their impressions, that they cannot fail in their hope of awakening a more lively interest in "these buildings and their contents, as well as in the men who, under a free government and plebeian rulers, not only counted among their fellow-citizens some of the most eminent poets, philosophers, and artists the world has ever produced, but no less eminent patriots, legislators, and reformers in morals and religion."

They have, moreover, this further qualification for the task they have undertaken—an enthusiastic love of their subject; for they would seem to have imbibed with the air of Florence a measure of the patriotic

* "Walks in Florence." By Susan and Joanna Horner. Strahan and Co. (2nd Edition.)

spirit which illustrated the Republic in the most stirring period of its history, and went far to redeem the wild disorder and license of the most revolutionary times. Patriotism was, in truth, a virtue especially characteristic of the Florentine, exercised perhaps within narrow limits, but still a noble passion; and the Misses Horner say with justice—"Many barbarous acts of cruelty were perpetrated by the Florentines in the halcyon days of their Republic, both towards citizens who happened to belong to a vanquished minority, and towards captives taken in war, especially if natives of a rival city: but the Florentines were nevertheless great in patriotic virtue, and capable of noble devotion and heroic self-sacrifice for the sake of Florence." Names as great, and even greater, than that of the Medici—such as Capponi, Ridolfi, Strozzi, Albizzi—are still preserved, not only in history, but in their descendants, who inhabit the palaces of their ancestors, and thus keep alive the memory of those of whom Dante wrote—

"Con queste genti e con altre con esse
Vid' io Fiorenza in sì fatto riposo,
Che non avea cagione onde piangesse.
Con queste genti vid' io glorioso,
E giusto 'l popol suo tanto, che 'l giglio
Non era ad asta mai posta a ritroso,
Nè per division fatto vermiglio."

Paradiso, xvi. 148—154.

And Dante is himself a signal instance of this feeling of patriotism, which rose triumphant over penury and neglect. No Jew by the waters of Babylon pined more bitterly for his golden Jerusalem than Dante, in sorrow and exile, for the "beautiful sheepfold" Florence, that he loved so much, and he did but express in burning language the feeling of each banished citizen. The most brilliant episodes in Florentine history are comprised within a period of about three centuries, commencing early in the twelfth; but it is of course impossible to trace, even in barest outline, the fortunes of the municipality as it grew in wealth and power, or the furious struggles of the factions into which the State was ever divided, which finally resulted, with loss of independence and liberty, in the destruction of the commonwealth. Still, it may be said generally that, in spite of civil broils and external enemies, the condition of Florence, as compared with other communities, was one of advanced civilization. It became a centre of civili-

zation, and bore its full share in that great revival which made Etruria once again the "cradle of Italian Art." What single city, or state indeed, could show a nobler array of names than those of the men whose statues fill the niches in the colonnades of the Uffizi? and what higher testimony be desired to the eminence which Florence attained in Politics, Literature, Science, and Art? In bronze and marble, on sculptured stone and painted wall, we read the record of their glorious achievements, as, guided by the Misses Horner, we pass from church to church, from palace to palace, from street to street, and are stayed at each to hear, with much sound criticism, how and when and why they were erected, what great artists contributed to their adornment, and the host of traditions and anecdotes that have gathered around them. And few greater pleasures can be imagined—we say it once for all—than to wander in such company by the hour through the squares and lanes of a city like Florence. Old forms come out to look at us, dim shadows of half-forgotten worthies crowd in on our remembrance, and

"Was verschwand wird uns zu Wirklichkeiten."

We have not space to accompany our *ciceroni* throughout even a single walk, but, taking the first that occurs, we may just briefly refer to their description of the Baptistery and Cathedral, as good illustrations of their method, and of the grace with which their duties are fulfilled. Florence was in an especial manner the city of the Baptist.

"Ditemi dell' ovil di San Giovanni?"

asks Dante, in "Paradise," of his ancestor Cacciaguida, who perished in the crusade under Conrad III.; and the Florentines were never weary of contributing to the ornamentation of the shrine of their favorite saint. To its magnificent gates of bronze, among the noblest of their offerings, the Baptistery probably owes its greatest fame. Bronze was very early a favorite metal with Tuscan artists, but by no one was it wrought to higher perfection than by Andrea Pisano, and about a century later by Lorenzo Ghiberti. Andrea was reputed the most skilful bronze-caster in Italy, and being recommended by his friend Giotto to the wool-merchants, was by them commissioned to execute what are now the southern gates. These were cast in the

year 1330, and when they were set up the Signory went in state to applaud the artist and to confer the rights of citizenship upon him. The decoration of S. Giovanni was after this suspended, but in the year 1400, Florence being visited by a grievous pestilence, the same Guild proposed, as a sin-offering, an open competition for two more bronze gates to their beloved S. Giovanni, and appointed a mixed commission of goldsmiths, painters, sculptors, and critics to decide upon the merits of the several designs. The two most successful were those of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti; but the former retired from the contest, gracefully acknowledging the superiority of his rival, and the model of Ghiberti was accepted. These gates were placed towards the north, but the crowning glory of Ghiberti are those to the east, which he cast in 1439. The gates of Andrea Pisano, which had stood there for a hundred years, were removed to the south, and Lorenzo determined to surpass himself in this his latest achievement. "Purity of style was combined in their execution with a technical knowledge which had hitherto been unattained," and, in spite of some defects of treatment, they seem well to deserve the appellation of "Gates of Paradise" bestowed upon them by Michael Angelo. They were the work of a life-time: Ghiberti was twenty-five years old when they were begun; he was seventy-four when they were completed. His labors received ample recognition; and among other honors, he was elected a member of the Signory. There is, in truth, something very noble in that love of art and its highest creations which was a ruling principle in the Florentine municipality, and which is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the decree by which Arnolfo di Cambio, in 1298, was ordered to undertake the building of their cathedral church of Sta. Maria del Fiore. "Since," they say, "the highest mark of prudence in a people of noble origin is to proceed in the management of their affairs so that their magnanimity and wisdom may be evinced in their outward acts, we order Arnolfo, head-master of our commune, to make a design for the renovation of S. Riparata in a style of magnificence which neither the industry nor power of man can surpass, that it may harmonise with the opinion of many wise persons in this city and state, who think that this commune should not engage in any enter-

prise unless its intention be to make the result correspond with that noblest sort of heart which is composed of the united will of many citizens."* Plans were prepared, but Arnolfo dying in 1300, the same year in which Dante was chosen one of the Priors of the Arts, the works stood still until Giotto was appointed master-builder, and, assisted by Andrea Pisano, continued the erection of the cathedral according to Arnolfo's design. The building was, however, frequently interrupted, and, in spite of the lofty spirit in which it was commenced, it was only by slow degrees and at long intervals that the cathedral arrived even at its present condition, in which its unfinished façade seems to justify the mocking Florentine proverb of anything destined never to be completed—"La non sarà: già l'opera di Santa Maria del Fiore." Yet still Giotto's tower and Brunelleschi's cupola are there, triumphs of architecture, commensurate with the grandeur of the idea from which they emanated; the cupola of which Michael Angelo said, when told that he might surpass it at Rome—

"Io farò la sorella

Piu grande già; ma non piu bella;"

and the exquisite campanile, a "lovely gem," in which power and beauty are equally united, and which "continues to excite the same wonder and admiration as when the citizen of Verona visited Florence while it was still unfinished, and involuntarily exclaimed at the sight of this matchless work of art, that the resources of two monarchies could hardly suffice to build such a monument: for which observation the luckless stranger was cast into prison and kept there several weeks; nor was he allowed to leave Florence before he had been shown the public treasury, to convince him that, were the Florentines so inclined, they could build their whole city of marble."—P. 66.

If, studied from its political side, there may be much that is hard and fierce in the Florentine character, its gentler and more human aspect may well be read in the history of an institution like the "Misericordia," which connects itself very closely with the manners and temper of the people. Founded by a few poor porters in the year 1240, it gradually enlisted

* Quoted from Perkins' "Lives of Tuscan Sculptors."

in its ranks the best and noblest in the city, and for centuries fulfilled, as it still fulfils, its mission of beneficent mercy, carrying sick and wounded persons to the hospital and burying the dead. "To this day men of all classes in Florence belong to the Society, all willing to assist their fellow-creatures in distress; among them are rich and poor, the noble and the philosopher, whose valuable time is willingly given for the sick and suffering."

It is this continuity of life, this adherence to old forms and institutions, this unselfish public spirit, which renders the history of the city so intensely interesting and instructive. Florence is not, has never been, as some others in Italy—Ferrara, for example, "with its wide and grass-grown streets,"—a city of the dead, but of the living. Think, for example, of the strange vicissitudes, the strange succession of occupants, that the Palazzo Vecchio della Signoria must have witnessed from the days when the Gonfalonieri and Priors took up their residence within its walls to that memorable year when Florence was proclaimed the Capital of Italy and the first Italian Parliament assembled in the Sala del Cinque Cento! The rude architecture of an age of civil warfare and tumult might have seemed incongruous with a modern Chamber of constitutional Representatives. And yet it was not so. The old mediæval fortress had been for centuries an embodiment of whatever ideas of law or order for the time being prevailed, and it now but reverts to its original destination as the seat of the Florentine municipality. As Florence is, in truth, the intellectual, so it might have remained, with universal consent, the actual capital of Italy, but for the overpowering claims of Rome; and to it we almost involuntarily turn as the living representative of the Italian kingdom. For, with the utmost respect for the Court and Government of Victor Emmanuel, we

can never do away with the idea that their due proportion is dwarfed to the world's eye by the colossal shadow of Imperial and Papal Rome projected over them. We might find ample argument for this theme in the aisles of S. Croce, "the Westminster Abbey of Florence," and would fain pause to muse over the ashes of the illustrious dead who are gathered there, or over the monuments of those whose mortal remains—to use a phrase become almost proverbial—are conspicuous by their absence. But from the graves of the mighty Florentines of old time, who longed for a day which they could not hope to see, who instinctively chased a phantom of unity which they could never grasp, and whose bones

"Fremono amor di patria,"

we may turn to the brighter present, and strive to realize a still more brilliant future. Italy has entered into possession of itself; its gift of beauty, no longer fatal, has been transformed from a curse to a blessing, and we may look forward with confidence to the hour when it will take its rank among the proudest nations of the world. Meanwhile, as the "old order changes," much that is materially beautiful will doubtless pass away. Old buildings, hoar with antiquity, will give place to modern edifices, venerable churches and monasteries will render up their treasures to museums and Art exhibitions, and old traditions will die out forgotten. Surpassingly rich in all these, Florence will not escape the common fate, and we may not wish that she should. But we may still be grateful to those who, before the tide of improvement has well set in, have shown us these "Walks in Florence," and in a work of which each line gives proof of intelligent research, ample knowledge and cultivated taste, have described so minutely and vividly the fair city as it *was*.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

CONFESSIONS OF DOCTORS.

IN going about the world it is impossible not to see that there is a kind of infallible pope set up in many families, who is none other than the family doctor. The family lawyer is an uninteresting and fossil sort of being to ladies and children. But the doctor is still Sir Oracle, and all

Molière's gibes against his order are forgotten or unknown, and he often remains the family pope. Now I am not going to say anything against my excellent friends the doctors. They are very well able to take care of themselves. We may call them one-eyed, but we must admit that

they are the one-eyed among ourselves who are the blind. Still I have the somewhat unamiable purpose of discussing some of their blunders on their own showing. I am going to deal a little recklessly with certain confessions that I find them making, either voluntarily or involuntarily, but, at the same time, I know how easily they could turn the tables by discussing the confessions of patients. They see a great deal of the worst of life; its meanness, selfishness, irritability, and cowardice. Indeed, when we satirise the doctors, we are mainly complaining of human nature itself. Their knowledge is little, because all human knowledge is little. During all these thousands of years we have not mastered the very alphabet words with which we might construct a science of the human body or of the human mind. So true is the complaint of the hero of 'Locksley Hall': 'Science moves but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point.' The public themselves compel the doctors to have a touch of humbug about them. A highly scientific friend has been telling me that he is treating a particular patient with bread pills and colored water; her chronic case requires incessant watching before he can determine the method of treatment. In the meantime he finds it necessary to satisfy her. The patient who calls in a doctor thinks nothing of him unless he will physic his *dura ilia* very stiffly then and there; and if he is truly a scientific man, and takes a long time for his diagnosis, the said patient puts him down as not knowing his business. If the public want to be deceived, deceived they must be.

I was talking one day with a medical friend. He complained that the public treated him very unfairly. 'They expect him, sir, to be omnipotent. They send for him in illness, and expect that a medical man will immediately be able to do everything. They forget that he has to watch the case and learn something of the constitution of the patient.' I was calling on another medical friend one day, and he was telling me something of some new cases. 'I am giving them a mixture of peppermint and water just now—that will do them neither good nor harm—until I can find out what is the best for them. Besides, I am proposing to make some interesting experiments on them.' I thought of the *experimentum in corpore vili*.

I mentally resolved that my own *vile corpus* should not, 'if I know it,' be experimented on. They say that every great orator is formed at the expense of his hearers, and perhaps it would not be too much to say that every great doctor is also formed at the expense of his patients.

It is often easy to detect the doctor in inaccuracies and carelessnesses. A doctor told me one day that I ought to take a course of Turkish baths. He was a man whose memory was not to be relied on. I asked him next day, 'Doctor, would not a Turkish bath be a good thing?' The doctor looked very solemn and said, 'A good thing, but not a good thing for you.' I once called in a doctor, who came down eight miles, examined me for eight minutes, and took his eight guineas. He gave me a most elaborate opinion, which turned out to be totally wrong. A doctor once forbade me to take beer; the next doctor I went to prescribed beer. You cannot go through life, you cannot get behind the scenes in medical life, you cannot take up a medical periodical or a medical book, but you see the absolute uncertainty that exists on what one would think the most elementary matters, the conflict of opinion on subjects that one might have expected to have had settled long ago. Every now and then some entirely new disease transpires, the account of the symptoms is published, there is no name for the case in any of the books, and everywhere from Europe and America come suggestions for the nomenclature or the treatment. Perhaps the patient little thinks that he has got into the case books, and is immortalised under some obscure initials. The probability is that the mystery of his case is never cleared up.

It is a great thing to meet with a medical man of genial nature and of candid mind, a man who understands that candor is dangerous, and yet chooses to be candid. He will discuss his kills and cures, his worries and successes, in the frankest possible way. His life is a campaign, and he will confess to a few casualties in the way of killed and wounded. 'It is not so much, old fellow, that we ever directly kill a man off in the way of an overdose of poison. But sometimes a man makes an utter mistake. He has gone wrong in his diagnosis. His whole line of treatment has been a mistake. The terrible conviction comes over him

that he has muddled the whole business, that if he had taken the right line he would have been all right, but that now the life is irretrievably lost.' Such mishaps are not necessarily those of ignorant and stupid men. The greatest surgeons have performed unnecessary amputations, and the greatest physicians have utterly mistaken symptoms. The greatness of a doctor, like that of a commander, consists in his making the smallest possible amount of blunders.

Even when a doctor understands you thoroughly he may not be a good doctor, after all. There was a great doctor who was a perfect hero at diagnosis. He could trace out the most difficult and obscure diseases. He discovered a new disease, which no one else had discovered all through the centuries in which people had had diseases. There were no pains that he would not take in order to arrive at the correct diagnosis of a case. The nurse in the hospital would be startled by his presence at midnight. After he had gone to rest thinking about a case, some point of detail which he thought of importance would present itself to his mind, and he would get up in the middle of the night in order to clear it up. He has been known, after seeing a patient eight or ten miles from town, as he was coming homewards to have been suddenly struck with the idea that he had omitted some important inquiry, and to have gone back all the way in order to satisfy his mind. It is said of him that medicine was the one day-dream and night-dream of his existence. It might have been thought that a doctor so marvellous at diagnosis would have been most skilful in his treatment. But it was nothing of the kind. The diagnosis being accomplished, anybody might try any curative process. The case ceased to retain its interest. Listen to what his enthusiastic biographer says: 'We fear that the *one* great object being accomplished, the same energetic power was not devoted to its alleviation and cure. Without accusing him of a meditated neglect of therapeutics, we fancy we can trace the dallying with remedies, and the words which he places on the lips of the great doctor, as representing his views, were—'I do not clearly see my way to the direct agency of special medicaments, but I must prescribe something for the patient, at least, to satisfy his or her friends.' The general interpreta-

tion of all this is that the greatest powers of doctors are, after all, extremely limited, and that the medical man who is extremely able in one department may be extremely weak in another, and, though he may know your illness, he may not know how to treat it. Medical men are very severe upon quacks. The scientific man abhors the empirical man. Yet it is impossible to look into medical literature without finding it replete with virtual confessions that medical men are immensely indebted to quacks and empirics. Take a point in surgery. Most surgeons have known of old Hutton the bone-setter, and have probably held him in abhorrence. The provincial surgeon and the aboriginal bone-setter are frequently in collision. The bone-setter will talk of a joint being out and of putting a joint in, when such a feat is anatomically impossible. In fact, he does not know anatomy. But he sometimes has a curious art in manipulating joints which leaves trained professional skill in the despairing distance. Such a man was the famous old Hutton. His cures are some of the most striking on record. Without any scientific training, he had acquired a subtlety, power, and precision of touch which enabled him to effect marvellous good. It was a peculiar trick of the wrist which he had. He said that his art lay not in the pulling, but the twist. It is empiric, if you like, but it effected cures which the science of the hospitals could not accomplish. An immense amount of the best medical practice is empiric. At last, a sensible surgeon thought it worth his while to cultivate old Hutton's acquaintance, watched his treatment, studied his method, imitated his touch, and has since written a book on the subject; a very remarkable one, no doubt, but, at the same time, a remarkable confession of the profession's indebtedness to empirics.

Radcliffe said that when he died he would leave behind him the whole mystery of physic on half a sheet of paper. The famous Cheyne says, in his Autobiography, that when he got to London the great thing was 'to be able to eat hastily, and to swallow down much liquor.' When Sir Richard Croft destroyed himself, after the death of the Princess Charlotte, it was a sort of confession that there had been some sort of incompetence. Sir Astley Cooper is reported to have owned

that his mistakes would fill a churchyard. A medical man once told me himself that he would rather see a patient die than call in another doctor when such a step might appear to imply any mistrust of his own abilities. Parish doctors, who are absurdly underpaid, must often be compelled to give pauper patients the less expensive medicines, rather than the more expensive, which their case might require, though I have repeatedly known such men give the best, and bear the cost. The general practitioner, in dealing with some case where a patient of doubtful solvency already owes him money, may be almost pardoned if he withholds cod-liver oil and administers quassia instead of quinine. There is another matter on which some medical men—I am thankful to say, very few—have nearly made a confession; and I am also thankful to say that such medical men represent only a very small portion of the profession. There are a great number of medical men who make up their own drugs, which they procure either directly from London, or from the best chemist in their locality. As a rule, it is calculated that about ten per cent. of the earnings of a general practitioner are expended in drugs. Some practitioners contrive, not by the most creditable means, to reduce this to five per cent. For instance, quinine is exceedingly expensive—some eight shillings an ounce—and so the medical man substitutes in his practice less expensive bitters, such as quassia and strychnine. It is interesting, also, to inquire how far the drugs furnished to provincial hospitals and infirmaries are in all cases of the best quality and properly tested by medical officers. It is not so much the medical men as the committees that are to blame. If they refuse to pay chemists high prices for good articles, the chemist can only afford to send second-rate articles at second-rate prices. It is simply impossible, for instance, that good cod-liver oil can be sold at the low prices at which it is sometimes furnished to such institutions.

Another subject on which medical men will speak with much frankness is euthanasia. Medical men have told me that they have given their patients medicine to enable them to go off comfortably—'a good stiff dose of opium, or something of that kind.' It sounds rather horrid, but the subject really admits a good deal of argumentation. It is argued that it is a

great mistake to keep a man alive, under great torture, and with immense expense and pains, when he must eventually die—is not worth the candle. If a dog has got hydrophobia he is killed at once; but if a man has got it, he lingers on in agonies to the last. Again, a pauper patient, who is an interesting scientific case, may have the value of hundreds spent upon him to save him from dying, but only five shillings to keep him alive. It is very hard to spell out the rights of things exactly. I hear, however, the judges would tell some advocates of euthanasia that wilful attempts to shorten life may, legally speaking, be considered wilful murder.

Sir Anthony Carlisle tells a story of inexcusable blundering by a medical man. Basil Montagu, the barrister, who was present when he told it, capped it by several others. 'A gentleman residing about a post stage from town met with an accident, which eventually rendered amputation of a limb indispensable. The surgeon alluded to was requested to perform the operation, and went from town with two pupils to the gentleman's house on the day appointed for that purpose. The usual preliminaries being arranged, the surgeon proceeded to operate; the tourniquet was applied, the flesh divided, the bone laid bare, when, to his astonishment, he discovered that he had forgotten to bring his saw! Here was a predicament to be in! Luckily, his presence of mind did not forsake him. Without apprising his patient of the terrible fact, he put one of his pupils into his carriage, and told the coachman to gallop to town. It was an hour and a half before the saw was obtained, and during all that time the patient lay suffering. The agony of the suspense was great, but scarcely a sufficient punishment for his neglect in not seeing that all his instruments were in his case.'

Sir William Ferguson speaks with unmitigated contempt of a case of bad practice which came before his notice. A patient was sent to him suffering from necrosis of a small portion of the clavicle. The practitioner had trusted entirely to a plaster of a waxy, resinous kind. So thickly was it laid on that much time and turpentine were consumed before the part could be properly examined. It was then found out that the only mischief remaining was a small piece of dead bone, which was almost as easily removed as lifting it from

the table. The villainous plaster was removed, water dressing applied, and in a fortnight only a scar remained. The 'Edinburgh Review,' which gives the incident, adds: 'This was a very significant example of the nature of the plaster to hide, not so much the wound of the patient, as the ignorance of the medical attendant.' This is what the laborer told Radcliffe: 'Ah! doctor, mine is not the only bad work which the earth covers.'

A very curious, and entirely unconscious, confession of ignorance was made by a country doctor who came up from Sussex to attend the meetings of a well-known medical society that used to assemble at Bolt Court. The gentleman in question is described as a big, pompous man who always spoke with oracular decision, and placed the fingers of his right hand in his waistcoat. The subject of discussion was cholera. The oracular gentleman rose, and stated that he had made the discovery that the cholera was known in the time of Shakspeare. Everybody manifested the liveliest attention. 'Yes, I was at the theatre last night, and saw the play of "Taming the Shrew." Petruchio says to Katherine, "You are *choleric*." There was a general burst of laughter, which was increased when the learned ignoramus proceeded to vindicate himself. He gravely asserted that to convince himself that the actor had made no mistake in the word, he had himself referred to the works of Shakspeare, and had found that the word had been there used correctly. He ever afterwards plumed himself on the discovery.

There was a certain Pope who lost his physician, and to all who applied for the office he put the question, 'How many have you killed?' Each doctor in turn solemnly asseverated that he had never killed any one. An old fellow with a big beard came at last. 'How many have you killed?' asked the Pope. '*Tot quot*,' said the old fellow, pulling his beard with both hands. The Pope was pleased with the confession, and believing that he must at least be a man with an enormous experience, took him as his physician.

'I have worked hard a great many

years,' said William Hunter once, 'and yet I don't know the principles of the art.' I am afraid that Hunter killed himself by getting into a violent passion. A great physician was once dining at the Kit-Cat Club. One of his friends ventured to remind him that it was time he should go and visit his patients. The doctor picked out a list that contained fifteen names. 'It is no great matter whether I see them to-night, or not,' said he. 'Nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them.' The doctor might have added that though he could neither kill nor cure, yet still his visits might have been of the greatest use. There is an acute remark of Coleridge's somewhere, to the effect that a man who is vaguely ill is wonderfully toned down, and indeed consoled, when he is made to understand clearly the nature of his ailment. This kind of comfort, albeit somewhat dreary, the physician is certainly enabled to give; and no man does more good by his talk than the physician. It is frequently the one comfort of the day to which the desponding patient looks forward, and often finds it an elixir of comfort. Sometimes, also, when he knows that useless calls are daily registered against him, it is very much the reverse. I have known of families who have been almost broken in purse and spirits, and compelled to leave a neighborhood, on account of this too great intimacy with an expensive doctor. I have known doctors, on the other hand, who will attend one most carefully, and the only fee they will take is that one should accept their invitations to dinner. The general moral for us all is to take the best care to keep ourselves well; and if we should have the misfortune to fall into the doctor's hands, to take all he gives us that we may keep out of his hands still. But still I must gratefully record that I have had illnesses in which it has been almost a compensation that I should be able to see something of the kind and skilful friend who was my doctor.—*London Society*.

GLACIERS.

THE account lately given of Principal Forbes and his Alpine explorations will have prepared the way for learning some few particulars regarding the origin and character of glaciers, and what influence these bodies have had in effecting changes on the surface of the earth.

Glaciers, as will be generally known, are so called from *glace*, the French term for ice. The old idea about them was, that they were hard frozen masses, which slid down from mountain heights, melting and breaking less or more in their descent. It is only in recent times, when accurate notions were obtained regarding them, that they were found to possess a strange ductile quality, like that of tar or pitch, which enabled them to turn and wind like a river down-hill among rocks and *débris*, until they reach the plains or seas, where they are melted. A glacier, then, is an ice-river, hard to appearance, but combining in its general mass a certain degree of natural pliability, impressed on it for some good purpose.

The origin of glaciers is, of course, the snow and frozen rain that fall on high mountain tops, at which lofty elevations—sometimes fifteen to eighteen thousand feet above the sea-level—there is not sufficient heat from the sun's rays to melt the glacial masses on the spot. Dr. Tyndall, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution, London, who has written a pleasant elementary book, under the title of *The Forms of Water*, speaks of solar heat being the true origin of the glaciers; and such, though it may seem paradoxical, is the case. The phenomenon is explained in this way. The sun, acting on the ocean within the tropics, causes an exhalation, which floats away as clouds to the polar regions, as well as to high mountain ranges, where in each case the clouds yield up their contents as snow or rain, the materials out of which glaciers are formed. Icebergs, the terror of mariners at certain seasons in the Atlantic, and often the cause of shipwrecks, are nothing but glaciers which have slid down from the mountains within the arctic circle, and slipped in huge broken masses into the sea. For a time they may remain crowded together, but the summer heat, or action of

the sea, detaches them, and so they set off southwards, down Baffin's Bay into the Atlantic, floating and tumbling about, the size of large and small islands, until they are gradually melted. Similar phenomena take place in the southern polar seas. On a smaller scale, the same thing is seen in early summer on some of the high-lying lakes of Switzerland. Into these sheets of water, glaciers which have slid from the mountains float about like miniature icebergs until dissolved by the increasing warmth of the season.

Whether at the polar regions or elsewhere, the glacial masses that finally fall from heights are by no means of fresh conformation. It may have been years since they were deposited as snow and frozen into ice. The manufacture of glaciers, so to speak, is always going on. The ice-river is ever assuming shape at the upper, and breaking off or melting at the lower, end; the rate of progress of the glacial stream and final dispersion depending on the nature of the declivity, along with seasonal and other influences. Alpine explorers are well acquainted with the process of formation at different stages. The snow that clothes the higher peaks falls in avalanches into the hollows forming the upper part of the mountain valleys. These hollows may be compared to the hoppers of a mill, into which the grain is poured for grinding. In these basin-like receptacles there is always an accumulation, summer and winter, of old and new snow, which becomes a partially hardened mass, called *névé* by the French-speaking inhabitants of Savoy. *Névé* is the rudimental condition of ice formed by pressure applied to snow. We have a familiar example of this in squeezing and kneading a snow-ball, when the snow happens to be at or near the melting-point. By extreme pressure, as, for instance, by the Bramah hydraulic press, snow may be transformed into solid blocks of ice, a fact not sufficiently taken advantage of by persons wishing to have ice ready at hand in winter.

A collection of *névé* presents all the conditions of ice-manufacture on a large scale. There is, first, a store of snow of the proper temperature: for, if we suppose

its temperature at the outset to be lower than the freezing-point, it is constantly permeated during the summer months by water trickling through it from the melting surface; and this water, by freezing partly, and thus giving off latent heat, soon raises the whole mass to the temperature of 32° Fah. This temperature once attained, remains constant, because the greatest cold of winter does not affect the mass of *névé* to a greater depth than it does the earth, if even so deep; so that summer and winter the manufacture can go on. Secondly, there is a power always at work, equal to that of hundreds of Bramah presses; a power arising simply from the weight of the parts above—often hundreds of feet deep—pressing upon the parts below. This is the force that welds the original snowy particles into a solid transparent substance; and it is the same force, the pressure of its own weight, that urges the solidified mass down the valley to its final destination.

The belief that a glacier was a solid, hard body, without a tendency to bend and adapt itself to the turnings in its downward course, was inconsistent with any rational theory; for, without the ductile quality, glaciers would, in sinuous valleys, never have slid down at all, but accumulated on the spot till they formed mountains of ice. Their ductility is a wise provision of nature to get rid of them. Yet, it was long before this was understood. The first hint as to glacial flexibility was given exactly a hundred years ago by M. Bordier of Geneva, in an account of his journey among the glaciers of Savoy. Still, the hint offered on the subject did not arrest attention, even if generally known; and it was left for the Rev. M. Rendu, a Roman Catholic priest, who became Bishop of Annecy, to refer more definitely to the principle of glacial flexibility. In a paper laid before an Academy of Sciences in Savoy in 1841, he compared the motion of a glacier to that of a river winding its way between its banks with greater velocity at the middle than the sides. Acquainted with these views of Rendu, Principal Forbes comes on the scene in 1842, and at once, by careful measurements, settles the matter to the satisfaction of the scientific world. He established the fact that 'a glacier is an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which is

urged down slopes of certain inclination by the natural pressure of its parts.'

The Mer de Glace above Chamouni, which was the scene of Forbes's explorations, is the greatest of all the glaciers of the Alps, and may be taken as a type of glaciers in general. English tourists in summer, proceeding in carriages from Geneva to Chamouni, make this celebrated glacier an object of a day's amusing excursion. Streaming down a broad valley in the mountains, it looks like a rugged river of ice, the more remarkable for being seen to pursue its way amidst woods and fields bright with verdure. It is formed by the junction of three tributaries, two of which present the sublime spectacle of an ice cascade. There is also a cascade at the termination of the main stream, which is regularly visited by travellers. The length of the ice-stream from the *névé* of the longest tributary to the termination in the valley of Chamouni is eight or nine miles, and the breadth is over half a mile. To the eye, its motion is not observable, and it is only by means of daily markings in relation to the rocky margin that the motion of the mass is ascertained. The rate of flow is very various. The middle of the main stream moves in summer about twenty inches in twenty-four hours—for the sake of memory, we may say, an inch in the hour. In winter, the velocity is about half as much. It is only what we should expect, that the rills of water permeating the mass in all directions in summer would promote its semi-fluid motion. But the absence of this lubrication in winter does not arrest the flow, as was at one time assumed, although it renders it less. In the tributaries, too, the motion is slower than in the main stream. So slow is the general progress, that the snow falling at the farthest-off source takes, according to the best calculation, one hundred and twenty years to reach the valley of Chamouni.

Slowly creep, creeping, and here and there rising in jagged peaks, the glacier is a study. There may be said to be a constant interchange of condition going on, from melting to freezing, and freezing to melting, according as pressure is increased or relaxed, or as seasonal influences operate. The process of 'regelation,' as it is termed, takes place rapidly when the compressing force is great, but a very

slight pressure between two wet surfaces is sufficient when a considerable time is allowed. Though bearing to be squeezed, ice is very impatient of stretching, and breaks at once if suddenly bent. Hence the clefts or *crevasses* that form in glaciers, wherever the declivity of the bed alters. Clefts are often of great extent, as wide sometimes as twenty, fifty, or more feet, and mostly of a depth from a hundred to two hundred feet. They constitute a great danger to pedestrians on the glaciers, especially when they are concealed by quantities of fresh fallen snow, and there is scarcely a season in which they are not the cause of lamentable catastrophes. To guard against the treachery of the surface, guides, with the frequent use of the alpenstock, is necessary. But all sometimes will not do.

As seen in these clefts or yawning crevasses, the ice is of remarkable crystalline clearness and of a deep-blue color. To a person who can approach and look with due caution into one of those chasms, the sight is one of the grandest and most beautiful in nature. Neither the color nor the texture of the ice is perfectly uniform. It presents a veined structure, as if constructed of laminae of varying tint and structure like chalcedony. These laminae, which generally have a vertical position, are supposed to present a record of the gradual formation and movement of the parts.

The surface of a glacier is not equally beautiful with its interior. It is strewn with rocks, dirt, and *débris*, brought down in its course. Heaps of the rubbish deposited like long mounds at the sides and terminal points of the ice-streams, are called *moraines*. The remains of ancient moraines are seen in innumerable parts of the world, and a description of them has been a fertile theme for geologists. In some instances, the rubbish brought down by glaciers and the streams that flow from them, have so far filled up lakes as to reduce them to the character of a river. It seems probable that, from causes of this kind, the Lake of Geneva will ultimately

disappear, leaving only the Rhone flowing between green fertile banks.

Glaciers give rise to another phenomenon. The angular pieces of hard rocks embedded in the mass graze and scratch the rocky bottom and sides of the ice-stream, leaving grooves or striae as a memorial of glacier action for all future times. In this way, a glacier is a vast polishing-machine, compared to which the works of man in that line are poor indeed.

Rocks so smoothed and furrowed are not confined to the regions of existing glaciers. Their occurrence is so frequent, and their origin so unmistakable, as to enable geologists to affirm that in regions where glaciers are now unknown, every valley, at one period of the history of the earth, was filled with a stream of ice. What glaciers do, however, is not confined to these markings, or to the deposit of moraines. As floating icebergs, they carry with them erratic blocks of stone, which, being dropped into the ocean, become known as boulders. The rounding off of their angular parts is understood to be mainly due to their rubbing on rocks in their glacial progress. When of a small size, lying on the sea-shore, they also get rounded by rolling about among each other. Where seas have shifted and left dry land, boulders are seen in various quarters, lying composedly on plains and hill-sides hundreds of miles away from the place of their origin, and forming a striking feature in the landscape. They abound on sea-shores, and stud the plains of Northern Germany in a very picturesque way. One of the largest known erratic boulders is that which was found on a marshy plain near St. Petersburg, weighing fifteen hundred tons, and now forms the pedestal in that city for a statue of Peter the Great. The process of depositing boulders is going on from the coast of Greenland, whence icebergs are carrying them, and dropping them in the Atlantic. When that ocean shifts its bed, they will be found by the geological inquirers of long future ages.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE RESTORATION OF THE MOGHUL BUILDINGS AT AGRA.

THE buildings within the fort of Akbar at Agra, and the Taj-Mahal, form an architectural group of unsurpassed beauty and interest. No creed possesses a place of worship expressing a more exalted or purer spirit of devotion than the Moti Masjid. To its glittering white domes, crowned with gold, and its long, silent marble aisles, the opening line of Wordsworth's sonnet has been applied,

Quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration.

Nor has human love ever raised a more beautiful memorial of its joy and sorrow than *The dream in marble*, on the banks of the Jumna.

It was my good fortune the other day to visit these buildings and the vast palaces of the fort in company with two gentlemen, to whose care the works of restoration have been entrusted by the Government of the North-Western Provinces; and it occurred to me at the time, that some account of these noble works, and what was being done to preserve them, might not be uninteresting to a portion of the English public.

The fort is a spacious building of red sandstone, with battlements nearly seventy feet in height, and about a mile and a half in circuit. It was built chiefly by Akbar, the grandson of Tamerlane the Tartar, and was, for a considerable time, the principal residence of this monarch. Crossing the moat, and passing through the great barbican, known as the Delhi Gate, we arrive at an open square in front of the Diwan-i-Am, or public audience hall. To this square, doubtless, the public in former days were admitted, while high above in the open pavilion sat the Emperor, surrounded by his court. We read in Eastern tales of the king 'sitting in the gate' dispensing justice; and here, to the entrance of the palace, would the Great Moghul come and settle, for the sake of effect, in a summary manner, a few cases, either of a fictitious description or carefully selected for the opportunities they afforded of eliciting a theatrical display of justice. Here, too, would the young noblemen and military adventurers display their skill in arms and horsemanship before the court; and here would the

great pageant of war be mimicked, and peaceful battles fought with more than the splendor of serious hostilities.

The so-called gates of Somnath were formerly kept here, but have now been removed to another portion of the building. It will be remembered that they were said to have been those taken by Mahmoud of Ghuznee, in A.D. 877, from a celebrated temple of the Brahmans at Pattan Somnath in Guzerat; and afterwards recovered by our victorious army from Cabul; giving Lord Ellenborough occasion to tell the Hindoos, in his famous proclamation, that the injuries of a thousand years had been avenged. Unfortunately, however, for the poetry of Lord Ellenborough's proclamation, these gates, although very ancient, have never been nearer Somnath than they are at the present moment. While the gates of Somnath were of sandal-wood, these, by aid of the microscope, have been proved to be of mountain pine (deodar); and a casual observer can see that the carved designs are not Hindoo, but Mahomedan. Mr. Alexander—who has charge of the restoration, and whose antiquarian knowledge and enthusiasm, in addition to his professional skill as an engineer, eminently fit him for the work—has had these gates, which were in the last stage of decay, repaired; and he intends placing them with a number of other objects of interest in a room of the palace, to be set apart as a museum.

To return to the Diwan-i-Am, I may mention that, although not so large as the great public reception rooms of some European sovereigns, it is still a very noble hall, 200 feet in length, and 75 in breadth. The roof is supported by forty pillars, which were bricked up in front at the Mutiny to form an armory; the open square in front being also closed to the public. It is only now, therefore, that the place, for many years, can be viewed in its original condition. Lord Ellenborough held a *darbar* here, seated on the throne of the Moghul Emperors; and it is not unlikely that in the ensuing cold season Lord Northbrook may here receive the tributary princes of Rajputana.

Leaving the Diwan-i-Am, we pass into the palace gardens. On the left is seen a

singularly beautiful marble cupola of a design almost purely European. Part of it had fallen, and it was the intention of Government to send it to Allahabad; but this design was abandoned, and it has now been restored at a cost of 300*l*. Beyond the gardens we come to the Diwan-i-Khass, or private hall of audience. This is an exquisite chamber of white marble, divided into aisles by long lines of pillars of wonderful beauty. The marble is everywhere relieved by graceful floral designs, formed of countless bloodstones, agates, cornelians, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones, inlaid with marvellous art. This hall was rapidly falling into decay. But a new roof—an iron roof—(not perhaps quite in keeping with the rest of the building, but sufficient to preserve it from decay), now covers it; and the whole has been thoroughly repaired at a cost of some 2000*l*. We now pass up to the Summan Boorj, overlooking and commanding a splendid view of the Jumna. Here, huge blocks of Jeypore marble are lying about, and growing into shape in the hands of native artisans, working with tools of the most primitive appearance. We seem to be at the building of the palace. There is nothing to remind us of modern times. Boats of grotesque shape, laden with corn, are floating lazily down on the bosom of the river. At the neighboring ghâts, pious Hindoos are bathing in the sacred waters, or, seated on little platforms, a yard or two from shore, are mumbling their prayers. Beside me is a *Musulman* stonecutter, placing his forehead on the earth as he repeats the name of Allah in his noon devotions. High overhead 'sailing on sleeping wings' the Indian kite whistles that sad air of his, which once heard can never be forgotten. There is neither sight nor sound to remind me that I am in the nineteenth century, and that Akbar has been sleeping in his grave more than three hundred years. But the workmen busy around me are not the servants of Akbar, but are employed by Sir William Muir, one of the satraps of Akbar's successor, Lord Northbrook. They are restoring the Summan Boorj, a delightful little marble summer house; to which the ladies of the court had access. I dare say they would come and sit here of a summer evening to enjoy the breeze from the river, and watch the swallows darting down madly from the eaves to skim the surface

of the water. It must have been a charming little retreat. It is an octagonal room, built on one of the bastions of the fort, and is surmounted by a cupola with a gilded dome. Its white marble walls are everywhere inlaid in the richest style of Florentine mosaic. Geometric designs, plain borders, and wreaths of flowers, wrought in colored marbles, jasper, onyx, cornelian, carbuncles, malachite, and lapis-lazuli, adorn every part.

Here that Jehan would have sat, looking along the stream of the Jumna—have watched the erection of the Taj-Mehal; or played on the marble chequered floor outside the game of 'puchesse' (a kind of chess) with his women. And the boatmen, floating lazily down, might have heard now and then, snatches of Persian song proceeding from yon little tower high up in the great moonlit imperial palace. The restoration of this portion of the palace will also cost, it is estimated, 2000*l*. Leaving this charming little summer drawing-room, we may take a peep at the harem bath-room. It is a large, dimly-lighted chamber, covered with paintings and mirrors, in which many a lovely female form has doubtless been reflected. The water as it enters is made to fall in cascades over rows of lamps, to which, when we add groups of dripping Nereids, we form a *tout ensemble* that almost equals the transformation scene of a pantomime. We now proceed to the Khass Mehal, or private drawing-room. It is composed of two courts, the inner and outer; the former profusely decorated with painting and gilding, and having windows of marble trellis, and panels of white marble, thin to transparency, overlooking the river. The roof of this the Government is now restoring, at a cost of 1000*l*. From the Khass Mehal we proceed through a passage and courtyard to the private apartments of the Emperor. These are of plain red sandstone. Here died Shahjehan, whose palace I have now finished describing, in virtual captivity to his son.

The palace of Jehangir stands alongside that of his son. It is distinctly Hindoo in character, and has now fallen into a state of utter dilapidation. We here find the designs of wooden buildings slavishly imitated in stone, stone beams and stone lintels. There are few arches. The roof is generally supported on massive struts of red sandstone, carved with dragons. It

was here, in one of the private apartments, that the Emperor met, for the second time, Noor Jehan. When they first met she was betrothed to a nobleman, but Jehangir having procured his death, brought the beautiful bride to Agra, and after having kept her here in the palace for four years without seeing her, married her, and gave her a share in the government of the empire. Both palaces abound in secret passages. All the public chambers are connected with the harem by corridors opening on little platforms, where, as in the House of Commons, protected by a grille—here, however, of stone—from the vulgar gaze, the ladies of the court could witness the great pageants of State. Even the outer courtyard is thus connected by a long passage with the seraglio. There is a passage terminating in a little chamber separated by a stone screen from the outer world, where pretty maids-of-honor and imperial concubines higgled with the cloth merchants of Delhi and Cashmere for shawls and brocades. Near this corner is the Nagina Musjid, a small oratory for the women, approached by winding staircases and latticed corridors; but from what one can learn of Indian ladies, it was presumably little used.

It is hardly within the scope of this article to describe the Moti Musjid, as it is in need of no repair. It stands as perfect as the day when the scaffoldings were removed, and the sculptors turned to gaze on their completed work. But, as the old approach to it has been opened up, and the difficulty of obtaining access to it, which formerly existed, has been removed, I may say a few words about it, as being indirectly connected with the restoration. A distant view of it presents three domes, 'seen like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which the next breeze will sweep away.'

Entering, you find yourself in a spacious enclosure of white marble, beyond which a step or two takes you into the Mosque proper, a broad pavilion of several aisles, separated by rows of columns which support the roof. Everything is the purest white marble—floor, pillars, roof. You can see nothing else—glittering, polished marble everywhere. It is 142 feet long by 56 feet deep; the pillars, revealing the perspective, and the uniformity of color, preserving the line of vision from interruption, heighten the effect. It is not its size,

however, but the wonderful perfection of its proportions, and the marvellous combination of simplicity and grace, that strike every beholder. When I first saw it I felt quite overwhelmed with delight and surprise. I had never been so struck by any building, not even by the Taj. In the Moti Musjid nothing calls for your wonder or admiration but the true architectural beauties; whereas, in the Taj, one might be overcome alone by the great evidences of human labor, and by the vast wealth of gems and marble. Mr. Bayard Taylor says of this exquisite temple: 'To my eye it is absolutely perfect. While its architecture is the purest Saracenic, which some suppose cannot exist without ornament, it has the severe simplicity of Doric art. It has, in fact, nothing which can be properly called ornament. It is a sanctuary so pure and stainless, revealing so exalted a spirit of worship, that I felt humbled, as a Christian, to think that our noble religion has never inspired its architects to surpass this temple to God and Mahommed.' During the Mutiny this mosque was used as a hospital, but came out of the ordeal unscathed. Even the British soldier refrained from injuring it, either by recording his valuable signature on its walls, or chipping off fragments to preserve as relics. It has escaped the perils of war and weather, and now stands as perfect and lovely as the day on which it was completed—still true to its name, 'The Pearl of Mosques.'

I do not propose to enter here into any description of the Taj-Mehal. This marvellous tomb is, either from pencil or pen, a familiar object to all. I shall only conclude with a word as to the repairs it is about to undergo. During the Mutiny a great number of the precious stones with which it is inlaid, were picked out with pen-knives and other sharp instruments. When peace was restored, many of the wounds thus inflicted were closed with mortar and then painted to resemble the absent gems. It would be difficult to conceive anything in worse taste than the design or execution of this restorative work; and the Government of the North-Western Provinces have now instructed Mr. Alexander, acting in council with Mr. Keene—the author of a charming account of Agra, etc., the historian of the Moghul Empire—to restore the mosaic as far as possible to its original integrity, and to regild the great ornament

that crowns the dome; and for this purpose they have set aside a sum of 7000*l.* generous act, the effect of which will no be thrown away upon the people.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The restoration of the grandest works of the former conquerors is a graceful and

THE LOST ELIXIR.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"One drop of ruddy human blood puts more life into the veins of a poem than all the delusive 'aurum potable' that can be distilled out of the choicest library."—LOWELL.

I.

AH yes, that "drop of human blood!"—
We had it once, may be,
When our young song's impetuous flood
First poured its ecstasy;
But now the shrunk poetic vein
Yields not that priceless drop again.

II.

We toil,—as toiled we not of old;—
Our patient hands distil
The shining spheres of chemic gold
With hard-won, fruitless skill;
But that red drop still seems to be
Beyond our utmost alchemy.

III.

Perchance, but most in later age,
Time's after-gift, a tear,
Will strike a pathos on the page
Beyond all art sincere;
But that "one drop of human blood"
Has gone with life's first leaf and bud.
—*St. Paul's.*

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

EVERY reader of the *ECLECTIC* during the past eight years must have become very familiar at least with Mr. Proctor's name. Since 1868 especially, scarcely a number of the magazine has been issued which did not contain some one of the numerous scientific articles which, collected in book-form, have attained such wide and well-deserved popularity. The period of his present stay in this country is the longest during which his name has been absent from our pages; and the important function which Mr. Proctor fulfills as a

popularizer of science by means of the English press is very strikingly indicated by the difficulty which we now experience in obtaining scientific articles which are at once valuable and popular. America's gain in respect of Mr. Proctor's visit to us is, in a very literal sense, England's loss.

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR was born at Chelsea, England, March 23d, 1837. He came of an old north-country family, and his father was in easy circumstances, so that during his early years, until he was ten years old in fact, he was educated at

home. During these years he manifested a remarkable passion for reading, though his taste seems to have inclined toward history, literature, and theology, rather than to mathematics or any other branch of science. He showed a great liking, however, for the construction of maps and charts, and acquired a facility in it which has proved extremely useful to him in his subsequent astronomical studies. In 1848, he was sent to school at a large academy in Milton-on-Thames, and it was while at school here that in reading Euclid his attention was first attracted toward geometry and the higher mathematics. He remained at this school until 1851, when he was called home on account of a litigation into which his mother was compelled to enter in order to secure a property to which the family had become heirs; his father had died one year before, in January, 1850. This litigation lasted three or four years, bringing the Proctors to the verge of poverty; and in order to aid his mother and secure the means to finish his collegiate education, Richard obtained a clerkship in a London bank.

After remaining in this position a year, the family circumstances had so far improved that he threw up his clerkship, and in 1855 entered his name as a student at King's College, London. The year following, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in mathematics; but when his mother died, in 1857, he seems to have lost all interest in his college pursuits, and remained in comparative idleness until he took his degree of B.A. in 1860. Notwithstanding his two years of mathematical idleness, however, he took a high position among the Cambridge "wranglers" at the final examination, and gave unmistakable indications of his eminent abilities as a mathematician.

With regard to the work which Mr. Proctor has accomplished in his own special field, we quote the following from an excellent sketch of him in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

"Mr. Proctor's first literary effort, a nine-page article on 'Double Stars,' appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1863, ten years ago. His next attempt was an 'Essay on the Rings of Saturn,' which was declined, as not sufficiently popular for the readers of the *Cornhill Magazine*. This led to the writing of

his first book, 'Saturn and its System,' a work chiefly remarkable for the fullness of the relations presented by a single planet, which are discussed in almost every conceivable aspect. The construction of maps to illustrate Saturn led Mr. Proctor to form his 'Gnomonic Star Atlas,' planned on an altogether original system. The sphere is supposed to be inclosed in a dodecahedron, on whose twelve pentagonal faces the stars are projected. A third work, called 'The Handbook of the Stars,' was also ready for the press in 1866. In this year an event occurred which rendered literary and scientific labor, hitherto pursued as an amusement, a necessity of existence. The bank in which he had all his fortune broke, and left him worse than bankrupt, for he was liable for many thousand pounds, and from this liability he has but very recently obtained release. The three years following were marked with struggles, difficulties, and severe domestic bereavements, which interrupted literary work. In 1867, 'Constellation-Seasons' (now out of print), and 'Sun Views of the Earth,' were produced, as well as charts of the planetary orbits, projections of Mars, and other maps. In 1868 appeared 'Half-Hours with the Telescope,' and in 1869 'Half-Hours with the Stars.' But the chief occupation of Mr. Proctor's time for the three years consisted in essay-writing for the magazines, and in the preparation of works which publishers rejected at the time, but which have since met with a success altogether unusual in scientific literature.

"In 1868 Mr. Proctor commenced writing popular science essays for the London *Daily News*, and has continued to do so until the present time. In 1870 appeared 'Other Worlds than Ours,' which had a prompt and remarkable success, and in the same year his large 'Star Atlas' was published. Early in 1871 'The Sun' was printed, and was also well received. In the same year appeared 'Elementary Lessons in Astronomy,' and the first series of 'Light Science for Leisure Hours,' in 1872 the 'School Atlas of Astronomy,' 'Essays on Astronomy,' 'Orbs around Us,' and 'Elementary Lessons in Physical Geography.' Much of his time this year was devoted to the construction of a chart, showing all the stars visible in the northern heavens with the telescopes $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in aperture—in

all, 324,198 stars. This chart exhibits relations having an important bearing on our ideas respecting the constitution of the heavens. During the past year Mr. Proctor has published the second series of 'Light Science,' 'The Moon,' 'The Border-land of Science,' 'The Expanse of Heaven;' and a new work, entitled 'The Universe and the Coming Transits,' is now passing through the press.

"Such a rapid multiplication of books cannot of course be otherwise than unfavorable to the promotion of science by original research. This Mr. Proctor recognizes, and he has described it as one of the principal hardships occasioned by the loss of his property, that he was compelled to give but a limited portion of his time to original investigations. But, although driven to write about science for a livelihood, or to forsake it altogether for more remunerative employment, he is very far from having neglected the more serious work of research. Few know what can be accomplished by industry and perseverance. It is only necessary to look over the index of the Proceedings of the Royal Astronomical Society to see that Mr. Proctor has been a large contributor to its work. Indeed, although its pages are limited to the record of such work, from 1868 to 1873 Mr. Proctor contributed to these proceedings more freely than any fellow of the Astronomical Society. His papers have related chiefly to the stellar system, the laws of distribution of stars, their motions, the relations between stars and nebulae, and the general constitution of the heavens. But the subject of the solar corona has occupied a considerable space among Mr. Proctor's papers, while even a larger amount of labor has been given to the investigation of the opportunities which will be presented during the transits of Venus, on December 9, 1874, and December 6, 1882.

"The subject of that mysterious connection between meteors and comets which forms one of the most surprising of the re-

sults of modern observation has also been largely dealt with by Mr. Proctor. His investigation of the rotation-period of the planet Mars, resulting in a value certainly within one tenth of a second of the true period, may also be mentioned among his original researches.

"It is but just to say that Mr. Proctor has been singularly fortunate in enunciating theories which have been subsequently confirmed, and in some cases demonstrated by new observations. His confident tone respecting the solar theory of the corona in 1870 and 1871 was blamed by some and misunderstood by many, who failed to see his reason for urging arguments so strongly on a matter seemingly theoretical. That reason was stated by Mr. Proctor in the preface to the first edition of 'Other Worlds,' where he expresses his anxiety lest doubt and confusion prevailing as to a matter really demonstrated, might cause the opportunities presented by the great solar eclipses of 1870 and 1871 to be frittered away." Mr. Proctor's confidence on the one hand and his anxiety on the other were fully justified by the event. Every astronomer now accepts the solar theory of the corona, and few are ignorant how, at the eclipse of 1871, two thirds of the observers were sent by the chief believer in the terrestrial theory to make observations which proved nothing, and which, but for faith in that exploded theory, would never have been thought of."

In the autumn of last year, Mr. Proctor accepted an invitation to come to America and deliver a series of lectures on his favorite subject. These lectures, which have since been delivered in all our leading cities, cover the whole field of astronomy presenting its most striking phases, and applying the latest results of scientific investigation. Few lecturers on popular science have ever grappled so successfully with a giant theme, and we trust that none of our readers have neglected the opportunity of hearing an exposition that is not likely to be surpassed in our generation.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SEX IN EDUCATION; OR, A FAIR CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

In this little book, modest and unpretending as

it is, and so brief that it can be read at a single sitting, the long discussion about woman's education at last touches solid ground. Hitherto, the question has been discussed as if it were a moral or religious one, to be settled by ethical consid-

rations; but, as Dr. Clarke says at the beginning of his essay, "The problem of woman's sphere, to use the modern phrase, is not to be solved by applying to it abstract principles of right and wrong. Its solution must be obtained from physiology, not from ethics or metaphysics. The question must be submitted to Agassiz or Huxley, not to Kant or Calvin, Church or Pope." He admits that, as regards "human rights," woman stands in exactly the same position as man: "The relation of the sexes is one of equality, not of better and worse, higher and lower." *What* they can acquire is limited only by their intellectual capacities, which are not questions of sex; but *how* they shall acquire it is the real problem, and this must be settled, has already been settled in fact, on physiological grounds alone. The method of learning is far more important, from the standpoint of sex, than the things learned. "Mary can master Virgil and Euclid as well as George, but both will be dwarfed—defrauded of their rightful attainment—if both are confined to the same methods."

The reason why the same method will not serve for both is, that while the law of man's nature is *persistence*, that of woman's is *periodicity*. The nutritive system and the nervous system are identical in the two sexes; but to woman is confided "the reproductive system, by which the race is continued, and its grasp on the earth assured." "The growth of this peculiar and marvelous apparatus, in the perfect development of which humanity has so large an interest, occurs during the few years of a girl's educational life. No such extraordinary task, calling for such rapid expenditure of force, building up such a delicate and extensive mechanism within the organism—a house within a house, an engine within an engine—is imposed upon the male physique at the same epoch. The organization of the male grows steadily, gradually, and equally from birth to maturity." On this well-known and amply demonstrated physiological law, Dr. Clarke's entire argument is based, and he treats of it with a plainness which other writers on the subject have not ventured upon, but to which he is entitled by his eminent position and commanding abilities, and by the high purpose which discloses itself in every page. He discusses it first physiologically, that is, as a law of our sexual life; then clinical illustrations, drawn from the writer's own experience and that of other eminent physicians, are given; and finally he points out how its application irrevocably settles the vexed questions as to the identical education and co-education of the sexes. The last brief chapter contrasts the "European way" with our own, and brings in some very important confirmatory evidence.

We had marked numerous paragraphs throughout the book, with the intention of writing a long review of it; but it has already attained such publicity, and, moreover, is so little adapted to make an adequate impression when broken up into

disconnected paragraphs, that we will content ourselves with urging it very earnestly upon the attention of every mother and teacher, and all others who are engaged in the training of girls. Whoever ignores or remains ignorant of the considerations which it presents will incur the responsibility of sinning against light, and sinning, too, in a matter of the most vital importance to our branch of the race. Dr. Clarke's work will fail of its due influence if it does not finally settle in the minds of intelligent people several questions pertaining to education that have been much discussed of late, and if it does not also seriously modify some of our current methods and customs. For, notwithstanding the "rejoinders" of certain hostile theorists, it lays down a principle which, if once thoroughly comprehended, will do away with many of our social practices no less than with a mistaken educational method.

A word in conclusion as to these rejoinders with which the press has lately teemed. We have read them all—all at least that were worth attention—and when they are not simply meaningless attacks, they are based on misapprehensions or misinterpretations, or failure to appreciate the comprehensiveness of the principle laid down. There has been absolutely no serious challenge either of the facts or the conclusions. Nor, as to the former, would a challenge be possible; Dr. Clarke's entire treatise simply gives new meaning and application to a law of sex which is universally known, and which has been nearly as universally ignored.

A PRINCESS OF THULE. By William Black. New-York: Harper & Bros.

The London *Spectator* has anticipated us in saying that in "The Princess of Thule" we have a nearly perfect novel. Mr. Black has done what it is extremely difficult for an author to do, and yet which is so essential to successful art—taken the true measure of his own powers, and kept this measure in mind while arranging the effect which he aims to produce, and selecting the materials with which he proposes to accomplish it. This is indicated not only in the present novel, but also in his previous one, "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," which we had the pleasure of reproducing in these pages. Readers of that eloquent story must have been convinced that Mr. Black's true power lay in depicting all those picturesque impressions which Nature makes upon one who is in sympathy with her. He describes natural scenery indeed with the insight of a genuine poet, and with a vividness and affluence of imagery that is only equaled by Taine when he is inspired by Renaissance pictures or the sculpture of the ancients.

The *locale* of the present story affords the opportunity for exercising these powers to the utmost, and certainly the opportunity has been amply improved. The scene is laid chiefly in the

Hebrides; and the enchantments of untamed nature and simple life in those far-off isles—the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients—are woven into a spell which must implant in the mind of every reader the resolve to spend at least one summer of their lives in that ocean-girdled Paradise, even though the quest for another Princess Sheila be doomed to disappointment.

We should do injustice to the author, however, did we fail to accord equal praise to his perception of the springs of human character, and to his power of creating actual men and women in whose experiences we can feel something like a personal interest. There is no elaborate and prurient "psychological analysis," as it is called; but the people in this book, Sheila, Lavender, Ingram, the lovable old King of Borva, Mairi, and the islanders generally, are no mere lay figures or traditional types, but have become, before their story is finished, genuine acquaintances and friends. Sheila, indeed, and her father the "King of Borva," are fresh personalities from whom we would not part, but who are worthy of a permanent place in the portrait gallery of fiction.

The story itself is extremely simple, and is told in the quietest way; and in these days of unbridled license and sensationalism, and appeals to the most morbid propensities of the mind, we should be really grateful to Mr. Black for proving that a novel can be profoundly interesting and affecting without even tampering with the seventh commandment, and without making room for either battle, murder, or sudden death.

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY. By Herbert Spencer. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume, which forms the sixth issue in the *International Scientific Series*, is in many respects the most remarkable so far published. Every one who is at all acquainted with Herbert Spencer's writings is aware that he considers that, after all, the proper study of mankind is man; and is also aware that his previous works on *Biology* and *Psychology* are but a preparation and foundation for the *Principles of Sociology* in which he will undertake to elucidate the laws of that vast organism which, ever evolving and changing, yet remains substantially the same in its elements, and of which each individual man forms a part. The present work is rather outside the scheme of the author's scientific system; but, as he explains in the preface, it has afforded an opportunity of presenting "various considerations which seemed needful by way of introduction to the *Principles of Sociology*, presently to be written, and which yet could not be conveniently included in it." The object with which it was written was to prove first, that there is a scientific basis for sociology; and, second, that this basis, notwithstanding the apparently insuperable obstacles with which it is confronted, is capable of being analyzed, formulated, and demonstrated. To our mind he has

proved these points clearly, and carried something like order into what has hitherto been little short of chaotic. Many readers will think, perhaps, that he has simply strewed the ground with a universal wreck; but it must be borne in mind that, in the present condition of things, old structures must be thrown down before new ones can be erected, and that the treatise is only intended to clear the way for another work in which a scientific system will be presented. Whatever the conclusions about it may be, however, there can be no doubt that every one, of every shade of opinion, will derive pleasure and instruction from its perusal.

The admirable lucidity and force of Mr. Spencer's writing are already well known; but we think even his most zealous admirers will be surprised at the extraordinary vigor of style, the aptness of illustration, and the vast and intimate knowledge of affairs which "The Study of Sociology" displays.

CAMEOS, SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. By E. C. Stedman and T. B. Aldrich. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

This dainty little volume—dainty alike in its contents and mechanical dress—can not fail to do good service both to Landor and the public in revealing that side of his many-sided nature with which the public is least familiar: its tenderness, its susceptibility to pleasing impressions, its delicacy, and the kindly and sympathetic spirit which pervaded his finer moods. It can hardly be said, indeed, that it conveys an adequate idea of Landor's powers; but, selected as its contents are from the nooks and corners of his miscellaneous works, it shows very clearly his wonderful versatility, the wealth of his poetic faculty, and the perfect control under which his imagination always worked. No English writer ever exhibited more complete mastery of the art of construction and expression than Landor, and this impression, which one gets from even a cursory reading of any of his prose or poetry, is only emphasized by these "Cameos." They are the perfection of poetic and epigrammatic art. "They address themselves," to quote the appreciative introduction, "no less to the eye than to the ear; are the daintiest of lyrical idyls—things to be seen as well as to be heard; compact of fortunate imagery, of statuesque conceptions marvelously cut in verse." It may be said with truth that from no other modern author could a selection be made "so flawless in outline and perfect in classical grace."

What could be better than this?—

ROSE AYLMEYER.

Ah, what avails the sceptered race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine,

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Or this :

PERSISTENCE.

My hopes retire ; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain :
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore ;
The shore repels it ; it returns again.

Or this, which is not among the " Cameos," but which seems to us the most beautiful of Landor's verses :

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave :
Shake one, and it awakens ; then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

KIT CARSON, THE PIONEER OF THE WEST.
By John S. C. Abbott. New-York: Dodd & Mead.

This is another volume of the series of "Pioneers and Patriots of America," several volumes of which we have previously noticed—not always with approbation. It is the best of the series that has yet been published, and we can almost hope on reading it that Mr. Abbott has concluded to bestow a little more care on his compilations, and to leave Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy unconsulted in pointing his morals. "Kit Carson" is one of the most striking figures among those adventurous pioneers who opened up the western portion of our continent to civilization ; the record of his life reads like one of Cooper's novels, and it also proves that such wild and lawless experiences as were characteristic of this pioneer life at its best, were not incapable of fostering some of the noblest qualities of man. The young people will read Mr. Abbott's lively narrative with the interest which such records of adventure always awaken, and will be likely to derive from it both instruction and profit. As much can not be said of the engravings with which the text is supposed to be illustrated.

ONE of the most amusing and enjoyable of the books which the holiday season called forth was one which reached us too late for seasonable notice, but which fortunately does not depend upon any particular time for its attractions: "The Courtin'," by James Russell Lowell, with illustrations in silhouette by Winslow Homer.

Mr. Lowell's poem is an old and well-known favorite that will bear any number of re-readings ; and the illustrations, seven in number, are spirited and characteristic, though the difficulties of silhouette drawing are not always overcome. The drawings are very beautifully reproduced in heliotype, and their appearance impresses us anew with the capabilities of this new process of chemical engraving. Messrs. Osgood & Co. (Boston) are the publishers.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Letters and Journals of Lord Macaulay are in the hands of Lady Holland and Mr. Trevelyan, with a view to publication.

THE admirers of 'Balaustion's Adventure' will be glad to hear that Mr. Browning is going to give them another Greek play in a modern dress.

It is announced that M. Prosper Mérimée has left an inedited work on 'Don Quixote,' which will be published with M. Lucien Biart's translation of Cervantes's romance.

MR. WILLIAM ROSSETTI is editing for the press a new edition of 'The Poems of William Blake.' This collection of poems will be the first complete one. It will comprise some hitherto unpublished compositions.

THE members of the Prussian Order *Pour le Mérite* who are entitled to vote have proposed to the Emperor Mr. Thomas Carlyle as a member of the civil division of the order, in place of the late Signor Manzoni.

THE editors of Dr. Whewell's *Life* have already, we hear, collected upwards of three thousand letters of his referring to private matters, and a still larger number dealing with scientific subjects.

CAPT. HERSCHEL, R.E., has addressed a letter to his father's friends and correspondents, expressing the desire of the family to collect the letters of the late Sir John Herschel, not so much with any direct view to printing them, as to provide against the too probable destruction which takes place with time.

MRS. ARTHUR ARNOLD, the successful translator of Señor Castelar's "Old Rome and New Italy," is now engaged in translating a "Life of Bryon," by the same author, a work to which a high degree of interest attaches, conveying, as it does, the impression produced on the rich and sympathetic nature of the Spanish statesman by the life-struggle of the most emotional of English poets.

M. A. VITU is preparing a reprint of the 'Chronique Scandaleuse of Louis XI,' printed for the first time in 1483, and ascribed by turns to Jehan de Troyes, then to the Benedictine friar, Jean Castel ; but the author of which really appears to be Denis Hesselin, successively "Panetier et Maître d'Hôtel" of Louis the Eleventh, then "Prévost des Marchands" of the city of Paris.

IN Paris the number of fashion journals is 23, and the number of Roman Catholic religious journals, 7. There are also two young ladies' papers. The number of reviews and journals for *belles-lettres* is only 20, so that fashion and the *belles* carry off the day, as they ought to do in Paris. On the other hand, Germany has only 5

fashion journals, devoting its numbers to duller sciences.

THE *Polybiblion*, in its last number, considers as apocryphal the *mot*, until now imputed to Choiseul, who, announcing to Louis the Fifteenth the loss of Canada, said, "Votre Majesté a perdu quelques pieds de neige au Canada." The reviewer thinks that the saying really belongs to Voltaire, who, at the beginning of the war, thought it was ridiculous to fight "pour quelques pieds de neige."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish early in the spring, under the title of 'The Russian Power,' a work from the pen of Mr. Ashton Wentworth Dilke, who has spent between two and three years in Russian Central Asia, the Caucasus, Siberia, and European Russia. The work, which will be illustrated by maps, and by ethnological and other plates, will be in part a book of travels, and in part a survey of the political position of Russia, especially in regard to the relations between the Russian and subject races.

MESSRS. LONGMAN have in the press, in 8vo, a new edition, being the third, of "Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy," by John Stuart Mill. The essays are as follows:—1. Of the Laws of Interchange between Nations, and the Distribution of the Gains of Commerce among the Countries of the Commercial World; 2. Of the Influence of Consumption upon Production; 3. On the Words Productive and Unproductive; 4. On Profits and Interest; and 5. On the Definition of Political Economy and on the Method of Investigation proper to it.

THE *Athenaeum* says:—"The Parisians' is its author's ripest work. "Si la jeunesse savait," runs the old proverb; "si la vieillesse pouvait." Lytton's aftermath is in many ways a richer crop than his spring yielded. Graces of style, acquired by long labor, have grown into second nature. Egotism has disappeared in a species of gentle, genial Epicureanism. We have the last novel of a novelist who, conscious of the lapse of time, is consciously writing for posterity. Many will read it often, none need regret to have carefully read it once."

The *Academy* says:—"As our readers have long been expecting the series of articles on Junius, by the Lord Chief Justice of England, we beg to inform them that, although the work has been interrupted by the Geneva Arbitration and the terrible Tichborne case, it has not by any means been relinquished. A good deal has already been written, and the Chief Justice has spent many hours, won from his laborious weeks, at the British Museum in collecting evidence. The services of an eminent expert in handwriting have also been called into requisition."

Two glass cases have just been placed in the

library of the Athenaeum in Liverpool, in order to exhibit some interesting MSS., which have for many years been locked up, and were unknown to almost every member of the institution. There are several Oriental MSS. of value, but the real treasures of the library are two quarto vols. of letters and poems, chiefly in the autograph of Robert Burns, and the original MS. of "Leo the Tenth," by Roscoe, in four vols. It is just possible that there may be some letters in the Burns MSS. never published, and they will be carefully examined in order to ascertain this fact.

PROF. KARL ELZE, the author of a Life of Lord Byron, is going to publish a translation into English of some essays on Shakspeare. Writing the name reminds us that Herr Elze's last essay is another discussion of the often discussed orthography of Shakspeare's name. Another is on 'Shakspeare's Supposed Travels,' and one on 'Hamlet in France.' The aim of the volume is to unite the wide scope and ardor of the so-called Transcendental school of criticism with more modern methods, historic and comparative; and it consists of complete accounts in this sense of some of the main dramas, and of elucidations of more incidental departments of the story of the poet and his period. The publishers are to be Messrs. Macmillan.

WE have received a letter of M. Wolf, of the Imperial Royal Library of Vienna, telling us of the discovery in the library under his charge of a work by William Roy, an assistant of Tyndale's in his translation of the New Testament, but best known by a lampoon on Cardinal Wolsey which Mr. Arber has reprinted. Roy translated for English readers the Latin version of a tractate originally composed in German by an anonymous writer, which is usually styled 'Dialogus inter Patrem Christianum et Filium contumacem.' No copy of Roy's translation has been hitherto forthcoming, although it was known to have been printed at Strasbourg in 1527. Indeed, the main proofs of its existence were a reference to it in Sir Thomas More's 'Supplication of Soulys,' and the mention of it in the list of books forbidden by Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury. M. Wolf has at length found a complete copy bound up with the satire on Wolsey, and intends to issue a reprint of it.—*Athenaeum*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON ON CREMATION.—Sir Henry Thompson, in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, discusses with force, clearness, and spirit the question of cremation of the dead. The arguments in favor of such a mode of disposal of the dead carcases of men are rationally, says the *British Medical Journal*, unanswerable. There is absolutely nothing to be said against it, and there is little present likelihood of

argument doing much for the cause. It is a case for example, which would be of much more effect than precept. No doubt there is nothing but prejudice and an ignorant misinterpretation of certain texts which could be advanced against cremation as a means of disposal of the dead. But there is a rooted sentiment which is opposed to it. It is ignorant, it is old-fashioned; it is contrary to the laws and the economics of Nature, and to the interests and almost the proprieties of civilization: but there it is, and nothing short of the initiation of a Society of Incremators, like the recently formed Société de la Mort of Zurich, will produce any effect. If a few hundred men of notable character, ability, and respectability were to agree to commit their bodies to the flames after death, and make suitable arrangements, they might probably soon be imitated by many more thousands, and so the foul practice of committing a rotting body to the ground there to poison the soil which it encumbers, would be replaced by the more reasonable and cleanly reduction of the body to ashes by the speedy agency of flame. Perhaps what Sir Henry Thompson has written may be the precursor of a plan of action. He has the ability, the courage, and the social influence which fit him to lead the way in so useful a reform. If he succeeded, he would prepare for himself an earthly immortality.—The main objections to cremation, says the *Lancet*, rest on sentiment and custom. A custom of many thousand years' duration—for the practice at least ascends to the time of Abraham—is not easily broken through; whilst the sentiment so impressively expressed in our burial service that these our bodies shall rise again in an incorruptible state must not be lightly disregarded. Sir Thomas Browne, however, cites various authorities in his "Hydrotaphia" to show that cremation was common amongst the old German nations, and was practised by the Druids. It would, therefore, only be a return in our case to ancient usage. It is certain that any change from established usage in the mode of disposing of the dead could only be slowly introduced; but the vulgar mind might be gradually familiarized with it by the erection of an incremation furnace, and the performance of the rite with due solemnity, and under the supervision of properly-appointed officers in cases of unclaimed poor, whilst the arguments for its adoption by the better classes must be those which Sir Henry Thompson has well expressed in the paper above referred to—economy, cleanliness, and wholesomeness.

TEMPERATURE OF THE MALE AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE FEMALE.—A very excellent Memoir has appeared on this subject from the pen of Dr. J. Stockton Hough, in a new paper, the "Philadelphia Medical Times." We quote the author's conclusions. They are: 1. That males have, as a rule, from the beginning to the end of life, a higher temperature, and a

less frequent pulsation of the heart, than females, varying, nevertheless, according to temperament, constitution, age, and condition of health. 2. That children have a higher temperature at birth, and for a short time subsequently, which, though slightly lower than that of an adult, nevertheless slowly and gradually declines to a certain point until about the sixth year of age is reached, after which it gradually increases until developmental maturity is reached, when it gradually and slowly declines again as old age (second childhood) advances. The pulsation of the heart follows just the opposite course, being most frequent when the temperature is lowest, and less frequent when it is highest. 3. That males appear to have a greater variation in temperature than females, thus agreeing with their greater variation in stature and many other peculiarities. 4. From all of which we conclude that the woman approaches more to her condition as a child than the man does, and is consequently less highly developed. The male is a secondary evolution from the female.

THE PLANET ATROPUS.—Dr. R. Luther, of the Bilk Observatory, near Düsseldorf (whose planetary discoveries commenced as far back as 1852), announces that he discovered a faint small planet on the 14th of April, 1869, of which he was only able to obtain a single observation. It was therefore impossible to calculate its orbit; but he has decided now on publishing the observation, as being useful in case of its rediscovery. Dr. Luther has given this (as he trusts) temporarily lost planet the name Atropos; but it cannot take its place in the numerical list of small planets until it has become, by further observation, a permanent acquisition. When he found it in 1869, it was very near Hecuba, a planet which had been discovered by himself only a few days previously.

ACTION OF VIOLET LIGHT.—M. G. Ruspini (*Arch. di Med. &c., Roma*) says that violet light has an extraordinary action on animal and vegetable life. Plants cultivated in conservatories made of violet glass grow with remarkable rapidity; and cattle kept in stables in which the windows are of violet glass increase rapidly in size and vigor. He proposes to apply these properties to man, and to use windows of violet glass in hospitals and schools for children, in order to assist the development of the children. He suggests that experiments should be made on a large scale with silk-worms, and if the result be favorable, the method can be generally used in agriculture and hygiene.

DARWINIAN DOCTRINES AMONG GEOLOGISTS.—Mr. Henry Woodward, F.R.S., F.G.S., has published, in the "Geological Magazine" for December, the address which he delivered before the Geologists' Association at the opening of the present session. There is but one part that

we will quote, and that relates to the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, which the author completely adopts. He says it "cannot be doubted that the majority of botanists and zoologists seem alike disposed to accept the doctrine of Evolution and Descent with Modification. There are still some scientific men, however, who find the derivative origin of species by descent repugnant to their ideas. For the opinions of such I have the greatest possible respect, feeling sure that, up to a certain point, controversial opposition to new theories has its beneficial aspect in ridding us of worthless notions. But Darwin's theory has already passed through the fire; like crude ore it has been washed, sifted, crushed, roasted, and smelted, and at the end the pure metal remains. The only question is one of terms and names. Professor Owen, who is himself a most advanced evolutionist, if we may be permitted to judge of his views by his published works, prefers to hold the conviction that all forms and grades of both vertebrate and invertebrate life are due to 'secondary cause or law,' not to 'natural selection.' Upon the nature of these very delicate and baffling distinctions I feel myself quite unable to enter on the present occasion. To the earnest seeker after truth it can never be an irreverent or idle object to investigate the process by which life has been gradually evolved on our earth; when, however, we have learned all that is in our power to discover, there is still the great problem of life itself unsolved, and we stand upon the threshold of the infinite."

FOOD OF THE SNAKE, &c.—In reply to a query of mine in the July number of *SCIENCE GOSSIP*, as to whether the snake swallows toads as well as frogs, I have received two very interesting letters on that and kindred subjects from a Somersetshire clergyman, who has given me permission to publish some of his observations. He says: "I have never caught snakes in the act of doing so (*i.e.* swallowing toads), but I have several times seen them disgorge toads, in various stages of decomposition. I particularly remember one occasion, when more than a mile from home, I caught a snake, which I saw had very recently swallowed its prey. I took it home, and placing it on the lawn, began to tease it, with the intention of making it disgorge its meal. It immediately began to strain, and the protuberance in the body moved slowly towards the head, each strain advancing it a short distance. At length the jaws opened, and the body of a toad was gradually ejected. After remaining *in statu quo* for a few minutes the toad showed some signs of life, and the limbs slowly regained their proper position. It wiped off the slime from its face and head, and then crept slowly away. I believe that the toad is the natural food of the snake, quite as much so as the frog; in fact, I have seen more toads than frogs disgorged by snakes. It has been only when teased as described above, that the snake has en-

deavored to get rid of its prey, for the purpose, as I conclude, of enabling it to move more rapidly away." The same gentleman has likewise a little to say on the manner in which the toad disposes of his "old clo'":—"A few days ago I was fortunate enough to see the operations of a toad casting, or rather changing its skin, and then swallowing it. I plainly saw the skin of both the fore-legs drawn off like a stocking and swallowed. The outer skin was perfectly dry, but the new skin was quite shining with moisture. The toad sucked, or rather snapped, in his skin as it does a worm, but there was no sign of mastication. The animal was so intent upon its occupation that it seemed to take no notice of the three faces that were peering down, not twelve inches from it."—*Science Gossip*.

A POSSIBLE LUNAR ATMOSPHERE.—Mr. E. P. Neison has a paper in the last number of the "Monthly Notices," in which, after going into the subject with tolerable minuteness, he says that it remains to refer to the objections; and these we give. He states that the objections, with one or two exceptions, are all directed against an atmosphere usually as dense, or even denser than our own; they are valueless as directed against one only four-hundredths of this density. The phenomenon referred to by Mr. Proctor, in his work on the Moon, as preventing the occultation of a star, could only arise from a lunar atmosphere much greater than our own, even were it not prevented from the rays from the Moon after refraction being divergent and not convergent, as he assumes in his illustration. It will also be apparent that for the density of the supposed atmosphere, no distortion of a star before occultation could possibly occur; and the same applies to the occultation of a planet such as Jupiter or Saturn; the maximum effect would be to increase the size of the planet by about one thousandth, but in no case distort it. Dr. Huggins' observation ("Monthly Notices," vol. xxv. p. 60) is evidently by no means delicate enough to detect the very slight effect capable of being exerted by an atmosphere of the density supposed. The effect of a lunar atmosphere upon an eclipse of the Sun would, if of the density assumed, be sensibly the same as a diminution of the semi-diameter by about one second, or would be lost in the effects of irradiation. Finally, it can hardly be seriously urged that it could materially interfere with the observation of the reversal of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, considering the smallness of the horizontal refraction, and the extremely minute amount of scattering of the solar rays the supposed atmosphere could effect. No known objection yet raised appears to limit a possible lunar atmosphere more than the difference between the occultation and telescopic semi-diameter. The real dimensions of the atmosphere shown to be possible upon the Moon's surface can be best shown by the fact that its total weight above one square mile is about

four hundred thousand tons; and that it bears nearly one-eighth of the proportion of the Moon's mass, as the Earth's atmosphere does to the Earth's mass.

DISCOVERIES WITH THE NEW TELESCOPE AT WASHINGTON.—We recently called attention, says the *Tribune*, to the unauthentic character of an announcement which was going the rounds of the newspaper press respecting alleged discoveries with the new telescope at Washington. The story was to the effect that the non-existence of the companion star of Procyon, and of all except two of the satellites of Uranus, had been determined by the new instrument. We mentioned that at the time of the alleged discoveries there had been no opportunity suitable for making such observations on those celestial objects. We now have the pleasure of announcing to our readers the first important result obtained from this instrument. Curiously enough, it is just the reverse of the pretended discoveries, so far as the satellites of Uranus are concerned. The real observations have resulted in the rediscovery of the two smallest moons of Uranus, which have been not only distinctly seen on several occasions, but have actually been measured by Professor Newcomb and his assistant, Prof. E. S. Holden. The two larger moons of Uranus, first discovered by Sir William Herschel, are well-known objects, and can be seen under favorable circumstances with any telescope of twelve inches aperture. Whether there were any other satellites of Uranus, was a matter of doubt among astronomers, although the compilers of school books have not hesitated to enumerate six or eight moons for the planet, which really has, so far as known, only four. Of these the two smallest were first discovered by Lassell about twenty years ago, through the fine instrument attached to his private observatory near Liverpool; but his observations were very unsatisfactory (scarcely, indeed, determining the exact number of moons), and it was not until he renewed his researches at Malta that he obtained any accurate indications. Since that time, and until this rediscovery, no one has seen these satellites, and their detection and accurate observation through the Washington instrument is gratifying evidence of its superior power. It may be here mentioned that at the recent annual meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, the gold medal of the Society was decreed to Prof. Newcomb as a testimonial for his *Tables and Researches upon the Planets Neptune and Uranus*, published in full by the Smithsonian Institution.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT SOUND.—Professor Tyndall delivered a very striking lecture on sound at the Royal Institution recently in which he showed that it is not on clear days, necessarily, that sound is transmitted best through the atmosphere; nay, that often, *ag sea at least*, it will be transmitted better through

fog, or on a cloudy day, than under a cloudless sky. The reason of this seems to be that what interferes with the transmission of sound is a considerable variety of atmospheric strata of *different density*, in emerging from and entering each of which sound is apt to be reflected rather than transmitted; and that at sea, under a cloudless sky, the rapid evaporation produces these strata of different density—strata, that is, filled with watery vapors. If, now, clouds pass over the sky, the evaporation is checked, the density of the atmosphere becomes more uniform, and sound is transmitted more easily and to greater distances. In fogs, which are apparently not due so much to vapors of various density as to floating particles of carbon, the conduction of sound is often extremely good. Thus the perfect transmission of light and the perfect transmission of sound depend on very different conditions. The most transparent atmospheres are often those which most completely muffle and choke sounds.

VARIETIES.

SEDENTARY HABITS.—A man may be healthy without being strong; but all health tends, more or less, towards strength, and all disease is weakness. Now, any one may see in nature, that things grow big simply by growing; this growth is a constant and habitual exercise of vital or vegetative force, and whatever checks or diminishes the action of this force—say, harsh winds or frost—will stop the growth and stunt the production. Let the student therefore bear in mind, that sitting on a chair, leaning over a desk, poring over a book, cannot possibly be the way to make his body grow. The blood can be made to flow, and the muscles to play freely, only by exercise; and, if that exercise is not taken, Nature will not be mocked. Every young student ought to make a sacred resolution to move about in the open air at least two hours every day. If he does not do this, cold feet, the clogging of the wheel, of the internal parts of the fleshy frame, and various shades of stomachic and cerebral discomfort, will not fail in due season to inform him that he has been sinning against Nature, and, if he does not mend his courses, as a bad boy he will certainly be flogged; for Nature is never like some soft-hearted human masters over-merciful in her treatment. But why should a student indulge so much in the lazy and unhealthy habit of sitting? A man may think as well standing as sitting, often not a little better; and as for reading in these days, when the most weighty books may be had cheaply, in the lightest form, there is no necessity why a person should be bending his back, and doubling his chest, merely because he happens to have a book in his hand. A man will read a play or a poem far more naturally and effectively while walking up and down the room, than when sitting sleepily in a chair. Sitting, in fact, is a slovenly habit, and ought not to be indulged. But when a man does sit or must sit,

let him at all events sit erect, with his back to the light, and a full free projection of the breast. Also, when studying languages, or reading fine passages of poetry, let him read as much as possible aloud; a practice recommended by Clemens of Alexandria, and which will have the double good effect of strengthening that most important vital element the lungs, and training the ear to the perception of vocal distinctions, so stupidly neglected in many of our public schools. There is, in fact, no necessary connection, in most cases, between the knowledge which a student is anxious to acquire and the sedentary habits which students are apt to cultivate.—*On Self-Culture. By Professor Blackie.*

TRAVELLING IN OLD TIMES.—At the beginning of the seventeenth century, so tedious was the communication between one place and another, that a letter from Yorkshire to Oxford could scarcely be answered in less than a month. A hundred years later, about 1703, the journey from London to Portsmouth was a matter of fourteen hours, and even that depended on the state of the roads. The project of setting up post or stage coaches was thought to be an extraordinary novelty, for until that time, travelling had been chiefly performed on horseback, or by the travender wagon. In 1762, when there were only six stage-coaches throughout the kingdom, a person named John Crosset of the Charter-house, London, took the alarm, and wrote a pamphlet demanding the suppression of these conveyances, on the ground that they would inflict a serious injury on society. Some of his reasons are curious. 'These coaches,' says he, 'make gentlemen to come to London upon every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Here, when they come to town, they must be in the *mode*, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, that they are uneasy ever after.'—*Dr. Chambers's Scrap-Book.*

THE PRIDE OF PEDIGREE.—Looking at the number of family histories recently printed, we feel we are no longer called upon to defend genealogical studies from the imputation of dulness, dryness, or barrenness. One thing, at least, may be confidently predicated concerning them. The sentiment, instinct, or prejudice on which they mainly rely would seem to be implanted in mankind, and to be elicited and fostered instead of deadened by intellectual progress. We may trace its influence on the most thoughtful, self-relying, and comprehensive minds, including Bishop Watson, Franklin, Gibbon, and Burke. It is all very well to disclaim the "*avos, et proavos, et que non fecimus ipse*," or to repeat complacently

the familiar couplet in which "Howards" rhymes to "cowards," or to congratulate a millionaire, whether he relishes the compliment or not, on his being the architect of his own fortune. The odds are that he is already in treaty with the Heralds' College for a coat-of-arms, and looking about for proofs of his descent paternally or maternally from some extinct family in the class of gentry. Nor should we be disposed to set down this tendency as altogether a sign of weakness or poverty of mind, when we find Byron prouder of his pedigree than of his poems, and the author of "Waverley" risking absolute ruin in the hope of being the founder of a new line of lairds. Yet how tottering and precarious, in the great majority of instances, are these ideal edifices! how misplaced the ambition, how illusory the hope! Newstead has been in the market twice within living memory; and the Scotts of Abbotsford, in the true feudal acceptation of the term, exist no longer. Their fate is far from singular. Indeed, it is quite startling, on going over the beadrill of English worthies, to find how few are directly represented in the male line. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Sidney, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, Bacon, Coke, Hale, Holt, Locke, Milton, Newton, Cromwell, Hampden, Blake, Marlborough, Peterborough, Nelson, Wolfe, Clarendon, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Pitt, Fox, are obvious instances, and the list might be indefinitely prolonged. As the most eminent have left no issue, the problem, how far female descent may be admitted to supply the failure of male, might safely be left unsolved. But much of what we are about to say would appear confused or unintelligible unless we came to a clear preliminary understanding as to the precise meaning of lineage, ancestry, and birth.—*Biographical and Critical Essays. By A. Hayward.*

THE CURE OF THE CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS.

—Dr. Brunton has been writing letters to the *British Messenger* on the temptation to drunkenness caused by the craving for stimulants felt by some people. He furnishes, says the *Medical Press and Circular*, prescriptions which he believes will overcome this craving, and which, we presume, are to be obtained by his readers at the nearest chemist's. Here are two of them:—"1st. Put a quarter of an ounce of sulphate of iron and half an ounce of magnesia in an ordinary quart bottle, and fill it up with peppermint-water. A wine-glassful to be taken three or four times a day. Instead of the peppermint-water an infusion of dried peppermint may be used. It may be made stronger or weaker according to the taste of the patient, and should be allowed to cool before it is added to the sulphate of iron and magnesia. A little gum-arabic or gum-tragacanth added to the mixture will keep the magnesia better suspended, but this may perfectly well be omitted. The bottle should be shaken before the

dose is poured out. 2d. Take an ounce of quassia chips and pour over them as much cold water as will fill three quart-bottles. Let them stand an hour, and then strain. Add to the strained liquid 6½ fluid drachms of the solution of iron, sold under the name of 'Liquor Ferri Perchloridi.' Two table-spoonfuls or half a wine-glassful to be taken three or four times a day. The iron solution may be measured out with a tea-spoon, one tea-spoonful being equal to one fluid drachm; but tea-spoons vary in size, and it is therefore better to use a glass measure, which may be bought at any chemist's." No doubt there are many cases in which chalybeate is indicated, but it may be questioned whether it would not be wiser of those who wish to try the plan to ask a medical man first. The value of such advice is indicated by the following remarks appended by Dr. Brunton to the recipes we have quoted:—"When the person's tongue is pale, flabby, and marked with the teeth at the edges, the second prescription may be found more useful than the first. When there is any tendency to flatulence, the first should be taken a quarter of an hour before meals; and if either of them causes uneasiness when taken on an empty stomach, they should be used immediately after meals. In the presence of a robust habit or florid complexion, the following prescription, which I owe to the kindness of Mr. John Groom, of Hampstead, may be found more serviceable than either of the preceding. Add one ounce of bruised gentian root to one quart of boiling water. Let this stand four hours; then strain off the liquor, and add two drachms of carbonate of ammonia. A wine-glassful may be taken two or three times a day when the craving comes on. This prescription was used by Mr. Fox (now of Brighton) when surgeon of Bedford Jail. Though I have recommended it in certain cases in preference to the other prescription, it may be used by all who are addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—The alleged defects of Sir Joshua are the ignorance of nature, and the slovenliness and haste, which Mr. Ruskin has so strongly condemned, and which are in direct opposition to the qualities of the great old masters. These are betrayed in the bits of landscape Sir Joshua introduced into his pictures, and a certain affectation and conventionality, doubtless bred of an affected and artificial age, in his imaginative and his *genre* pictures, tending, like the conventionality of Van Dyck, to render truth subservient to refinement; so that in Sir Joshua's case, even his "Strawberry Girl" is no brown little rustic, but a dainty little lady, after an improved pattern of the mock shepherds and shepherdesses in the French pastorals. We shall put aside other questions with which we are not able to grapple. Many painters hold Sir Joshua to have been most reprehensible and reck-

less in his use of such pigments and varnishes as increased the immediate effect of his pictures, but were not calculated to enable them to resist the attacks of time, so that even already many of Sir Joshua's pictures are but "grimly ghosts" of what they once were, but on this we can not speak with decision. We know that when urged to use vermilion as being less fugitive than carmine in flesh tints, Sir Joshua was wont to say, while gazing on some blooming face, "I see no vermilion here." Men say that the great English portrait-painter painted deliberately for his own generation, and left posterity to take its chance of profiting by his works. I do not know about "deliberately," but I can believe that in the intense matter-of-factness and practicality which belonged to his character and age, and in the concentration on the affairs of the present, which proceeded from such a deep-seated scepticism to past and future influences, as might have reached even the enthusiastic admirer of Michael Angelo in an admiration that was fruitless of results, Sir Joshua Reynolds worked chiefly with a view to the wants and opinions of his contemporaries. After all, Sir Joshua remains to us, excelled by none, hardly approached by any among his countrymen as a portrait-painter. Endowed with the instinctive penetration which enabled him to read souls in faces, liberal-minded as well as sympathetic and cultivated, Sir Joshua could bring out in his sitters the highest intelligence, the finest feeling, of which they were capable, and he could represent them full of self-possession, ease, and unconsciousness. He had, without the breadth and solidity of painting of Rubens' scholar, much of Van Dyck's delicacy and grace, and of the good breeding—more innate and thorough in Reynolds than in Van Dyck,—which served him well, and was reflected upon, not born of, a whole generation of the magnificent, but sometimes coarse enough, "quality" of the period. In addition, Reynolds could confer more beauty on the portrait of a beautiful woman than Van Dyck could bestow, yet Walpole at one time regarded Sir Joshua as inferior in this respect to his contemporary Ramsay. "Mr. Reynolds," says Walpole, "seldom succeeds in women; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them."—*Modern Painters and their Paintings*.

SCOTT'S ADVICE TO A WOULD-BE POET.

Sir Walter Scott was often annoyed with letters from young men asking his opinion of their poetical productions, for it imposed on him the disagreeable duty of sending answers which could not be quite agreeable to his correspondents. On one occasion, in blending friendly advice with what might be taken as a gentle remonstrance, he said: "Sir—Although nothing can be so rare as that high degree of poetical talent which arrests in a strong degree the attention of the public, yet nothing is more general among admirers of poetry and men of imagination than the art of

putting together tolerable, and even good verses. In some cases (and I am disposed to reckon my own among the number), either from novelty of subject or style, or peculiarity of information, even this subordinate degree of talent leads to considerable literary distinction; but nothing can be more precarious than the attempt to raise one's self from obscurity, and place empty and tantalising objects in the view, diverting the poet from those which, fairly and manfully followed out, seldom fail to conduct worth and industry to comfort and independence. I by no means advise you to lay aside your taste for literature; it does you credit as a man, and very possibly as a man of talents. But those powers which can make verses, 'are applicable to the more useful and ordinary purposes of life. Your situation is at present dependent; but there is none so low from which patience, industry, and perseverance cannot raise the possessor of those excellent qualities.' This was written from Abbotsford in 1819.

TREE CULTURE IN ITALY.—Young folk of the present generation may perhaps see the result of an attempt to repair the mischief occasioned in Italy by the reckless cutting down of forests in bygone years, for the Marquis Ginori has successfully commenced the rewooding of his estates on the slopes of the Apennines, in the neighborhood of Florence. On a large breadth of mountain which the torrents had swept bare as a turnpike road, he planted oak, ilex, cypress, pine, and other hardy forest trees, and these, after a growth of ten years, form a pretty and promising thicket, which year by year will grow broader and higher, and eventually become a forest. By clever management, the torrents, led into lateral channels, are converted into a friendly source of irrigation, and add to the interest of the experiment. It is to be hoped that the marquis will find imitators among other landed proprietors in Italy: the plains as well as the mountains will benefit thereby, and the climate will become really as agreeable as an Italian climate is fondly but erroneously supposed to be.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MINES.—A brief but interesting account of a discovery in Egypt is published in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Antiquaries. An Englishman traveling on the skirts of Sinai noticed small blue stones lying in the beds of dried-up torrents, and brought a few to England, where he learned that they were turquoises of good quality. He went back to Egypt, made further researches, built a house at the junction of three valleys, and, aided by friendly natives, whom he took into his service, he discovered the turquoise mines formerly worked by the ancient Egyptians, together with some of their tools, and the places where they ground and polished the stones. So now turquoises are dug from those old rocks and sent to England. Ancient ironworks have also been discovered

with huge heaps of slag piled around them. A specimen of this slag on being tested was found to contain 53 per cent of iron, which favors the supposition that it would pay to smelt the whole mass over again. To protect these valuable deposits, the Pharaohs built fortifications, and a barrack and temple for the troops, relics of which still remain.

WITH THE DEAD.—Alone with the dead!—with one who has finished that last dread act of dying!—an act the very thought of which is sufficient to hold men all their lifetime subject to bondage! In what a strange new light the world of the living appears to us now! Our own life, what is it? "As a dream when one awaketh," the Psalmist says: and of the thousand and one things to which life has been likened, none may compare with this, there is none so full of pathos, none so true. But the words are seldom realized till we kneel alone by the body of one who has just awakened from his dream. Kneeling thus, we, in a partial way, awake also. The appalling unreality of the things that are seen startles us; the truth, the nearness of the things that are not seen, overpowers us. Life is no more a long, weary *via dolorosa*, but a too brief hour of watching. The terrible struggle to reconcile life in the world with death to the world seems a struggle no longer. The former things are passed away. There is a light not of this world upon the narrow, thorn-strewn pathway that lies before us; there are strange shadows upon the flowery fields on either hand. The faces, too, that surround us are changed. Men and women that had for us no form nor comeliness nor any beauty that we should desire them, become radiant with beauty, new, sublime, unearthly; from other faces—faces that had been a joy to us—we turn with a prayer. The old hopes and feelings change also, yielding place to new. If one man's tenderness, one woman's smile, has been to us a religion, how we shudder thinking of such religion now! If any human being has done us a wrong, how wan and feeble the memory of the dead is kneeling here! how intense and searching the memory of the deeds we have done ourselves! There may have been no act for man to point out with finger of scorn, but the hand of the Recording Angel has moved against us, and conscience indorses his record with terrible readiness now. There is no more thought of the things endured, nor of any endurance to be exercised in the future. If by any means we may escape—that is the only thought. If by any means we may so live that the midnight cry shall find us also ready. If by any means we may attain to the Resurrection of the Just.—*Christmas Number of Good Words.*

GRINDING THE BEACH.—On a calm day when only little wavelets curl on the shore, you can not easily judge what the sea really does in the way of grinding down the beach and the bottom of the

cliffs, just as you could not form a proper notion of the work of a brook merely by seeing it lazily creeping along its bed in a season of drought. But place yourselves near a cliff during a storm, and you will not need any further explanation as to the power of the waves to grind down even the hardest rocks. Each huge breaker, as it comes tossing and foaming up the beach, lifts up the stones lying there and dashes them against the base of the cliff where it bursts into spray. As the green seething water rushes back again to make way for the next wave, you can hear, even perhaps miles away, the harsh roar of the gravel as the stones grate and grind on each other while they are dragged down the beach, only to be anew caught up and swept once more towards the base of the cliff. You could not conceive of a more powerful mill for pounding down rocks and converting their fragments into well-worn gravel and sand. Just 'as in the channel of every stream so along the shores of every sea you meet with the fragments of the rocks of the land in all stages of destruction, from the big angular block down to the finest sand and mud.—*Geology. By Archibald Geikie.*

THE ART OF SPEAKING.—Man is naturally a speaking animal; and a good style is merely that accomplishment in the art of verbal expression which arises from the improvement of the natural faculty by good training. The best training for the formation of style is, of course, familiar intercourse with good speakers and writers. A man's vocabulary depends very much always, and in the first stages perhaps altogether, on the company he keeps. Read the best compositions of the most lofty-minded and eloquent men, and you will not fail to catch something of their nobility, only let there be no slavish imitation of any man's manner of expression. There is a certain individuality about every man's style, as about his features, which must be preserved. Also, be not over anxious about mere style, as if it were a thing that could be cultivated independently of ideas. Be more careful that you should have something weighty and pertinent to say, than that you should say things in the most polished and skilful way. There is good sense in what Socrates said to the clever young Greeks in this regard, that if they had something to say they would know how to say it; and to the same effect spoke St. Paul to the early Corinthian Christians, and in these last times the wise Goethe to the German students—

"Be thine to seek the honest gain,
No shallow-sounding fool:
Sound sense finds utterance for itself,
Without the critic's rule:
If to your heart your tongue be true,
Why hunt for words with much ado!"

But with this reservation you cannot be too diligent in acquiring the habit of expressing your thoughts on paper with that combination of lucid order, graceful ease, pregnant significance, and rich-variety, which marks a good style. But for

well-educated men, in this country at least, and for normally-constituted men in all countries, I should say, writing is only a step to speaking.—*On Self-Culture. By Professor Blackie.*

A MARVEL OUTDONE.—I had the following from the Rev. W. McGregor Stirling.

Mr. Finlayson, town-clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvellous in conversation. He was on a visit to the last Earl of Menteith and Airth in his castle of Talla, in the Loch of Menteith; and was about taking leave, when he was asked by the earl whether he had seen the sailing cherry-tree.

'No,' said Finlayson: 'what sort of a thing is it?'

'It is,' replied the earl, 'a tree that has grown out at a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed, and which she bears about with her in her voyages round the loch. It is now in full fruit of the most exquisite flavor. But, Finlayson,' he added, 'can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match my story of the cherry-tree?'

'Perhaps, I can,' said Finlayson, clearing his throat, and adding: 'When Oliver Cromwell, was at Airth, one of his cannon sent a ball to Stirling, and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the troops in the castle was in the act of sounding.'

'Was the trumpeter killed?' said the earl.

'No, my lord,' replied Finlayson; 'he blew the ball back, and killed the artilleryman who had fired it.'—*Chamber's Journal.*

Ὀνὰ καὶ Ὑπὰρ.

I DREAMED of a desert drear,
And one that walked thereon;
When he came the violet verge anear
My dream was gone.

I dreamed of a sail all white,
Over a purple sea;
When it reached to the boundary-line of light
It was lost to me.

I thought of the friend I had known
When the burdens of life he bore;
But he reached to the light of fame's golden zone,
And I knew him no more.

I thought how to one I had given
My love and my life to be;
But she choose maiden life for the love of Heaven,
And was lost to me. R. I. O.

A CONCEIT.

O TOUCH that rosebud! it will bloom—
My lady fair!
A passionate red in dim green gloom.
A joy, a splendor, a perfume
That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart: it gave a thrill
Just like a rose
That opens at a lady's will:
Its bloom is always yours, until
You bid it close.

MORTIMER COLLINS.



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JEAN INGELow.

